

IS THERE A FUTURE FOR ROYALTY?

By Sir Robert Hadfield

*The* QUIVER

January  
1920

1/-net



*These bonny Twin Boys were reared on*



Age One Year.

**EXTRACT OF MALT**  
WITH  
**COD LIVER OIL**  
PREPARED BY  
**BOOTS THE CHEMISTS**

1/11, 3/4½, 6/4½ and 10/- per jar.

A doctor writes -

March 17th, 1899

"The enclosed is a photograph of my twin sons, aged 1 year. They have been brought up since the age of 6 months with your Cod Liver Oil and Malt as a regular part of their diet and are both inordinately fond of it. They are still having it and are thriving apace."

*Obtainable from all branches of Boots The Chemists.*  
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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

### FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance Music, Songs, Classics, anything.

**OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT, AND ARE PLAYING PERFECTLY. If they can do it so can you.**

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect system, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

**No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.**

### SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

*The Quiver.*

Being a reader of *The Quiver*, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 2s. 6d., containing eight tunes, with instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also your special Booklet and particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in postal order payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.  
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By rubbing a little Anzora well into your scalp every morning before using the brush and comb you will find you will be able to part your hair in exactly the way you wish, and it will remain in perfect position all day.

Anzora Cream — for slightly greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola — for dry scalps. Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle.

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## Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.



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"Defiance"  
REGD  
UMBRELLAS.

**THIS  
UMBRELLA**

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patent" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" silk Union.

**Send us your  
old Umbrella**

to-day, together with P.O. for 7/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from any suppliers.

**STANWORTH & CO.**  
Northern Umbrella Works,  
BLACKBURN.



## DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

**LOCKYER'S  
Sulphur HAIR  
RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disgusting blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

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Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.



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IT SIMPLIFIES  
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Of course you know what high prices you have to pay for all tin and iron ware—in fact, for every kind of metal goods—but do you know how to save the price of a new article when one of your metal pieces becomes damaged in any way? Keep a tin of FLUXITE always at hand, and promptly repair the crack or leak yourself. It's perfectly easy—all Mechanics will have FLUXITE because it is the paste flux that

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for you.



**H**AVE you ever properly realised the fact that in your brain you possess the finest money-making machine in the world?

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

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Over 500,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

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# Mind and Memory.

It tells you all about the successful Pelman System, and shows you how to increase the money-making powers of your mind. Send a post card (or call) to-day.

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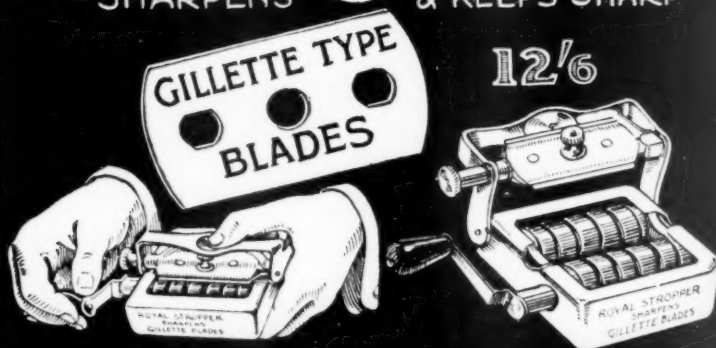
155 Pelman House,  
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MAKES ONE BLADE LAST THREE MONTHS

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Curing thousands. Send for Free Sample. On sale at Boots, Lewis & Burrows', Timothy White's, and all good Chemists and Stores. 1/3, 3/-, & 8/-, family size bottles, or direct, post free, 1/6, 3/6, & 8/6, from

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**RHEUMATISM**

MOTHERS will find this unequalled for keeping the children's hair in a clean and healthy condition.



## RANKIN'S HEAD Ointment

instantly kills all nits and vermin in the hair and is pleasant in use.

In 6d. and 1/- sizes of all Chemists.

RANKIN & CO., Kilmarnock, Scotland.  
D Established over 100 years.

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You can't paint the lily—you can keep it pure. The natural beauty of healthy teeth is worth a tube of Oriental Toothpaste.

In Tubes 1/3  
Pots 1/6 & 2/6

A Lady writes:—"Most comfortable, not heavy, never seem to wear out."

## Phillips' 'Military'

SOLES AND HEELS make one pair of boots last the time of three.

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS,

Men's Stout (General Wear) ... 6/6  
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Ladies' (General Wear) ... 3/-  
Per Set (Soles and Heels)



# BOVRIL



"A LITTLE BOVRIL KEEPS  
THE DOCTOR AWAY."

## THE QUIVER



### Study at Home for Superior Appointments

The advantages of PITMAN'S unique system of vocational training are brought direct to your home through PITMAN'S POSTAL COURSES. Tuition is given in all essential business subjects and courses of training may be selected to suit individual requirements.


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SKIRTS from 21s to 5 gns; GOWNS from 63s to 14 gns; CORSETS, 21s, 25s, 31s.

Children and Babies FREE.

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The HAIR GROWER

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery 1 3, 2 9, 4/6

THIS SIGN IS the guarantee of over 2000 BRITISH CHEMISTS



Safety and Satisfaction are thereby assured

EVERY "UCAL" PREPARATION IS GUARANTEED

## NOSTROLINE

TRADE MARK REGD

"BOTHER THAT MAN!"

I knew I should get it. That wretched man at the Pictures, just behind me, kept sneezing all the time, and I had forgotten to take my "Nostroline" with me or to use it before I went out. Now I'm in for a nasty attack—I know I am—can feel it coming on, and I must hurry home and use my "Nostroline" to avert a calamity. Don't you know about "Nostroline" Nasal Specific? It's a fine thing—kills the very germs of a cold at the outset. Just smear a little in the nostrils and sniff it up and you are safe. A catarrhal cold is a wretched thing, and leads to all sorts of troubles. Always use "Nostroline" Nasal Specific to prevent and cure Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Influenza, Sore Throat, and all infection attacking the nostrils. All chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

In case of delay, send P.O. 15 or 3/3 to  
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# Rheumatism

There's no need to go on suffering that acute aching pain. Just rub a little Smedley's Paste on the aching part and the pain vanishes at once. Its effect is instant and lasting in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. Try it to-day.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/-, 3/- a jar,  
or from  
HIRST, BROOKE & HIRST, LTD.,  
LEEDS

**SMEDLEY'S**  
**PASTE**  
*Stops the pain  
at once!*

## BLACKEST IN THE WORLD. "JOHN BOND'S" "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

For use with or without heating  
(whichever kind is preferred)  
Never fades.

Of all Stationers, Chemists and  
Stores 6d. and 1s.

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The Name  
**PHILLIPS'**  
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Guarantee of  
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## THE QUIVER

# WEAK NERVES

## ELECTRICITY THE NATURAL REMEDY.

Weak Nerves lead to all sorts of functional disorders. Without a plentiful supply of Nerve Force the power of every organ to perform its function is diminished or impaired. Lacking Nerve Force:

- The blood travels slowly in its channels.
- It is imperfectly oxygenated.
- Food is undigested and not assimilated.
- Elimination of waste matter is insufficient.
- The blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter.
- There is in-nutrition or mal-nutrition.
- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
- The whole tide of life in the body is low.

This book will be  
sent free. It will  
show you how you  
can pass from ill-  
health to health  
and strength.



All the functions being imperfectly performed, there begins a state of anarchy in the body. The stomach rebels and there is indigestion. The liver "strikes" and there is a sluggish Liver or Biliousness. The kidneys fail, and there are Uric Acid Disorders, including Rheumatism and Gout. Even the brain becomes affected, resulting in Insomnia, Brain Fag, and other Mental and Nervous Troubles.

## ELECTRICITY RESTORES NERVE FORCE.

It is not drugs nor medicine that can replace this deficiency of Nerve Force. These can only coerce or coax overworked and enfeebled organs into temporary functional activity. Electricity is the natural co-equivalent to human Nerve Force, and the success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is wholly due to the fact that it restores lost Nerve Force by the most scientific and successful method. This, too, is why the Pulvermacher Treatment relieves and cures in so varied a number of ailments and succeeds so often after all orthodox methods have failed.

## CURATIVE ELECTRICITY IN YOUR HOME.

You can wear the Pulvermacher Appliance to your business daily or even while asleep. Although powerfully electrical they give no shock to the system, but gently and steadily pour a continuous and curative flow of electricity into all the nerve centres. The whole nervous system responds quickly and sympathetically, and immediately all the functions of the body begin to be performed healthfully, easily, and with their natural vigour. And there are no ill after-effects as in the use of drugs or stimulants, for the Pulvermacher Treatment gives you natural action without reaction.

- If your nerves are weak,
- If your digestion is poor,
- If your liver is sluggish,
- If you are constipated,
- If you have Rheumatism or Gout,
- If you are easily tired or depressed,
- If you lack confidence or will-power,

or if you are in any way "below par," "run-down," or ailing, you will find the secret of health in the pages of the book entitled "Guide to Health and Strength," which will be sent to you free.

We invite you, if you possibly can, to call and, without any obligation, examine the Pulvermacher Appliances, and enjoy a special consultation with the Head Superintendent, between the hours of 9.30 and 5.

Write for Free copy of "Guide to Health and Strength" to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.



## THE QUIVER

### Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no sales, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

**Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.,**  
(1953) 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

*Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.*



## CONSUMPTION

If you are suffering from this supposedly incurable disease send to-day for a Free Sample or a larger supply, on the "No cure, no pay" principle, of the only remedy that has ever been known to cure Consumption in its advanced stages, and it has been proved in the High Courts of Justice, King's Bench Division, to have cured many such cases. Full particulars post free on request. Only address:

**CHARLES H. STEVENS, 204 Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.**

## Hindes

HAIR TINT FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR



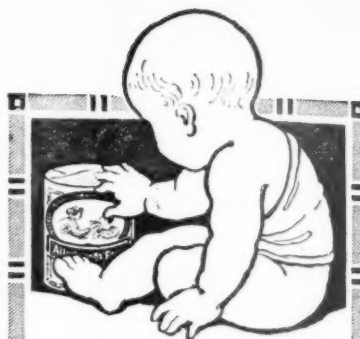
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask, or direct from HINDES, Ltd., 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hindes Wavers.

The surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles.



The standard remedy for over 40 years.  
At all Chemists  
4s. 3d. a tin.



## Your Baby's Early Days

Baby's natural food is mother's milk; if he cannot get this you must give him food which is practically identical with mother's milk. Only so can you keep Baby well and happy.

The 'Allenburys' Foods provide exactly what Baby needs to make him strong and healthy during the first critical months.

## The 'Allenburys' Foods

Make Baby Happy and Strong.

MILK FOOD No. 1 - From birth to 3 months  
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Obtainable of all Chemists

**ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., London**

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## Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespuns

Direct from the Makers.  
Light weights for Ladies Medium for Gents.

**S. A. NEWALL & SON (Dept. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.**  
State shade desired and if for Gents. or Ladies' Wear.

9<sup>D</sup>.  
per tin



## "Kleenoff" Cooker Cleaning Jelly

FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC.

Ask your Householder or Gas Company for it.  
If they do not stock, write—

The Manager, The Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary at Hill, London, E.C.3.



9<sup>D</sup>.  
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Food to-day is so expensive that you should buy the food which affords greatest nourishment and health-building energy. A staple food such as bread merits careful consideration in this respect.

# HöVIS

(TRADE MARK)

bread contains more nourishment (valuable natural protein) than any other bread—and it is the most digestible.

YOUR BAKER BAKES IT.

## THE QUIVER

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should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE  
CORSET  
OF  
HEALTH



The Natural  
Ease Corset  
Style 2.

**9/11** pair

*Postage abroad extra.*

Complete with  
Special Detachable  
Suspenders.

Stocked in  
all sizes  
from 20 to 30.  
Made in finest  
quality Drill.

### SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.  
No lacing at the back.  
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality,  
with corded supports and special suspenders,  
detachable for washing.  
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to  
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It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.  
It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which  
ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at  
the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks  
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It can be easily washed at home, having  
nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may be set  
out in a few lines—it is founded on Science,  
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Art; its perfection is the result of the co-  
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These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who  
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is  
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will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to  
breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially  
housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding  
constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease"  
Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the  
body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most  
comfortable Corsets ever worn.

### SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

*No goods sent without cash, but money willingly  
returned if dissatisfied.*

*Catalogue sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal  
Orders and make payable to the*

**HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Room 99,  
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## THE QUIVER



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**Cake Royal!**  
MAKES PERFECT CAKES

**Easily! Quickly!  
Cheaply!**

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

You can make many different kinds of cake by following the Recipes and full directions given in each packet.

The purity and high quality of the ingredients makes every "Cake Royal" cake not only a delightful dainty but a valuable food.



Ask your grocer for this perfect Cake Maker  
**J & J. BEAULAH LTD**  
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IS YOUR BABY HEALTHY AND HAPPY?  
Give him the best chance by rearing him on

**COW & GATE**  
PURE ENGLISH  
**MILK FOOD**  
in Powder Form.



Initiate, Promote and Maintain  
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Baby by using the famous  
"COW & GATE" Milk  
Food. Recommended by the  
Medical Profession.

**"BABIES  
LOVE IT"**

Sold by all  
good Chemists and  
Stores.

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Purity, ease of digestion and highest nutritive value make  
"COW & GATE" PURE ENGLISH MILK FOOD THE  
PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK. SAVES  
THE LIVES OF DELICATE INFANTS. Makes them  
strong and vigorous. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable  
to increase and maintain the maternal supply. If YOUR baby is  
not thriving procure a tin of this safe food today.

**PRICES: Blue Label (for infants from birth to  
six months, 2s and 7s.**

**Pink Label (for infants from six months,  
3s and 8s.**

**THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY CO., Ltd.**  
(Dept. 24), GUILDFORD, SURREY.

**CLAROMA**

should be in every household. The proven remedy for  
aggravating and dispelling Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever,  
and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a few hours.  
Bottles 2s. from Chemists, or post free from J. M.  
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**CATARRH SCENT**  
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

**SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS**

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND has only 6 rules and 29 characters.  
Complete theory learned in 24 hours. Practice quickly gives  
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*This Dainty Sample of*  
**FRIPPS' Toilet Soap**

is yours for the asking.  
You will be charmed with it.  
Please mention your usual trader's  
name and address.



**CHRISTIE, THOMAS  
& BROS., LTD.**  
Broad Plain  
BRISTOL

## QUACKERY AND VENEREAL DISEASE

No sane person would consult a quack about a dangerous disease. Yet hundreds of men and women rush off to these people as soon as they suspect Venereal infection, a disease which emphatically demands expert medical skill and attention.

To consult quacks is to add futility to foolishness. Quacks cannot cure. They tinker; gradually depriving their victims of courage as well as of cash, while the disease, though sometimes apparently better, grows in reality obstinately worse. At times the removal of symptoms produces a false sense of security, but the disease is still there—hidden in the system. It often reappears after several years to cripple permanently.

Quack treatment is not only expensive; it is disappointing, it is injurious, it is illegal.

There is evidence to prove that unscrupulous, unqualified people have been telling infected men and women that the medical treatment provided by the Government involves risks. This is not the case; and its sole object is to keep the deluded victims in their own clutches. The risks are obviously on the side of quackery.

The only sure road to recovery is to seek proper medical attention immediately any exposure to infection has taken place, or is suspected. Treatment is provided at the Out-Patients' Department of the nearest hospital or clinic, and is given free as well as under conditions of secrecy.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 34, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical." The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Chairman of Propaganda: Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

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Each egg in a separate packet.

2½d. per packet, or 2/4 per doz.

**MIX IT LIKE MUSTARD**

For making delicious

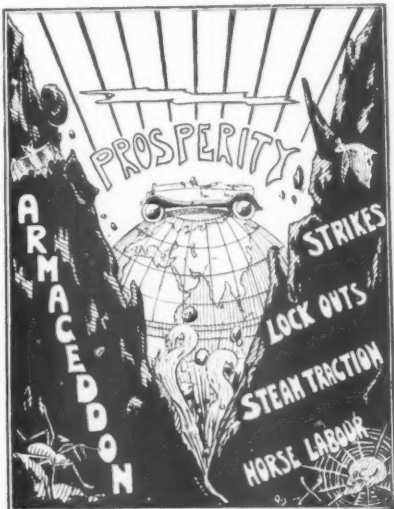
Cakes, Custards, Omelettes, Pancakes, Puddings, &c.

EGG PRODUCTS, LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM.



## THE QUIVER

**HOW TO GET INTO THE MOTOR TRADE where PROSPERITY REIGNS**



is EXPLAINED in our FREE PROSPECTUS and BOOKLET.

The Home of Engineering offers you or your son Practical Training in every Branch of Motor Construction.

Write for PARTICULARS (please mention this paper) to—

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Mentioned by the Ministry of Labour in the House of Commons. Appointed by the Royal Automobile Club in 1917.

The only Motor Engineering Institute in Great Britain. Comfortable B and Residence arranged for Country Pupils.

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**Choice Table Dainties—  
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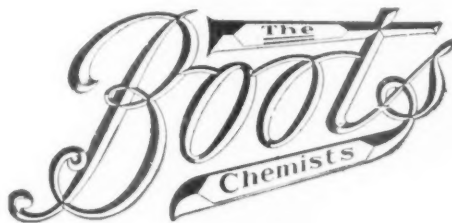
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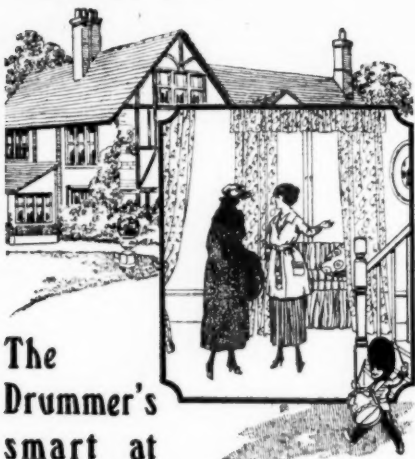
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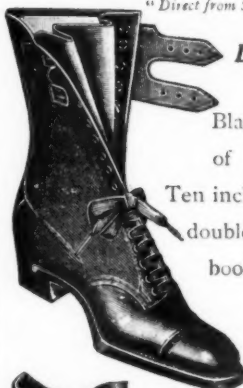
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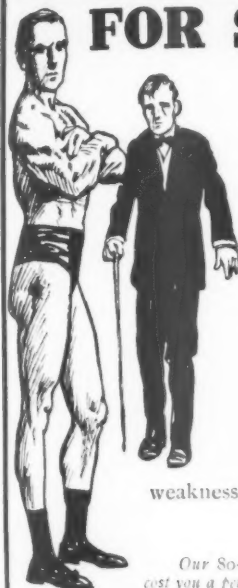
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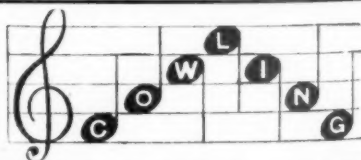
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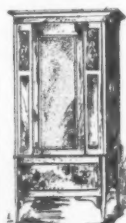
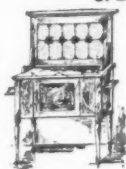
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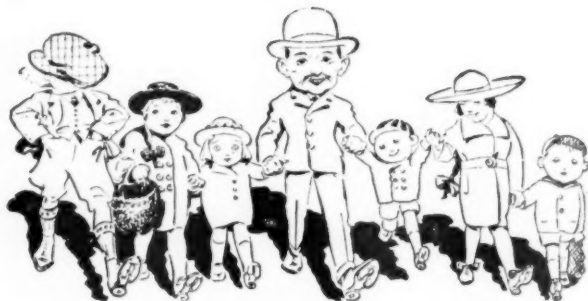
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The coming New Year reminds us of our debt of gratitude to God for the blessings of the past year—above all, for the signing of Peace.

Will you not show your gratitude and your sense of obligation to those less fortunately placed by sending a thank-offering to the Peace Year Commemoration Fund to aid St. Bartholomew's—our oldest British Hospital?

I earnestly commend to your consideration the claims of this great institution. I shall be most pleased to receive donations to aid "Bart's" in its perilous position.

Your friend,

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*The Editor*

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*The Editor*

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## THE QUIVER

LILAC COTTAGE,

ASHINGFIELD.

MY DEAR JOAN,

I shall be delighted to see you as soon as you can come, and so, I'm sure, will the babies. Michael is quite a man and looks much more than four; and your name-sake, Joan, is quite nice, though still rather inarticulate. Jack hasn't seen her yet; she was born after he went to Mesopotamia, but he is coming home soon, and I hope he'll approve of his daughter. Both the kiddies have such glorious hair, really golden, and a mass of curls. I want them both to have a good start in every way, so I have used nothing but *stallax* as a shampoo for them ever since they were born. I discovered it my-self quite a long time ago, and now I always keep a supply in the house for the three of us. Of course, their skins are still in that exquisite peach-like state which turns us grown-ups green with envy, and they need nothing to preserve it except washing with soap and water. One has to be so careful about a nursery soap, doesn't one? Nurse recommended me *pienta* as the most neutral and non-irritating one; I used it once by chance—and I've used it ever since. But mere soap and water don't seem to suffice to keep the grown-up skin in condition. I asked the doctor once, for fun, why the babies had such lovely complexions while my own was always rough and red. He said it was because nature was always invisibly peeling off their old outer skin and exposing a fresh layer, whereas, as one grew older, one lost the power of shedding one's skin so quickly, and the outer layer grew coarse and rough. But he also told me that a perfectly harmless substance known as *mercolised wax* had the effect of stimulating the natural process; and, using it regularly, one could keep a fresh, soft skin until one was eighty or thereabouts. I thought there could be no harm in trying it, so I ordered some mercolised wax from my chemist. I have been using it for a month now, and I don't think you would recognise my new complexion as the rather indifferent one you knew. I have also discovered that a little colour is becoming to me—but at first I was rather puzzled how to produce it, as I am rather pale, and I didn't want to scandalise the infants by appearing with two flaming roses on my cheeks and laying myself open to embarrassing questions. However, I compromised by obtaining a discreet little box of powdered colliandum; a trifle, rubbed in with my finger, gives me a tiny natural-looking flush which makes my eyes look nice and bright besides being healthy-looking.

So you are thinking of "bobbing" your hair? I don't think I should if I were you; the fashion has been so ridden to death. If, as you say, your hair is getting thin and you think cutting it would make it stronger, why not try a good hair lotion? I don't think you could beat one made of *boranium* and lay rum, which you can easily make up at home. I have found it splendid myself, and I even insist on the babies using it once a fortnight. . . . I do think beautiful hair is *such* an asset to anyone. I've been rather worried about my own lately, because, though otherwise healthy, worry and things have made it get grey in streaks. Dead-

ful, when, although one won't ever see twenty again, one hasn't yet seen twenty-seven! However, I soon cured that by using a prescription someone recommended me—it was bay rum and *tammalite*, which restored my hair perfectly to its old colour.

But as to yours: to be perfectly frank, I think the thinness is due to the fact that you are perpetually worrying your hair with curling tongs. Yes. I know you don't look your prettiest unless your hair is waved, but won't it be horrid in twenty years, time when you are almost completely bald? I'm not such a cat as I sound, though, because I've discovered a marvellous way of waving one's hair without tongs. So that if you are in the middle of the Sahara, or at the South Pole, or at any other inconvenient place where tong-heating appliances are not available, if you only have a bottle of *silmerine* you can laugh at fate. There! it's out! Well, all you've got to do with *silmerine* is to damp the part of your hair that wants waving, overnight, and await results. For the little short bits at the side, it is as well to damp them with *silmerine*, and do them up in a curler. This won't be necessary more than once in ten days, I should think, for the effects of *silmerine* last for some time. For the main part of your hair, comb it as you do when you dress it, slightly damp the parts where you want a wave, and put in slides. Then fluff the hair up between the slides, so as to make the ridge deeper. In the morning when you take out the slides you will find nice kinks where they have been. You will find that if you get the *silmerine* habit, when the first obstinacy of the hair has been overcome, it will not be necessary to use *silmerine* except at rare intervals. Your hair will develop a tendency to wave naturally. You will need a little patience though, and you must really coax your hair into the way it should go.

I do hope you will bring that charming Miss Sydenham with you—she has such beautiful eyes, or rather such wonderful long curling lashes, that she fascinates one. I do hope the babies will have nice eyelashes. I rub a little *menuline* on them every night, as that improves them wonderfully and is quite harmless.

Do you remember asking me if I knew of any way of curing blackheads? I didn't at the time, but I hear that absolutely the best remedy for them is to bathe them with a lotion of *stymol*. *Stymol* can be obtained from the chemist, and a small quantity dissolved in a wineglassful of warm water will be sufficient for one application. The blackheads can be quite easily removed with a towel after this treatment. It is very refreshing to bathe one's face, when it is hot and greasy, in this nice sparkling lotion.

Well, I've chatted enough! I do hope I shall see you again soon, and I'm longing to hear your opinion of the babes—and the babes' opinion of you!

Of course, I haven't any maids, and nurse and I are doing everything, but nothing can depress me, now this hateful war—no, *that* hateful war—is over, and I know Jack is safe.

Yours ever,

MAVIS.



# The QUIVER

## Hope

*There is no particular scientific reason why we should have a New Year : there are no milestones on the earth's great orbit. The reason is human, not astronomical.*

*The New Year comes to give us a fresh start, and we badly need to start again now and then. The New Year comes with a message of Hope. However poor and imperfect the past, whatever the mistakes of days that have gone, there is the possibility of new life, new endeavour, new conquest.*

*Why not make a fresh start with the New Year? Never were there better chances of starting afresh than there are to-day. Leave the old dead past : get out of the rut : think, determine, act. Life is a great adventure, not a treadmill. Be not fearful-minded. Take your courage in your hands, face the future boldly with a song on your lips ; battle bravely, and the best may yet be yours.*

W. E. Gibson



"Let her alone—or I'll  
fix you!" said Harry."

Drawn by  
Leo Biles



# The Man who Turned Back

*A Story of the Lone Trail*

*By*

*H. Mortimer Batten*

THEY were both dead beat and dead lonely and dead fed up with the food of the trails, or rather the lack of it. Under such circumstances little things annoy a man—above all the persistent stupidity and stubbornness invariably assumed by his partner. At Nighthawk Lake George had wanted to hug the shore, and Harry had sworn by the island route. They went by the islands, and when that night Harry tripped over the kettle, *almost* upsetting it, George raved over the puny accident as though it involved the fate of a nation.

That was yesterday, and all things considered there was no special reason why to-day should find them more cheerful. At daybreak George went to the edge of the timber and again did something dreadful. He came back with meat enough for one dog for several days, but this was the seventh sacrifice, and now they had only one dog left. If it came to killing her it would not be a case of dog meat, but—the end of the trail would be very near.

So for days past the storm had brewed, and to-day was to see the breaking of it. Some grievance was necessary, and Harry chose for the bone of contention the poor, patient old Nell, the sole survivor of the team, who had toiled and suffered with them—toiled till often she had left bloody pawmarks in the snow.

"Blame old varmint—what's she reckon she's monkeying at!" he growled, when one runner struck soft-going. "She always was an awkward cuss, and I told you we ought to have kept Starlight. He was worth a dozen of her—"

"Starlight!" sneered George, straining at his tow line. "He weren't worth a five cent smoke. You let Nell alone and lend a hand."

An hour later Nell fell to listening, pulling in jerks, and listening—preoccupied and uneasy. The men, doing nine-tenths of the work, found her more a hindrance than a help. They had made little more

than a mile since breaking camp, and George was muttering savagely.

"She's got wind of something—wolves very likely," Harry observed in truculent defence, mopping the sweat from his eyes. "I saw tracks a while back, and maybe they're following us—ranging wide."

"Ranging hell!" bellowed George. "Give me that whip, and I'll learn her what she's up against."

He snatched the whip from its lashings, where it had long lain unused, but Harry caught his arm and retained it.

"Let her alone—or I'll fix you!" said Harry, with terrible seriousness.

The two partners met each other's eyes.

"Harry," said George, "she's my dog."

"No more yours than mine," came the quiet retort. "My dogs are dead, but we share this outfit together—share the same to the end."

To the end! How far away was that? One dog, quarter rations for a fortnight, and four hundred miles from anywhere!

George tore himself free and sat down on the sled.

"Harry," he growled suddenly, "it was you let us in for this fool trip—you with your mad notions of gold away up Bullion Creek! I knew we couldn't make it, but you're always so ding-dong sure! We had a cinch of a job along o' the trapping line in Mattagama, and if I hadn't been every which kind of a fool I'd have stayed with it where we didn't want for grub and blankets—"

"Why in Jupiter didn't you?" demanded Harry. "Your company ain't nothing to write home about, and you may as well go back as say you're beat."

It was a terrible speech from one old friend to another, but George took it calmly.

"I'm going," was all he said. He rose and began to undo the sled fastenings. After a time he continued—"You reckon we share and share alike on the outfit, so half the grub's mine and half the blankets.

## THE QUIVER

Nell's mine!" he added savagely. "So the sled goes to you."

The sled! Of what use was it to anyone without dogs or a partner? By all the unwritten laws of the trails the dogs go to the man who carries on—not to him who turns back.

Harry stiffened up, his hand upon his hip, but George thrust him aside with a curse, and began ruthlessly to cut the harness.

"Quit it, or I'll——"

The awful roar awoke a thousand echoes along the timbered slopes, but George never paused. Harry was upon him like a panther—flung him headlong over the traces and spreadeagle in the snow beyond.

George got up, digging the snow from his ears. Quietly he drew his revolver and, not three yards separating them, the two old friends fired shot after shot. Both were excellent marksmen, yet somehow the passage of arms left them both uninjured.

It was, however, inevitably the end of the partnership. To go on together now was impossible. George cut Nell loose, and helped himself to what he considered was his.

Harry did not move until he heard the "smack—smack" of his partner's snowshoes fading into the distance. Then he stirred uneasily and looked up.

"George!" he cried hoarsely. No answer. "I say, George! I'm going on to Bullion Creek. We may never see each other again."

But George, stooping forward in the attitude of one accustomed to carrying heavy loads, neither paused nor looked back, while Nell, whining and glancing from one to the other, finally followed her rightful master.

### II

EVERY northern prospector knows how Bullion Creek became famous in a day; how a mighty mining camp, pulsing with machinery, sprang up in the heart of the wild within a year. Every northern miner knows how the pioneer and owner of that camp caused no little sensation by announcing in public, "Boys, this is going to be a clean city. There ain't going to be no rotten quarter, like in most of these northern camps, and I want you to help me keep it clean."

As for the old partnership—it was forgotten now, at least by the world at large. George went back to his trapping line away up Mattagama, took a half-breed driver as partner, and the full-blooded world saw him only on the occasion of his quarterly visits to town. Naturally he heard of his old partner's success, and he nodded gravely, but made no comment. He read of the model city in the papers he occasionally saw, and sneered. He read, too, the year succeeding Harry's greatness, that the latter had married the daughter of a wealthy mineowner.

Was it merely coincidence that from that day onwards George Norman became a changed man? His clothes became ragged and soiled, till they assumed a suggestion of permanence to be shed only at certain seasons, like the skin of a snake. The hair of his head and face joined company in an unbroken fringe, his broad shoulders drooped, his big hands became knotted and clawlike. Only the soul of the man remained sound, for never an Indian or a white wanderer passed his door without food and shelter.

The news went home to the owner of Bullion Creek in three words—"drinking!—drinking!—drinking!"

And Harry Wayne turned away quickly, ran his fingers through his hair and muttered, "O my God! My God!"

### III

WITH the dawning of Bullion Creek the country to the south opened up. Motor-boats plied the wonderful chains of lakes, and as time passed George Norman drifted from trapping into a score of blind alley occupations—trippers' guide, anglers' guide, portage agent, anything that offered immediate funds. The man was changing rapidly, and only the old cabin, where he and Harry had once lived together, remained unaltered.

One sunny morning George was startled by a strange sound at his very threshold. It was a sound of laughter, of rippling, baby laughter, free and open as the skies, that stirred the whole silent wood into music.

It stirred also something in the soul of this broken man of the woods. He pulled on his tunic and went out, rubbing the heavy sleep from his eyes. On the veranda, in

## THE MAN WHO TURNED BACK



"O, Dad! Dad! It's the man who gave me little Nell!"—p. 214

Drawn by  
Leo Bates

a soap box, was old Nell with her three three-week-old puppies, and by the box knelt a three-year-old girl child, fondling the soft little creatures.

Two young women stood near, but George did not look at them. He knew their sort, he told himself. He had eyes only for the child in her free laughing joyousness. It was as though a little stray elf had wandered out of another world into this dark and lonely one of his, and the big man of the woods stared and stared, longing to catch up the child in his arms and hold her to him.

At length one of the women spoke. "Can you ferry us across the lake, please, so that we can catch the launch?"

George removed his hat, and made them a bow of old-world courtesy. The smile died from the face of the elder woman as her eyes met his, for perhaps she read some of the tragedy that was written there.

"Certainly, madam."

Then all at once the big man found himself on his knees at the soap box, caressing

the puppies, raising the most prized from its bed and placing it in the child's hands. She held its little head to her face with a cry of joy, and long, long after, the man beheld that vision, rising from his dreams like a glimpse into some far-off paradise, golden and clean and fresh as a daybreak of his boyhood.

"Madam," said the woodsman, with another elaborate bow, "may the little girl keep the puppy?" Then meeting the woman's surprised look he added the lamest of lame apologies—"You see, Nell's getting old. She may not have any more."

The gift won the child's heart, and she took the big man's hand as they strode down to the landing-stage, laughing up into his eyes.

It was nearly an hour later when they parted. George had carried the little girl and her puppy up the corduroy landing to the main stage, had held her in his arms till finally, undertaking all responsibility, he seated her safely aboard the launch, and with another elaborate bow, went his way.

## THE QUIVER

"What a quaint person," observed the younger of the two women with a laugh. "And how he loved your little girl!"

But the other was gazing over the expanse of blue and twinkling waters. "How many—how many have been broken at the wheel of this north country?" she said at length. "I wonder what tragedy is hidden there!"

### IV

GEORGE did not sleep that night. Before his gaze flitted the same old phantoms of the desolate and empty future, alternated by visions of a smiling cherub face, like the face of an angel. Anger, fever, and an infinite yearning possessed him, yet something throbbed in his brain, "Too late!—too late!"

Inwardly he knew that he was nearing the end of the trail, and what remained of his love of life resolved itself into one fixed purpose. He saw a little laughing face with its fair curls tied aside by a blue ribbon, and crowned with a blue velvet tam-o'-shanter. Well, he must see that child again—he must look into her eyes, he must hear her laughter. All his sapped and shattered mentality resolved itself into this crazy resolution. He would follow to the end.

Trembling and weak, he was under way before dawn. It seemed that ten years had fallen upon him in a single night. By dusk he reached the city where he habitually bought his stores.

From a friend at the railway depot George learnt that luck was with him. A party corresponding to his description had gone north by the midday train.

George had no money, so he set out by canoe to make the journey which once had broken him. True that times had changed; the creeks were dammed and the portages cleared, but then he, too, was changed.

It was a Sunday morning, many days later, and incidentally the opening day of winter. The sky was overcast, and feathery flakes drifted slowly through the chill air. The citizens of Bullion were coming out from their various places of worship, and the main avenue, which terminated at the landing stage, was more or less crowded with respectable citizens.

Up from the stage, slowly, painfully, coughing as he limped, came a ragged figure. His face was pinched with cold and hunger,

and clear it was that he had just completed a great journey.

Then suddenly they saw him shuffle forward—they saw him fling himself upon his knees in the sidewalk, his long arms round a little child who was running ahead of her parents.

"My pretty! My pretty!" mumbled a crazy voice. "Don't you remember me, little girl?"

The man's search was ended, his great quest realised. This, then, was the end of the trail. Her small gloved hands were on his shoulders; she was laughing into his eyes.

"Little girl, don't you know me?"

She turned with sparkling eyes.

"O Dad! Dad! It's the man who gave me little Nell!"

"Dad! Dad!" How wonderful it sounded! Like one in a dream George looked up at the tall figure beside him—the man who possessed this choicest of all God's gifts. He was looking into the face of Harry Wayne!

Slowly George rose, and into the tired figure came a wonderful pride and dignity. He looked from his old partner's face into the face of the woman, still inquiringly tender, as he had seen her before.

"Harry," he said quietly, "is it your little girl? I've followed her here. I've followed her for weeks past. It's all I had to live for, and I meant following her to the end. I didn't know she was yours. I—I'm sorry."

Harry Wayne stared in pained bewilderment. The last few years had drifted by swiftly, and happily enough for him; it seemed impossible that they could have wrought this change in another.

"I'm sorry, Harry," repeated George. He looked down at his soiled and wretched clothing with a little whimsical laugh.

"I—I kind of fancy I'm going out soon, and I had to see her again. I—I'm a sick man, but—" and a strange light came into the drawn and haggard face—

"I've struck the paystreak at last, Harry, and I too am going to a clean city, where there ain't no rotten quarter!"

He made them a bow of old-world courtesy and turned wearily upon his heel, but his partner's hand was on his arm.

"Old man—old fellow—don't go! Stay with us, and—the kiddy," said the owner of Bullion Creek.



# Is there a Future for Royalty?

by  
*Sir Robert Hadfield,*  
*Bart., F.R.S.*



Photo: Russell

**T**HE war has struck many monarchs off the roll. As defaulters they have paid the penalty of being "found out." They have used their great position for mean ends. Unfortunately history is mainly a record of their follies and misdoings, their cruelties and exactions, their apocryphal "greatness" and their obvious littleness. The prophet Samuel, no king lover, puts their character in a nutshell (I. Samuel viii. 11-18). Like many other passages in the Bible, it has been neglected as advice. But at last, in this second decade of the twentieth century, the business of kingship as a going concern seems to have reached the limit of its resources, to be bankrupt of power and personality, and to find few to do it reverence.

## The World without a Republic

Prior to the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, one of the epoch-making documents of the world, ranking with Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act in its effective advancement of human liberty, there was not a republican form of government left in the world. There had been several notable and heroic attempts to establish a republican regime. Rome in "the great days of old," the wonderful Dutch Republic, and the Cromwellian Commonwealth, all of which had proved splendid failures, reverting to kingship and finding fresh trouble, only succeeded in supplying object lessons of great interest for posterity. They were born before their time. The king-ridden world was too strong for them.

## The Death- Knell of "Divine Right"

Yet to-day, less than a century and a half after that historic event at Philadelphia which tolled the death-knell of the "divine right" of kings to govern wrongly, there is hardly a king left on his throne. China, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Russia, have all forsaken monarchy, and added their names to the long list of Republics headed by the United States and France. The King of England, the King of Italy, the King of Spain, the heroic King of the Belgians, the three Kings of Scandinavia, and the Emperor of Japan seem to be the only monarchs left worth counting. The Sultan of Turkey is a "king of threads and patches," and such potentates as the Amir of Afghanistan, the Empress of Abyssinia, the Shah of Persia are little more influential in the world than the Prince of Monaco.

## The Only Monarchy that Really Counts

In fact it may be said that the only monarchy that really counts in the world to-day is our own, represented at this great and crucial juncture, which constitutes a New Era, by "His Most Excellent Majesty George the Fifth, by the Grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith,

## THE QUIVER

Emperor of India," and the question constantly and naturally arises: "If all the world is turning republican would it not be well if we did likewise?"

### Is Royalty an Asset?

I want to approach this very important question—a question much more important than nine-tenths of the people who ask it imagine—dispassionately and logically, to argue it on the lines of common sense and not of impractical and often hare-brained theories, of the possible and not of the ideal. In short, I want to inquire whether we should lose or gain in those governing, organising, directing, nursing, protecting, upbuilding qualities, undoubtedly ours in no common degree at present, which make this comity of nations known as the British Empire absolutely unique in the history of mankind.

### General Smuts' Opinion

General Smuts, in a speech often quoted, said: "There are two potent factors we must rely upon for the future. The first is our hereditary kingship." It would appear as though General Smuts, a man of republican birth, training and instincts,

a man indeed who had fought us for republican principles, had come to the conclusion, on the evidence of a far wider experience of the working of the British Empire, that there was something in the monarchical regime, as understood by this empire, not only akin to republicanism, but so much better than republicanism—for this empire—that he puts it first in the list of those things he would retain whatever else he saw fit to discard.

But why should he so put it? Have not republican institutions worked very well in France and the U.S.A., for instance? Why should they not work equally well for us? What differentiates the British Empire as a political proposition from the United States, another English-speaking country, once part and parcel of the empire?

I think the answer is contained in one word—Compactness. There are other considerations, but most of them come under this one idea. When the question is asked in the U.S.A., "Whom will you have to reign over you for the next four years?" the will of 100,000,000 people, all practically speaking the same language, can be taken in one day. It is like a big open-air meeting showing



King and Premier

King George and the Prince of Wales meeting Mr. Lloyd George

Photo: Topical



## IS THERE A FUTURE FOR ROYALTY?



**A Recent Photograph  
of the Royal Family**

*Photo:  
W. & D. Downey*

hands in choosing a chairman. One has only to count the Ayes and Noes and the thing is done, and everybody is more or less satisfied even if some are not gratified.

### **Where the U.S. Differs**

But it may be objected that although the States have geographical compactness they lack racial homogeneity as much as the British Empire. Yes, but the States, by reason of their occupancy of a sub-continent all in one piece, and in the temperate zone, provide a crucible in which all racial metals are melted down to emerge a new and very remarkable metal called the American Citizen. This process of amalgamation the widely scattered territorial factors of the British Empire render impossible, and the wide differences of colour, religion, social progress, and the like, render undesirable.

Thus what is easy for the States is supremely difficult for us. Apart from the disintegration of the congeries of

colonies, protectorates, dependencies, coaling-stations, trade depots, ocean islands, known as the British Empire, in which each entity, Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland, British Guiana, India, Burma, East Africa, Fiji, Sierra Leone, and a hundred other inhabited patches of the land-surface of the earth, should have an equal right to choose its own president or ruler, as well as its own form of government, how would this mixed multitude, scattered over every continent and ocean, the hundred races and tongues of India, the Burmese, Chinese, Greeks, Fellaheen, Arabs, Fijians, Soudanese, Zulus, Kafirs, Samoans, Andaman Islanders, exercise the presidential franchise in any effective way? To find a man who is the common denominator of all their modes of thought, a man who for six months would retain their loyalty, much less their reverential devotion and enthusiastic acclaim, is an impossibility. It would seem as if,

## THE QUIVER



Photo:  
Topic 4

Royalty—Capital—Labour

should we not have a king ready to hand, we should have to invent one!

### The Lesson of Russia

The present evil condition of Russia is far more instructive for us, as an empire seeking an ideal form of government, than is the business prosperity and political success of the U.S.A. Russia, like America, had compactness, but, unlike her, strong racial divisions which had never coalesced, and perhaps never would. America absorbed, through long years, individuals. Russia incorporated, as we did, whole nations *in situ*. They remained separate entities, retaining their own sense of nationality after incorporation with the Russian Empire—Kurds, Finns, Tartars, Lapps, Turks, Persians, Mongols.

The moment the binding cord of the Tsardom snapped the whole faggot fell apart, and is to-day lying about the floor of the world in inextricable confusion. It may sort itself out eventually, but it must be evident to everybody that no president could exercise a tithe of the influence exercised by the historic line of Tsars, and no one can doubt that had Nicholas, the last of them, been as wise as he was foolish, as strong as he was weak, as broad-minded as he was narrow-minded, as democratic as he was autocratic,

he would have occupied his throne to-day to the distinct advantage of Russia and the world.

### Pure Reason is Uninspiring

Image - smashing may be exciting sport, but it is also dangerous and foolish. The reign of pure reason, if it ever comes to this illogical world, will be a dry and uninspiring one. I do not want to go to that group of Australian lads who are gazing reverentially at the old tattered flags in St. Paul's.

trying to decipher the names of half-forgotten battles upon them, and tell them they are wasting sentiment on a bundle of rags which ought long ago to have been in the hands of the old-clothes dealer. I don't want to tell the Canadians and New Zealanders, or, for that matter, negroes from the West Indies, Cingalese from Ceylon, Islanders from the Pacific, standing, cap in hand, before the shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey, listening to the verger's tale, that it is a tale not worth listening to, that, if you reduce things to their lowest terms of practical value, to-day is the only day that matters, that this reverence for stones, and tombs, and glass, this interest in the storied past, is medieval, unworthy of this mechanical and scientific age when men fly across the Atlantic and speak to each other across the world on the invisible ether.

As little do I want to tell them that we build far better and more commodiously to-day than our ancestors in the days of Rufus and Longshanks, that the Abbey is a mass of architectural anomalies, choked with useless chantries and chapels and monuments, corners and buttresses and aisles, that the Metropolitan Tabernacle is much better fitted for its purpose, Manchester Town Hall much more commodious and

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compact—in fact, that the Abbey is merely a musty old relic of the Dark Ages which ought to be “scrapped” to make room for a new housing scheme.

Even when I had displayed my foolishness in saying these things, the ancient fane would still be the first thing in London visitors want to see, would still exercise its potent influence on heart and imagination, still enshrine and typify both the history and genius of the race, still mean far more to the visitor from the Antipodes than the fine building over the way where laws and mistakes are made.

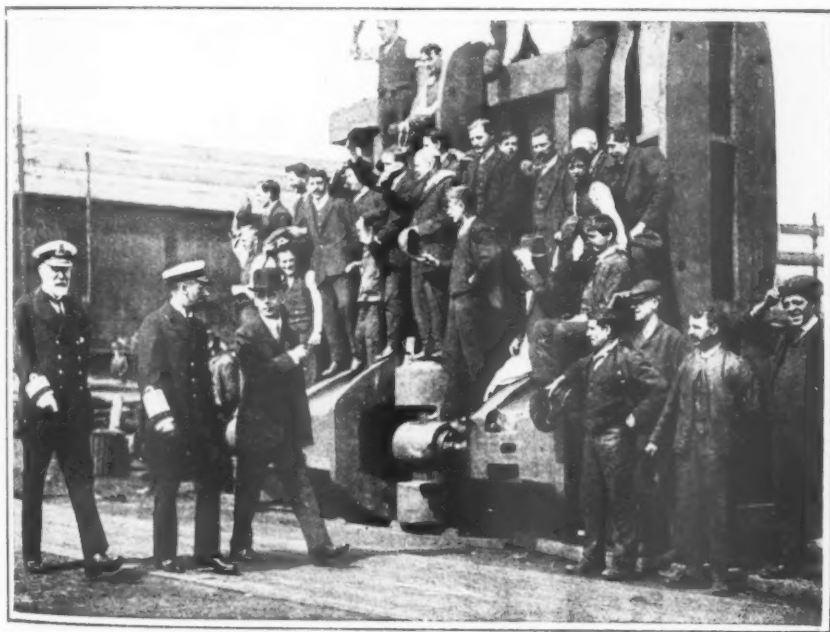
### The Power of Sentiment

Is there nothing in sentiment? There is everything in it where rule and government are concerned. The man who possesses the heart of a people can rule them with his little finger; the man who does not is unable to rule them with a rod of iron. We might elect a President of Greater Britain, but would they accept him “down under” or

across the Atlantic? Would they not say, rather, something like this: “It’s a long way to the Old Country, and since we are to have a president either way, we might just as well have one of our own! Why should we own allegiance to a mere English citizen—lawyer, carpenter, professional politician, schoolmaster, aristocrat, sailor, soldier—three, six, twelve thousand miles away? Are there not men as good in Melbourne, Wellington, Ottawa, Cape Town, as in London, and have they not the very real advantage of knowing us at first hand?”

### Binding the Empire Together

Who is going to gainsay the cogency, the unanswerable good sense of such reasoning? But what of Egypt and India and the scattered fragments of the empire? That is a horse of another colour. That is a problem to baffle the wisest statesman under a republican regime. If the people of India do not assist in electing the president why should they accept him as their ruler?



The King and the Workers

King George is keenly interested in the industrial situation, and probably knows as much about Capital and Labour as any other man in the country. This picture was taken on one of his numerous visits to industrial centres.

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Besides, a presidential chair could never mean the same to the Oriental as an Imperial Throne.

Were we living under the monarchical conditions of the sixteenth or even of the eighteenth century, probably every labour-man would be a republican actually and actively. The working-man has no use for *autocratic* kings and kaisers in the older sense. The world has gone past them. But he recognises the difference between George the Fifth and Charles the First. He appreciates the fact that the monarchy has long ago sloughed off its autocratic skin in this country, that the "shining armour" business has no meaning this side the Rhine, and perhaps not much to-day on the other side! He admits that King George is really the Life President of the Crowned Republic of Great Britain, and he can

generally see also that the fact that his son, if he live, will automatically succeed him, is an essential part of this convention making for continuity and stability.

### Like the Sun—"Up There"

Most of us think of the King much as I think of the Sun. I am not well acquainted with Old Sol; I know little of his nature or substance. I mainly know that he is "up there" and a very long way off. But I feel his heat and warmth and take comfort in his presence, grumbling equally when he is too much or too little in evidence. But although I see him so often, I am wholly unaware, by any outward manifestation, of his main work of holding in leash the whole planetary system by means of the force of gravitation, keeping this world and many others in their proper orbits. Nevertheless, my imagination can picture the stampede of planets into the unknown dangers of outer space were the sun to be suddenly deposed. Similarly we are unaware of that ceaseless power we call loyalty which keeps all our young planetary democracies within the orbit of the empire, making us one divided yet undivided system.

### As Popular as Ever

There can be no doubt that the monarchy of England is at least as popular as ever it was. It is one of the few old institutions which has not lost prestige in the cataclysm of war, which has not developed cracks and fissures in the great earthquake. Labour agrees that it works well, and that to "scrap" it would be risky certainly and disastrous probably. Labour also recognises that the present occupant of the throne has accommodated himself to the spirit of the New Era, that he knows that Kaiserism and Tsarism are spent forces, that he is at heart more of a democrat than some of his advisers, and that he is earnestly anxious to see things from the viewpoint of the Man in the Street.

### Our Hard-worked King

Labour also recognises that the King is one of the hardest-worked men in the empire, and that the Queen, if anything, works harder still. Neither of them has left a duty undone during the war, and their urbanity, public spirit and sympathy have



The Heir to the Throne

Photo by C. Vandagh

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won for them golden opinions. As the arbiter between conflicting parties, the Speaker of the Nation outside and above all parties, unassociated with bickerings, divisions, subterfuges or expedients, as the head and leader of society in this great country, as the "President" of the world-wide British Commonwealth, and as the Emperor of India, the monarch has great and obvious duties and uses, even if he were not himself *persona grata* with the people, and a real "white man."

Some of us would advocate a good deal of change in the trappings and trimmings of royalty. I know that even President Wilson cannot be just as every other man is when occupying the White House. A "divinity" hedges about a President as well as a King. It is well that it should. But King George's bonhomie has already broken down a good deal of unnecessary ceremony, cleared away some at least of the "hedgies" which were obstructive merely instead of protective. He has in fact come into personal touch with his subjects in an unprecedented way, a way that would have seemed wholly unthinkable in the reign of Queen Victoria.

### The Heir to the Throne

And he and the Queen have brought up their children to a like trust in and comradeship with the people. The Prince of Wales, beyond any doubt, won the respect and affection—a more valuable asset even than respect—of Tommy Atkins and all for whom he stands during the war. His interest in aviation, and especially in the mechanics of it, has endeared him to the workers, whilst the way he has tackled the housing problem shows the practical turn of his mind as well as the sympathetic turn of his heart, and some of the straight things he has said lately have made a great impression with respect to the democratic tendencies of his awakened intelligence.

Most of us would like to see the Prince not only marry one of his own countrywomen, but a wife of his own choice. All the ideas of a Royal Clan, of the Blood Royal, have been exploded by the war. They are dead and done with. They are redolent of the



"Chief Morning Star"

During his memorable visit to Canada, the Prince of Wales was elected Chief of the Stony Creek Indians. He is shown here in his full dress as Chief.

Kaiser, the "mailed fist," of Zabern and violated Belgium, of the Junker and his evil brood. Royal Blood will be tainted for evermore by the fact that Wilhelm was supposed to possess it *in excelsis*. Nor were dynastic relationships able to avert war, since the grandson of Queen Victoria became our chief enemy. So let our royal princes return to the custom of their Saxon forbears, and of some of our later kings and princes, and wed among their "ain folk."

For the rest I feel sure that however our political system may change in other respects—and big changes are coming—the throne, in its present occupant, as an institution essential in the circumstances of the empire, is secure, and that the Royal House of Windsor will show that adaptability to the new conditions, that genius for compromise and adjustment, which is as truly a British trait as respect for old institutions which continue to serve us well.



"'Joyce—come with me.' He covered her hand with his own"—p. 228

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael

## The Hand on the Shoulder

A Story of "the Fear  
of Man"

By M. Ellen Thonger

JOYCE VANE glanced dubiously at the man who had loomed into sight under the dim light of a flickering lamp. She did not care for his appearance. But he was a human being, and, so far as eye and ear could detect, the only one about. The fog was dense; and she had utterly lost her bearings.

She paused. "Can you tell me if this is Wade Street?"

He stretched out his hand, laying it on her shoulder. "Wade Street? Certainly not, my dear. You've taken a wrong turning."

Words, touch and look were alike insultingly familiar, and she flushed angrily. "Please direct me—and let me go!"

He laughed, and tightened his hold.

"First to the right, third to the left. What is a pretty girl like you doing out on such a night? And what are you going to give me for telling you the way? This?" Suddenly pulling her closer he stooped and kissed her.

For a few moments a red mist danced before the girl's blazing eyes. Then—"If ever I get the chance of repaying you for what you have done I shall take it—no matter what it costs!"

So tense was the low strained voice in its mingling of deadly hatred, shame and terror that her assailant actually looked disconcerted. Then he laughed again.

"Little girls must not threaten, or they will have to be punished."



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Despite her struggles he turned up her face and kissed her again twice on the lips before he released her.

The thick fog swallowed her instantly; but a few paces away she clung to the railings, her shaking limbs absolutely refusing to bear her—her whole mind a turmoil of helpless fury and insulted modesty; then slowly, noiselessly she staggered away into the darkness.



It was a glorious afternoon in February as Joyce tramped along gaily across the moors. The ground rang hard as iron, under her feet, after the long frost, the sun shone brilliantly, making the white country gleam and sparkle in a thousand dancing lights. She had expected to have a companion on her walk, but at the last moment had been disappointed; and holidays were too rare and precious to be wasted indoors.

Nearly four months had passed since the incident at the beginning of the winter, and time had, to a certain extent, blunted her recollection of it. Yet it had left its mark in a nervousness until then unknown. Often for days together she did not think of it, but if at night she found herself in lonely streets, with, perhaps, a solitary figure lounging at a corner, or the sound of footsteps behind, her heart would beat thickly, her fingers clench convulsively, in dread of a hand on her shoulder again, till the loafer had disappeared, or the pursuing "tramp-tramp" had passed indifferently, when the old fury against the brute who had put the fear of man and the terror of the lonely night into her would overwhelm her. And at such times she would rage impotently against herself for her own futile threat. What chance had a helpless young girl of vengeance upon an unknown man?

It so happened that she had not thought of the matter for some time, nevertheless late that afternoon, as she still swung along happily, enjoying to the full the joyous and unusual sense of freedom, the sight of a man some distance ahead brought a sudden quickening of her pulses, and made her give a swift anxious glance round. The moor seemed to be empty, save for herself and that other, and it was impossible to retrace her footsteps, for the dusk was beginning to fall. She could only walk on, furious with herself for her own alarm.

"There are ten thousand honest men in

the world to every handful of brutes!" she told herself viciously. "Why am I so silly!"

But the question was—was it one of the ten thousand, or one of the handful, who had now disappeared into the belt of trees through which she must pass?

Quickening her steps, she went on, angrily conscious that a short time previous she would never have dreamt of ill. As she entered the wood she glanced ahead uneasily, and then her heart gave a leap. The man was standing some little distance away, looking back, and as she came into sight began walking towards her.

His appearance was not reassuring as his eyes flashed to her, beyond, from side to side, and then behind. His face was streaked white and blue with the cold, and, despite the heavy coat he wore, she could see him shiver.

As he came up to her he removed his cap, and spoke in a harsh, rasping voice. "Have you anything to eat?"

Without a word she held out the packet containing the remnants of the sandwiches and cakes she had brought with her.

He snatched at it, tearing off the paper, and wolfing down the contents with the ferocity of a starved animal, incessantly glancing from side to side as he did so. In an incredibly short time they had disappeared.

"I suppose you recognise me from the description?" he jerked out.

The girl started and looked at the coat with the velvet collar and big bone buttons, at the shoes which had once been brown, and at the brown peaked cap. She shrank back a little.

"Yes," he muttered, answering her unspoken inquiry. "Hugh Murray. Wanted for murdering his uncle." He paused, then pulled off his cap again. "I am going to frighten you—frighten you horribly! I am a cur to do it! But when one has been hunted like a savage animal for days—it feels like years—till one is starved, frozen and despairing, there is not much manliness left!"

"What do you want?" Joyce panted breathlessly.

"Your clothes—you must change with me."

The girl gave a wild look round for help, and then faced him desperately. After all,

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she was strong. He was not a big man, and half starved into the bargain.

He seemed to read her resolution, and strode a pace or two closer.

"Don't!" he cried hoarsely. "Even as I am I am stronger than you. They're drawing the net round me closer and closer—I saw one of them only a few hours ago—but if only I could break through and get an hour's start I believe I could escape. I am a cad, I know! But don't make me worse! For heaven's sake don't make me use force! See, there is a shed. Go inside, slip off your things, and take my coat and cap instead. I can't get away as I am—my description is in all the papers."

The girl gave one more swift glance round for help, and then mechanically moved towards the shed in question. She had no doubt that he was quite capable of mastering her in a hand-to-hand struggle, and had no choice but to obey.

To her dismay he followed her inside. "I won't hurt you," he said huskily. "I don't suppose you will believe me, but I'm not guilty. Hurry!"

He stood at the entrance with his back towards her, staring out for a few minutes, and then slipped off his coat and kicked it behind him, shuddering as the nipping blast cut him to the bone. "Ready? May I turn?"

Joyce buttoned up the coat, and watched as he closed the door, and awkwardly tried to put on her garments, with frozen fingers that could not manage the unaccustomed fastenings.

"If you are innocent why do you try to escape?" she asked abruptly.

"Because they have the whole story too pat. I quarrelled with him, left the house, returned by way of the study window to get some things, and was seen by a policeman letting myself out of the door a short time later. Everything correct—except I didn't kill him. I must even have passed through the darkened room where the poor old chap was lying dead. Circumstantial evidence is too much for me."

He picked up a piece of rope and came towards her—a queer figure in his awkwardly worn clothes.

"What are you going to do?" she asked apprehensively.

The shamed colour flushed to his ghastly, sunken face. "Bind your feet. I shall leave

your hands free, but it will take a bit of time before you can unfasten the knots. The police are too close on my tracks for me to dare to let you race off at once and give the alarm."

"I suppose it would not do equally well if I promised to wait here for the specified time?"

He shook his head. "I daren't trust you. Sit down. I won't hurt. I—I'm sorry." He knelt down as he spoke, but next minute was on his feet again. "What's that?" he cried, and leapt to a small opening that served as a window. "Too late!" he muttered heavily. "He is there; and I have no strength left to fight. I might have spared myself the shame of terrifying a girl."

With a gasp of relief Joyce, too, had sprung up and peered out of the small square. Suddenly her face changed as she stared at the man who was approaching silently and cautiously.

"Who is that?" she whispered. "Someone who is seeking you? What will it mean if he takes you?"

"Hanging," said Murray dully.

"To him, I mean?"

"Oh, reward—blood money—promotion."

His exhausted frozen face was turned to her, the despairing eyes mutely imploring help. A great pity surged into her heart, and partly that, and partly the passionate desire for vengeance, drove her on.

"I know him!" she whispered fiercely. "One night he—he insulted me!—wantonly insulted a girl he had never seen before!—kissed me, in the street! Such men ought to be broken—broken!—and if I can—"

She stopped abruptly, shaking with repressed hate and fury. Rapidly pulling out a handkerchief and tying it into a loose knot she slipped it under her woollen cap which he had put on his head. "That looks more as if you had hair," she whispered. Drawing a veil from her jacket pocket she pinned it over his face. With a twitch here and a pull there she made the badly fastened skirt fall comparatively respectably, slipped her furs round his shoulders and across his chest, thus hiding the fact that the coat refused to meet, and caught up her muff. "Keep your hands hidden, if possible; you couldn't get into my gloves. Now listen! Stand behind the door, and the minute he bursts into the shed slip out and run. He



"Already a heavy figure was upon her,  
big hands at her throat"—p. 226

Painted by  
A. C. Michael

## THE QUIVER

is alone, and can only attend to one of us. If he attempts to follow you I shall show fight, but I don't want to if I can help, as he may discover that I am not a man if he gets his hands on me. Are you ready?"

Snatching up his cap, which was much too large for her, she pushed up her hair beneath it and pulled it low.

He had submitted passively, but with a dawning hope. Now he hesitated. "But—but I can't leave you alone with him. He might insult you again." He broke off, his face crimson at the girl's involuntarily amused smile. "You think it is not for me—after what I have done—to pretend to chivalry? But—it is different. It would have done you no harm to walk back in my coat—and—and—I was desperate. It is different."

"Yes," she said gently. "I understand. Yes—it is different. But you must go. It is not altogether for your sake. I would do anything to punish that brute—anything!" She stopped passionately. "Get behind the door, and—"

"I can't! He might strike you."

"Whatever he does you must not interfere! You can do me no good. I shall only be arrested for trying to help you to escape. Get behind! Now!"

Drawing her breath sharply she uttered a piercing shriek. "Help! Help!"

Her own hand clapped on her mouth smothered the cry she was uttering, as she sprang towards the door. Close behind it she had heard stealthy footsteps, and, as she had expected, it was instantly flung open. Prepared for it she caught its weight on her hands, but staggered backwards, reeling across the room as if from the result of the impact till she was brought up by the wall at the far end of the shed. Already a heavy figure was upon her, big hands at her throat, and—the doorway was left free.

She saw Murray hesitate with his fists clenched as though to interpose, but her eyes flashed angrily at him, and with one swift glance, half gratitude, half reluctance, he vanished.

The girl jerked up her hands. "That'll do!" she said sullenly. "I'm caught—and glad of it. Have you anything to eat?"

Her captor released her, peering at her through the gloom. "A nice dance you've given me, but I reckoned I had you safe this

time. I knew you were unarmed and half starved, and I wasn't going to share honours with anybody. By the way, who screamed? A woman's voice, I swear."

"A girl," she muttered. "She caught sight of me. I was going to bind her, but she got her mouth free."

"Humph! Where is she? Bolted? Pity! Now, are you coming quietly, or shall I slip on these?"

"I'm coming quietly. Give me something to eat!"

During the walk, and subsequent drive in a taxi, the girl's mind was a turmoil of many feelings. Triumph at the thought of the vengeance that had been so unexpectedly put into her power, terror for the future, when, in addition to the fear of man in general which this brute had put into her heart, would also be the added fear of this one man, and pity for the despairing, hunted fugitive in turns swayed her.

So absorbed was she that she took little note of where they went, and the stopping of the taxi at length took her by surprise, and brought a terrified beating of her heart as she quailed before the ordeal through which she had yet to pass. Without exactly knowing how she got there she found herself in a room in which was a tall, erect, keen-eyed man, to whom her captor gave a rapid account of his doings.

He was heard without interruption, and then his Chief nodded. "You have done well, Wills!" He turned to Joyce, started and looked closer. "But—this is not Hugh Murray."

Wills stared. "Beg pardon, sir, I'm certain! I tracked him to the shed. And his clothes answer to the description."

"Clothes are not necessarily men," was the sharp rejoinder, with a glance of contempt. "Who are you?"

The girl tossed off the concealing cap, gave a little, mechanical, feminine pat to the hair which she drew over her forehead with a hand that trembled, and answered, "Joyce Vane."

The Chief's face had grown dark, and Wills muttered a savage oath.

"Explain!" said the Chief curtly.

Very quietly she related the events of the afternoon. "I was helpless, alone, terrified," she finished. "I dare not refuse. I went into the shed, gave him my skirt and jacket and put on his coat. Then I saw this

## THE HAND ON THE SHOULDER

man, and screamed for help. He burst in—and has told you the rest."

"Why did you not explain matters to him? He would have protected you."

"Protected me!" The girlish voice was strained and harsh in its bitterness and effort for control. "As soon as I saw him I recognised him. I had come across him once before—during a fog—in the night; and—and he kissed me! Though I struggled and fought against him he—kissed me. Think of my position. Alone with two men—one a hunted murderer, the other a man who had already insulted a helpless girl. If I spoke, which should I fear the more? If I did not, the criminal would take advantage of his opportunity and make off—and all I need fear from this man might be some roughness, or a blow or two. I decided to say nothing."

The Chief's eyes had narrowed till they seemed but pin points of light. "Is this true?" he demanded sternly.

Wills had turned an unhealthy green. "What a fuss to make about a kiss or two!" he muttered, too utterly disconcerted to recollect to whom he was speaking.

The incisive, crisp voice was like ice. "There are blackguards in every position. Among the police and detectives there must be rather under the average. When a man's blackguardism takes such a form that a woman prefers to let a criminal escape rather than expose herself to his insults he is useless in those particular callings. Go! I will see you later."

Without a word, but with a venomous glance at the girl, Wills slunk from the room.

The Chief turned to Joyce. "I am sorry," he said gravely. "But—I think there was vengeance as well as fear in your proceedings. You must remember you have defeated justice, and let a dangerous criminal escape. Such men are a menace to society."

"A menace to society!" she burst out passionately. "Yes! But not a tenth part as much of a menace as that other! The one kills in a moment of passion, or to revenge a wrong, or for lust of gold—kills once, and thereafter flees with perpetual terror or remorse in his heart. The other—who knows the extent of the harm he does? Harm that the years will not efface. Yet he goes free. It is greatly to save their own sex from this—and worse evils—that women

have fought—even with wicked, unwomanly weapons—for power to punish—power to protect. From man there is no help. They do not understand, nor do they greatly care. Yet I can make *you* understand, and care—a little. I know you by sight. By sight also I know your pretty, motherless daughter. A few nights ago I saw a brute catch hold of her arm as she passed. She cried out, snatched herself away, and fled."

The man's face had suddenly grown grey. "My little girl!" he muttered hoarsely. "She did not tell me."

Joyce smiled with white lips. "It makes a difference, does it not, that it is your loved, shielded child—not merely an unknown woman, whom circumstances have forced to earn her own living; who has no one to whom to turn for protection. Told you? No, girls do not tell such things. And if you question her she will cry with shame and terror—for into her heart, as into mine, and into that of many others, for the future there will always be the fear of man, and the fear of the dark."

She paused a moment, then said wearily: "Let me go. I suppose you do not intend to punish me? Let me go—and continue, as men always will, to hunt down and hang the criminal who kills the body, and leave at liberty, or give a nominal sentence, to the worse criminal who kills a girl's happy fearlessness and trust."



Joyce stood on the lonely promenade, with her arms on the railings, gazing across the mighty river to where a great city showed its distant light in the sky. During the whole of the week she had been almost too busy to think, but the work was now over, and she had come to spend a few hours in one of the quiet suburbs across the water. It was growing late, but she still lingered—thinking.

She had kept her vow. She had avenged herself on her enemy. But she could not restore her own lost courage. Her work, in which she had been so interested, had lost its savour. It took her out often late at night—and she was afraid. Doubtless as time went on she would adapt herself again, but for the time being there was an ever present dread.

With a start, and a trembling instinct of

## THE QUIVER

the presence of someone else, she glanced round to find a man standing near, watching her intently.

"I thought it was you," he said quietly. "I suppose you have read the papers lately? . . . Ah! then you will have seen that the real murderer has been found—that after hunting me as they would a wild beast until, frozen, starved, desperate, I became like one, with such a devil of hatred, fury, and terror in my heart that I could frighten even a helpless girl, they have at last admitted my innocence, and let me go without a stain on my character!" He laughed, fiercely, mockingly. "Can you ever forgive me? I shall never forgive myself."

"I have never felt angry with you," she answered quickly. "I knew you were ashamed even then—and I do not think you were quite responsible. I do not forget that you would have stayed to defend me afterwards, if I would have let you. Did you manage to escape?"

"It is good of you," he said bitterly. "Yes, I got through all right. I have to thank you that I am not, even now, still being hunted, or in prison, awaiting hanging." He shuddered. "I had a notion who was the real culprit, and managed to get proof—but it was proof that might never have been found if I had been captured first."

She looked at him soberly. "I am glad that I was the means of helping an innocent man; even though the help was not at first willing, and afterwards was not all for your sake. What are you going to do now?"

She put the question carelessly, not quite knowing what to say, then flushed, and would have withdrawn, but he answered instantly:

"Go. I can't stay here. I hate the place, hate England, hate the crowds, and the eyes that look curiously and questioningly upon me! And I can't get over the feeling of being watched and followed. Always I am in terror of a hand upon my shoulder. My nerve has broken. I must go."

She looked at him almost enviously. How well she understood. But for her there was no escape.

His voice altered abruptly. "I found your name and address in a pocket-book in your jacket. I—I was going to write to you

when I got over there." He jerked his head vaguely seawards.

"To thank me?" she asked dubiously.

"Partly. And partly——" He stopped. "I have a chum out there. He asked me to come. He says it is a grand free life, but lonely, horribly lonely; and if I knew a girl of the right sort I had better ask her to marry me right off, and go with me. I—I—— You are strong, and brave, and resourceful—I thought I would write and ask you—if you would come to me—when—when—I had made—a home," he stammered. "That was my idea—but I have changed it."

The girl looked absolutely bewildered. Then she laughed dryly. "Why? And if so, why mention the matter?"

"When I came to think over what you had said I realised that you also were afraid of—the hand on the shoulder. I thought, too, that that brute might harbour vengeance. And—and—besides—I did not know till just now how much I—wanted you. Joyce—come with me."

Her hand was lying on the railings, and he covered it with his own. With a little frightened cry she gave a swift look round. The promenade was deserted—it was almost dark—the houses stood some way back. They were alone.

Flushing hotly, he released her instantly.

"I—I'm not that kind of cad," he said chokingly. "You are quite safe from me."

"I am sorry," she faltered. "A little time ago I should never have dreamt of danger or insult—now I fear both—even when there is no need. I ask your pardon. You say you are afraid—but I am a thousand times more so than any man can understand."

"Perhaps so. But a man who has been hunted understands more than most. And out there it would be different. It is wide, lonely, and empty. For one alone it might mean discouragement and despair; but two together—Joyce—a wife—a home," he whispered incoherently. Once again his hand crept to hers, and this time she left it passive—trembling a little.

"There will be the struggle against wild Nature, against wild beasts, but the fear of man will be almost eliminated. Joyce, take your courage in both hands, and risk it. Come with me—dear."

And Joyce went.



# The Disgrace of our Begging Hospitals

*A Plea for Nationalisation where it is Most Needed*

By A. C. Marshall

*Whilst the plea of the bankrupt hospital falls pityingly on our ears, Mr. Marshall makes the amazing assertion that the working classes are making financial gain out of the prodigal charity so generously provided for them*

**H**ALF of our hospitals stand to-day on the threshold of bankruptcy. The stream of voluntary contributions, wrung from the general public by a hundred cunning schemes, runs ever slower.

Social evolution, amazingly speeded-up of recent years, seems to have thrown into the searchlight the adage that charity begins at home, and with the value of the pound sterling so low many people have had perforce to prune severely their contributions to local infirmaries and such institutions.

## Something Drastic will have to be done

In fact, to save our hospitals at all, something drastic will have to be done immediately not only to ensure the adequate support of the hospitals but also to widen the class of people who seek admission to them.

Lest there should be a suspicion of doubt cast upon my opening statement, an earnest appeal from the Governors of Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, informs me that between the assured income of this institution and its total expenditure there is a gulf of £50,000 per annum to be bridged by charity. St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth, with 1,014 beds, in a recent year spent £129,831; and the cash received was £15,929 below this expenditure.

## Tens of Thousands Wanted

In the case of the Metropolitan Hospital in the East End over £15,000 has to be annually collected from the charitable public; whilst University College Hospital calls for voluntary support running into £40,000 a year. In the finance of the West London Hospital the debt for a long while has averaged a cool ten thousand pounds.

These particulars apply to London. That similar deficiencies are to be found in the provinces there need be no doubt, from

the meanest cottage hospital to the enormous establishments in our great cities. The epidemic of Flag Days, Hospital Saturdays, jamborees and other methods of extracting money from the public is of itself a sufficient proof.

## What the Squeezed-dry

### Middle Classes Support—

Now, from these astounding figures two main threads of thought arise. The first of them is, who gives the money to support our voluntary hospitals? The second, who benefits from the spending of the money?

The answer to the first question is that, proportionately, the squeezed-dry middle classes give the bulk of the financial support. It is the half-guineas from the professional homes that do more to carry the burden of our hospitals than the larger gifts from the rich, seeing that in the main they aggregate a greater total.

Moreover, half a guinea is more to a middle-class family than £100 to a rich man, especially when it is considered that wealthy people do not pay income tax upon large charitable donations; and can, in some circumstances, virtually save money over their super-tax or even death duties by giving away princely sums.

### —the Working Classes Profit by

The second question can hardly fail to produce the reply that the labouring classes actually reap the harvest of all this charity so bounteously provided for them in the past. More than this, the sojourn in a hospital ward of a breadwinner can, and in fact does, bring financial gain to many a lower-class home.

In order to prove this sweeping statement, let me quote an instance, for the truth of which I will vouch. A labouring man in the course of his work fell from a ladder,

## **THE QUIVER**

sustaining a broken leg. As an "accident" case he secured immediate admission to a voluntarily supported hospital.

The next step was for the wife to canvass various middle-class houses in search of a letter of admission in order that her husband might become, instead of a mere patient for first aid, one entitled to remain in the institution for complete cure.

These "letters" are handed out by the hospital authorities to those who subscribe sufficient money; and it is rather in the nature of a lucky dip or chance scramble as to whether a so-called "poor" person can or cannot lay hands upon one of these papers when wanting to secure a bed.

### **How the Working-class Patient Scores**

However, the wife in question was obviously a woman in great trouble and, after a word or two of advice from a clergyman, she obtained her docket, as it happened from the widow of a barrister. Instead of being a temporary accident patient her husband became a fully-fledged inmate of the hospital, subject only to the payment of half a crown a week.

As a matter of fact, owing both to his age and to the nature of the fracture, the man remained in the hospital for no fewer than 29 weeks, during which period he, of course, wore hospital clothes, was housed and fed.

At the end of the time he was discharged in sound health; and, by virtue of the fact that he had first obtained a letter and then paid his thirty pence with approved regularity, he walked out of the hospital with not a tittle of further financial obligation to the institution that, by sheer charity, had done so much for him.

In effect, he shouldered his kit, murmured a few words of thanks and walked away.

Now, take a look at the other side of the question. During the whole of his incapacity the man drew money from the State as an insured person, and was excused from further contribution in the meanwhile; the insurance company by which his employer was covered for liability subscribed a useful dole; and the generous-minded master made up the man's wages in full!

So that, seeing the man was neither kept nor clothed out of his own domestic exchequer, there was to the household a money gain of more than ten shillings per week for a period exceeding half a year.

And this is not all; for, directly he was on his feet again, the man (quite within his legal rights) approached a solicitor, who launched a huge claim for compensation against the employers' liability insurance company concerned with his case.

Thus, with the law, or convention, or whatever else one may term it, in its present state, this workman was cured, housed, clothed and fed *by charity*; people probably not proportionately so well off as himself kept him for 29 weeks, whereas money was provided from proper sources that he might pay for the attention he received.

From the point of view of the injured workman his disgraceful abuse of the hospital was probably an action of supreme unconsciousness. Generations of charity had impressed upon his outlook the fact that the voluntarily supported hospital was for his benefit, and that he would be foolish not to make use of it to the full. He may even have thought, ignorantly, how much the surgeons and students were learning gratuitously from his case and how his fractured femur was carrying benefits to the community at large.

### **Cash Profits from Accidents**

To give of his compensation money or allowances never entered his mind; and the fact that his wife actually made a cash profit from his accident merely offered grounds for domestic congratulation. As for the lump sum, it was after all his just due, for had he not been mulcted in 4d. per week from his wages for several years? That he had in reality been existing upon charity never once flashed across his vision, for, apart from an odd copper in the streets at times, he had never subscribed to hospitals.

And this is in no sense an extreme case. The same sort of thing is going on every day, everywhere. Even small tradesmen show an unhappy knack of worming their way into hospitals for free treatment; and, in these days, it is difficult indeed to discriminate between those who of their own necessity deserve charity, and those who are well able to pay for the doctoring they receive.

The root of the trouble is chiefly the fact that the State has so ordered matters that the working-class folk may be cared for in accident or sickness, and yet has provided neither hospitals nor sanatoria from the

## **THE DISGRACE OF OUR BEGGING HOSPITALS**

millions of money that have been subscribed for Health Insurance. In each of the sister kingdoms there are maintained highly expensive National Health Commissions, yet there are no National infirmaries to which patients can be sent other than those of the Poor Law Guardians.

But there is another aspect of the situation that is far more terrible, far more heart-searching, than this. Let us imagine for a moment a middle-class, professional man. He has no employer and for the sake of his calling is bound to present to the world all that good appearance counts for. Income tax, the exorbitant cost of living, growing sons and daughters, mean that betwixt earnings and expenses there is a pitifully small margin, if one exists at all.

### **An Appalling Catastrophe**

Without a flicker of warning—and the same thing may happen to any one of us—this professional man is stricken down. He contracts an internal disease calling for an operation and lengthy treatment; a physical derangement demands immediate surgical care if his life is to be spared; or he meets with a serious accident.

What is such a man to do? Suddenly he is faced by an appalling catastrophe that will cost him perhaps more money than he can earn in a year. The mental torture of the position is almost a greater strain than the affliction itself.

He cannot go into the voluntarily supported hospital on the half a crown a week basis because, by reason of his position, he may not cadge for a letter of admission. If he enters the hospital, he does so as a paying patient and must put down the usual fee for the specialist or operating surgeon. If he goes to a nursing home the charges must be met, besides a long account with his family doctor.

Possibly he elects to stay at home. The specialist's fee alone may be fifty guineas; day and night nurses cost three guineas a week besides their keep; convalescence must be faced; and, in addition, there is the loss of professional work.

To meet the sudden expense the man approaches well-to-do friends and begs or borrows; possibly he goes to recognised moneylenders. Again, he may mortgage his life insurance policies; or, in a similar way, politely pawn anything of value that he possesses and somehow face the inevitable.

In some circumstances, it may spell irretrievable ruin; a financial and business blow from which there can be no recovery. At the best, it will assuredly retard his career for years.

### **Ruin—or Social Suicide**

Alternatively, the sufferer may, for a pittance, go to the infirmary of the local workhouse by humbling himself to the relieving officer; who, in turn, will submit his case to the next meeting of the Relief Committee for approval. Yet such a step would brand him as deficient in all self-respect; or show that, driven by the desperation of the position, he had pauperised himself into committing the sin of social suicide.

Is it at all compatible with the equity of things that, on the one hand, a member of the labouring classes can actually make a monetary gain through infirmity when a middle-class man, probably a liberal subscriber to the voluntary hospital, suffers complete and utter ruination or ostracism simply because he has the misfortune to become ill or to be knocked down in an accident?

### **An Antiquated Idea**

As a matter of fact, the more one looks at the question the more evident it becomes that the public hospital supported by voluntary contributions is antiquated in its inception. In the flyaway progress of recent years we have overrun it by many leagues. There should be no such thing as charitable medical or surgical care in these advanced social days, when every life is doubly precious to the community simply because of the hundreds of thousands of fit, virile young men who have been slain.

Quite recently the District Council of Edmonton, London, considered a motion to circularise all the local authorities of the metropolis asking them to press upon the Government the necessity of taking over every hospital at present dependent upon charitable contributions. The reason given in the motion was that "*begging has failed*"; and that such institutions are far too important to exist by virtue of voluntary effort.

Nothing could have been devised more calculated to hit the right nail on the head than this motion. We can look back a good many years to the birth of our National

## **THE QUIVER**

Health Insurance; and many months have passed since the Ministry of Health opened its doors to an expectant country. Yet still there is not one National hospital where a person may go and, as a citizen's right, claim to be treated with the most advanced skill available.

Even married mothers, facing a dreaded confinement, must pocket the maternity dole and seek the charity of a lying-in hospital or pay handsomely at a nursing institution if the environment of their own home is not adapted comfortably to the bringing of a new life into the world. As for the unmarried mother, she drifts with the tide of unfortunates to the labour rooms of the Union Infirmary, and her little one is registered as having been born at "Montmorency House," or some other high-sounding place; a little bit of camouflage that cuts no ice with those who know.

Broadly speaking, there are two main classes of public hospital or infirmary, those that are the outcome of charity and the workhouse institutions. Some of the former are sub-divided to deal with one sex or the other, or with specific diseases; the latter are such a burden to the ratepayers that the new Ministry of Health is already preparing to sweep away the authorities that govern them.

### **At the Parting of the Ways**

As a matter of fact, from the point of view of hospitals, we stand to-day at the parting of the ways. On the one hand we have the institutions dependent upon charitable support fast fading into bankruptcy; on the other, we have the workhouse infirmaries, as such, under notice to quit. And, hovering overhead, wondering where to pitch, like a big bird, we have our new Ministry of Health.

Was ever there a more favourable opportunity for nationalising our hospitals than the present?

What is to prevent the Minister of Health from seizing every hospital and turning it into a National Institution where anyone in sickness or bodily adversity could go and, as a right, obtain the required treatment? Certainly no newly-created Ministry ever had such a golden chance as this; for, with one clean sweep, it could drive away the stigma of pauperism from the workhouse infirmary and banish charity from the hospitals.

And it must be remembered that every wage earner whose receipts are less than £5 per week pays a contribution towards National Health Insurance. There is no need for charity.

The rich can afford to take care of themselves and pay for specialists, nursing homes, recuperation and so on. Every poor wage earner is the happy possessor of an Insurance Policy backed by the British Government that he will be cared for in sickness.

### **To Help the Middle Classes**

One need only go a stage further and admit, on a voluntary basis, the middle-class professional family. Give the *really* poor man with his £300, £400 and even £500 a year a chance to benefit from National Insurance. Let him pay a premium quarterly or yearly and sleep o' nights happy in the knowledge that he may in need claim hospital treatment as a right and not by reason of charity or poverty.

In fact, one might go further and so arrange the hospitals that there were first-class and second-class wards; the former for those of the professional classes who paid voluntary premiums and the latter for people compulsorily insured. There are plenty of hospitals, and more could be built from the money that is poured into the exchequer in weekly contributions.

And even these arguments by no means exhaust the reasons for the Government control of hospitals. So many people are apt to see in a hospital merely a palace of pain, a place where one may be cured or repaired. As a matter of fact, a hospital is even more a place of prevention.

In great State hospitals, where effort might be standardised, there would be every opportunity not only to cure disease but also to ascertain its source. It is far better to find out and crush the cause of disease even than to cure it, and with nationalised infirmaries there should be scope for research; for the building of knowledge; for the crystallisation of an ideal, not only to pick up the milk after it has been spilt but to prevent it from being spilt at all.

In other words, with State hospitals and a genuine, bona-fide Ministry of Health we might dig trenches and build earthworks that would keep disease away; in addition to curing such as must inevitably exist among us.

# A Sporting Chance

BY  
Bessie  
Marchant

"MILDRED, Mildred, here's news! Who do you think is coming for Christmas?" cried Dave Russell, as he came tramping over the garden bridge in a great hurry.

"A good many people, I hope," Mildred answered with a laugh. Then she asked eagerly: "Is the mail in yet?"

"Yes, and there is a pile of letters for you. But what I wanted to tell you was, Norris Bailey is actually here in Moresby, and is coming out to spend Christmas with us!" said Dave.

"Norris Bailey?" Mildred's voice had sunk to an awed whisper, and she looked so bewildered that Dave, thinking her memory must have played her a trick, hastened to explain.

"Yes, he is a fellow Dad knew very well in Sydney; don't you remember him? He had a place at Bathurst. He was a widower then, but I suppose he has married again since, as he wants to bring his wife and baby. Can we manage to put them all up, do you think?"

"Oh, certainly. The more the merrier at Christmas, you know!" she answered quickly. But her face had gone ghastly white, and her heart for a moment seemed to stand still; for this was the first she had heard of Norris Bailey having taken a second wife. When she had seen him last in Sydney, two years before, he had been



"The black nurse was taking little Otto Bailey for an early dip in the sea"—p. 236

mourning the loss of the English girl who had come out from London to

marry him and had died after only three years of wedded happiness.

"You don't look very fit; aren't you well?" inquired Dave, with cousinly concern.

Mildred gave herself a shake, laughing in a rather mirthless fashion: "Oh! it is nothing; a touch of the heat, perhaps. I rode rather far this morning, and Kilmicko is a rattler for pace. You will certainly have to enter him for the next steeplechase, Dave; only don't break your neck by riding in it yourself!"

"No fear of that! But I will worry Dad into letting me enter him. It is a downright jolly idea, Mildred; only you will have to back me up if Dad is at all difficult, for he always listens to what you suggest," said the boy eagerly.



## THE QUIVER

Mildred drew a long breath of relief. Dave's attention had been distracted from her appearance, and that was the main thing just then. Only it seemed to her that never could she forget the anguish and dismay of that moment, when she learned that she would have to play hostess to Norris Bailey's new wife.

But Dave was wanted in a distant part of the plantation, so he hurried away again, whistling as he went. She heard him tramping back across the garden bridge, and talking to the horse he had left there.

Then she sprang up and went off to the cook-house, intent on doing something, anything that would not leave her time to think.

Her uncle's plantation was thirty miles out from Port Moresby, which is the capital of Papua, and the house was to be crowded with guests for Christmas, which was only two days off. The black servants were active and willing, but so childishly ignorant that every small detail had to be overlooked by the mistress.

This morning they were more difficult than usual; so many guests to prepare for seemed to bewilder them, scattering the few senses they possessed.

Mildred had to apologise for several discrepancies in the dinner which was served that night. But her uncle and Dave only laughed, declaring that they were hungry enough to eat anything. So watery soup, scorched joint, and similar shortcomings troubled no one save the mistress.

Of course, the dinner-table talk was all about the expected guests, and Dave said he wished there were some children coming, for white kiddies were treasures indeed in that far land.

"Just as well not; children are a bother sometimes, and a responsibility always, here in Papua," said Mr. Russell easily.

"You forget that the Baileys are coming," put in Mildred.

"No, I don't; but their child must be quite an infant, not old enough to be in any sense interesting," Mr. Russell replied.

"But don't you remember that Mr. Bailey's first wife left a child?" asked Mildred; and again a sick sensation, which was worse than pain, gripped her, as she forced herself to speak of Norris Bailey, whom so soon she would have to meet.

"Ah! yes. But perhaps the poor thing

is dead; it was very delicate, I remember. Anyhow, he said nothing about it. 'I must bring my baby and wife, if you don't mind, as I never go anywhere without them,' was what the letter said. But the fellow writes such an awful fist, that it was some time before I could make it out at all," said Mr. Russell.

"Have you the letter?" asked Mildred, stretching out her hand for it.

"No; I stupidly tore it up!" he answered. "But it is no matter, for you could not have read the thing if I had brought it home with me. They—the Baileys—are coming out on Christmas Eve, with the Swaffers."

"I am glad Mrs. Swaffer is coming; she is such a help in looking after people," said Mildred, with a sigh of relief.

On Christmas Eve the guests began to arrive, singly and in groups. Some came on horseback, some came in motors, and one party arrived in a steam launch, which was anchored close inshore, under a bit of steep wooded cliff, and served the owners as a sleeping-place, greatly to Mildred's satisfaction. Her housekeeping resources had been taxed to the utmost, to provide sleeping accommodation for all the guests. She had even given up her own room for the Baileys, removing herself to a little hut on high stumps, which stood between the house and the servants' quarters, and was used for a great variety of purposes.

It was just before dinner that the Swaffer motor came up, hooting like an enraged demon, for the road was just then crowded with pigs being driven in for the night, to prevent them working havoc in the taro fields.

Mildred went forward to meet her guests, her face as white as her frock, and her heart beating with dull throbs of pain, as she nerved herself to the ordeal of meeting Norris Bailey and his new wife.

To her surprise, there was no lady in the car but Mrs. Swaffer. A black nurse with a delicate-looking boy on her lap, and two men, completed the party. Of these two, one was Mr. Swaffer, who was driving, and the other was Norris Bailey.

"Glad to see you! Glad to see you, Bailey!" exclaimed Mr. Russell, seizing upon his guest with hospitable eagerness. "But where is your wife, man? Your wife and the baby?"



## A SPORTING CHANCE

"My wife?"

Mildred, who was welcoming Mrs. Swaffer, heard the shocked surprise in Norris Bailey's tone, and the low, stern rejoinder: "Is it possible you can have forgotten that my wife died three years ago?"

Mr. Russell's jaw dropped, and for a moment he looked a picture of ludicrous amazement; then he burst out: "But I thought you had married again; you asked permission to bring your wife and baby!"

"I asked to be allowed to bring my boy and his nurse," said Norris Bailey, with a very disturbed air.

"Then why ever don't you write so that ordinary people can read it, or else use a type-writer?" demanded Mr. Russell in a testy tone.

But the Swaffers and Dave Russell had burst into such an explosion of laughter that Norris Bailey's reply was inaudible, and under cover of the merriment Mildred was making friends with the child.

It was later in the evening when she found herself for a moment alone with Norris Bailey, and his first words were in the nature of a reproach.

"Were you also foolish enough to believe in that story about my new wife?"

"Uncle said you wished to bring your new wife, and as we have never found you other than a truthful person we naturally believed it," she answered, with a laugh.

Norris Bailey muttered an inarticulate something, which sent the colour flying to Mildred's cheeks; but just then Mrs. Swaffer came up to claim her attention, and there was no more said between them that night.

It was a very festive evening, and was prolonged to a late, or rather early, hour. Most of the guests came from lonely plantations, and so rejoiced in a chance of associating with their fellows. The talk was a comical jargon of murva, ramie, and rubber,

of sugar, coffee and coco-nuts—not specially interesting to an outsider, but of the utmost importance to these planters, who were wresting a living from Papuan soil.

The moonlight lay in white patches in the open spaces of the garden when Mildred went out to her sleeping-place in the little



"You don't look very fit; aren't you well?"  
—p. 233

hut. She smiled to herself as she went, thinking of her uncle's blunder, and the pain it had cost her. Perhaps it was the memory of that suffering which would not let her sleep after she had crept into her hammock. Being so very restless, she presently got up and stood at the open shutter, looking out at the beauty of the night. A black figure was skirting the shadows, and peering through the latted shutters of the bedroom window which had been hers, but was occupied to-night by Norris Bailey and his little son Otto.

"I expect it is one of the servants intent

## THE QUIVER

on thieving," she said to herself. "I think I shall ask Uncle to let me have Chinese indoor servants; I am sure that they would be more satisfactory than these stupid blacks!"

Then she went back to her hammock, dismissing the black shadow from her mind. But her dreams were all of intangible horrors, and a creeping dread of some evil which menaced that festive gathering of friends, and which only she could avert.

She awoke with a start to find that it was morning, and to hear peals of laughter in a child's voice.

Slipping from her hammock, she peeped out to find that the black nurse was taking little Otto Bailey down through the gardens for an early dip in the sea.

She stood watching until they were out of sight, a smile on her face at the pranks of the child. Then suddenly the remembrance of a story told to her a short time ago by one of the native servants made her realise that there might be danger for the child in being carried so far from the house for his morning dip.

At the same moment came the recollection of the lurking black figure, which she had seen on the previous night at the edge of the shadows, and, snatching a long white linen coat from a peg on the wall, she flung it over her sleeping suit; then, opening the door of her hut, she darted down the steps.

She went along the garden paths at a run, in pursuit of the boy and his nurse. At first she could not see them; only the sounds of the child's laughter came floating back to her. A turn in the path, and she saw the striped garment of the nurse just ahead. Then the child's laughter trailed off in a frightened shriek, there was a scream from the nurse, and Mildred dashing forward with a fleet step, saw that Otto had disappeared!

"Where? Where?" she cried, and then had no need to ask again, for down through a vista in the tropical undergrowth, shadowed by tall nipa palms, she saw a black man running, with the child tucked under his arm.

"Go and call the men—shriek and scream

for them!" cried Mildred, with a backward fling of her arm to enforce the hasty command.

Then away she tore in pursuit of the running figure, feeling thankful indeed that she was so swift of foot, and so little encumbered by her clothing; yet all the while knowing that she could have but a sporting chance of overtaking the man, who was doubtless perfectly at home in the jungle



"Snatching a dagger from the strip of bark which served him as a girdle, he hurled it full at her"

paths. Back into her mind flashed the horrid story she had heard. The natives in the high forest-covered hills at the back of the plantation were cannibals, and they made periodic raids on the villages, carrying off young children to furnish their barbarous feasts.

Kaildhu had told her this, and it was Kaildhu's boy who had been stolen. It was mostly boys who were taken, though girls and even women were sometimes captured and carried off.

To her own danger Mildred gave never a thought. The child must be saved, and she must do it somehow; or, failing to save him, she would share his fate. There was only this one idea in her head as she raced along, straining every nerve to overtake Otto's captor.

Fortunately, the sun was not very high

## A SPORTING CHANCE

yet, and a little coolness still lingered in the leafy glades. But the perspiration was running like tears down Mildred's face, and making splashes of wet on her white linen coat.

Who would have dreamed of a Christmas morning like this? There was a noise in her ears, like the sound of church bells, and oddly enough on her dry lips hovered the words of the Christmas Gospel, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But she was gaining on the runner, who

"I must! I will!" she muttered; then redoubling her efforts, she was soon close to the man, who, realising that he was playing a losing game, turned upon her with a savage snarl. Then, snatching a murderous-looking dagger from the strip of bark which served him as a girdle, he hurled it full at her.

But surely she bore a charmed life that morning, for she swerved, and the dagger, which was made of polished crocodile bone, buried itself harmlessly in the bark of a sago palm.

Realising that everything now depended on her quickness and her courage, she sprang straight at the man. One hint of wavering, and the lives of herself and the child might be instantly forfeit.

It was not in vain that she had had lessons in fencing and boxing from Dave. She could hit straight and strong from the shoulder, and the savage must have been considerably surprised at the power in her small white fists.

There was an exciting five minutes' tussle, in which the amazed wild man had as much as he could do to defend himself, encumbered as he was with the child, and disabled by his lame foot.

Then, with a panting cry of triumph, she snatched Otto from him, and was turning to flee, when, to her horror, four or five hideous painted men burst from the undergrowth and surrounded her.

Now, indeed, was the moment for despair! But critical as was the situation, Mildred faced it with a calmness of which at any other time she could not have deemed herself capable.

With the limp form of the terror-stricken child pressed close to her breast, her long hair streaming wildly over the white linen coat, and her cheeks flushed to a rosy red with exertion, she stood quiet, and apparently fearless, gazing steadily at the savages.

The fellow whom she had rendered *hors de combat* had dropped on the ground, where he sat pressing his hands over his smarting eyes, and making a whimpering noise, like a whipped dog.



Drawn by  
E. P. Kinsella

appeared to have stepped on a thorn, for he limped badly.

"Otto! Otto! Don't be frightened. I am coming, darling!" she cried, sparing the breath to call out, so that the child should have the comfort of knowing rescue was near at hand. But he did not answer or make any sign; so she could only believe that he must have fainted from the fright.

On and on she sped, her breath coming in laboured gasps, her heart beating in painful throbs.

What would be the end of it? Would she win? And if she succeeded in overhauling the man, could she hope to take the child from him?

## THE QUIVER

Someone had once told Mildred that the cannibals were fearfully nervous people; although she had laughed in incredulous amusement at the time, the statement came to her memory now, as a ray of comfort in the black night of her despair.

Was it possible that she, an unarmed girl, could overawe half a dozen savages, every one of whom carried spear and dagger?

At least she could try. Then, remembering the power of the human eye in reducing a savage dog to awed subjection, she bent a steady stare on the wild men—a merciless, compelling gaze, that, against their will, held them spellbound.

Breathless was the silence which they all maintained. The fellow on the ground tried another feeble whimper, but the man standing nearest kicked him so savagely that he rolled over on the brown moss and lay without a sound.

Overhead the macaws were screaming, as they ditted to and fro. Mildred could even hear the drone of the trumpet ants, which were marching up one tree and down another.

Then a welcome noise cut through the tense stillness of the waiting; this was the shrilling of the steam launch's whistle. What an ear-splitting din it was! But to her, just then, the most beautiful sound on earth, for it told her that the place had been aroused and help was coming. Then the fire-bell began to clang; she heard the report of guns, while two or three motor horns added their noise to the confusion of sound. Oh, help was coming! Help was coming!

But would it be in time?

The circle of staring savages was growing uneasy. The awful din of strange noises was scaring them; and suddenly Mildred

realised that her power over them was waning!

Ah! the bitterness of it! The very thing that they were doing down below in the cleared lands to give her hope and courage was likely to prove her undoing, and hurry on the fate against which she strove.

With all the will power that she could put forth, she strove to hold those wild natures in thrall, and might have done it, too, but for the riot down below.

The perspiration gathered again in great drops on her brow, then rolled like tears down her face. Then with a convulsive movement she pressed the child to her breast, as a big fellow, painted in alternate stripes of red and blue, lifted his arm to throw his spear.

But it was never thrown; instead the fellow dropped where he stood, shot through the leg.

With hoarse cries of terror, the wild men hurled themselves into the undergrowth, as two horsemen came up at a tearing gallop, the feet of the horses being soundless on the thick moss of the jungle path.

They were Norris Bailey and Dave Russell, who had come first to Mildred's deliverance, and it was Dave's shot which had wounded the big savage, who was crawling away after his comrades.

They would have come too late but for the courage and calmness of Mildred, who had made the most of her sporting chance, thereby saving Otto's life and her own.

What an eventful Christmas Day it was!

But it was the last Mildred spent in Papua. For early in the new year she went away to the mainland, as the bride of Norris Bailey and stepmother to his little son.



# Gentility or Efficiency?

## A Problem of Middle-Class Education

By E. Vaughan-Smith

*Should a middle-class child be sent to the Council school? Are we wasting our money on false pride? These are thorny questions that ought to engage our attention*

IT does seem unfair—when one thinks of the splendid education the working man's child gets for nothing! But it's like that nowadays—nothing is too good for the proletariat, while anything will do for the poor middle classes!"

The three mothers who sat in the cosy fire-light discussing that perennial problem, their children's education, might have had their rankling sense of injustice somewhat soothed had they read the article on education in the November *QUIVER*. According to Mr. Brooke's view, that—which falls to the lot of the working man's child is by no means always "splendid"; and that part of his thesis—since they were acquainted with the Council school more by hearsay than by personal knowledge—they might have been inclined to accept on the authority he quotes. Another part of the article, however—that in which he upholds the middle-class private school as being so far more satisfactory in comparison—the mothers would certainly have disputed.

### The Glaring Faults of Private Schools

Their own children went to private schools, and the glaring faults of those institutions had been the subject of animated discussion from the moment that the afternoon tea-tray, with its array of glittering silver and tempting-looking muffin dishes, had first appeared in the drawing-room, until now when the tinkle of cups had ceased.

One mother had been telling how her little daughter's exercise book was filled from cover to cover with examples of sums, all worked in exactly the same way, only growing longer and longer. The child could work them without turning a hair, it seemed, but set her the very simplest problem and she was utterly at a loss.

The second mother complained of the old-fashioned teaching methods that still pre-

vailed. "Take geography, for instance. At any good Council school it would be made vivid and interesting by being linked on to the children's daily life, their walks and so on, and by concrete illustrations. Betty's geography lesson consists of having to repeat long lists of names out of a text-book, and dry facts like 'Germany is an undulating country, the inhabitants of which are mostly engaged in agriculture,' a sentence I found her puzzling her poor little eight-year-old brain over the other evening!"

### A Disappointing School

"I'm even more disappointed in Anne's school than you are in Betty's," put in the third speaker. "The first week she went they put her into the kindergarten class, where she had to count shells up to ten and play at being letters of the alphabet. As she had already learned to read quite nicely and had mastered her first four rules of arithmetic, I thought this an absurd waste of time for her, and asked Miss Jones if she could be moved up. So they put her into the next class, where she is doing decimals and taking down History notes about the Constitutions of Clarendon!"

"How perfectly absurd for a child of eight! How can she possibly understand?"

"She doesn't, of course. The History notes are so much double Dutch to her. But there's nothing in between that class and the kindergarten—there are so few teachers, you see. As it is, one afternoon in the week a big girl is sent in to read fairy stories to the class just to keep them quiet. It isn't exactly what one pays for!"

"And at such a price, too! Five or six guineas a term is quite an ordinary day-school fee nowadays, even for a tiny child's first lessons, and then everything possible is charged as an extra."

So the talk went on, leading nowhere in particular. The mothers were all thoroughly



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dissatisfied, but none of them had arrived at any solution of their problem. It did not seem to strike them that after all the remedy was in their own hands. They—and the other parents—paid the piper, and they had only to call the tune they wanted persistently and consistently enough, to get it in the end.

The trouble lies, however, in a regrettable lack of consistency. All parents want their children to have a good education, but unfortunately many of them want certain other things as well which may chance to be economically incompatible with a good education.

### **Where the "Nice" Children Go**

Take the case of Mrs. Vere-de-Vere-Smythe, for instance. When, after one or two unfortunate experiences with daily governesses, it is decided that little Dorothy Vere-de-Vere-Smythe is to go to school, her mother does not, as you might imagine, make a tour of all the six private schools in that little country town, carefully comparing their merits in order to discover the most efficient. She does not even trouble so much as to send for the prospectus of any of the six. No, the fact that one of them is attended by the daughters of a retired officer of the "old Army" (with "old" always carefully emphasised) is enough in itself to decide Dorothy's educational fate, without any tiresome inquiries into the qualifications of those who are to teach her. Of course she must go to the school favoured by the "nicest" people.

Mr. Vere-de-Vere-Smythe is so well known in the place that there will be no question as to Dorothy's admission. In the case of a stranger the head mistress would have to find out—by tactful beating about the bush—whether the family was of professional status. It would never do for the school to be contaminated by the presence of a little girl whose father was in trade, such a child, for instance, as Marjorie Smith, who lives next door to the Smythes.

### **Why Marjorie must not be admitted to Dorothy's School**

It is true that Marjorie is a very nice, well brought up child, and that when Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Smith meet on common ground as joint organisers of some town function or charity, no stranger would guess that there was any social gap be-

tween them. Still, those facts do not remove the educational bar sinister from poor little Marjorie. Her father keeps the principal draper's shop in the town, so she must go to the "tradespeople's" school. If her parents are mortified by her exclusion from the others, they can at least console themselves by the thought that any aspiring artisan's child would be just as sternly shut out from the tradespeople's school as Marjorie would from that affected by the "nicest" families.

In this system of caste exclusiveness, still prevailing in numbers of provincial towns to an extent that it would astonish many people to realise, lies the explanation of what seems at first sight a puzzle—how a place with only two or three hundred children not attending the elementary schools can possibly support half a dozen private ones. The half-dozen are enabled to exist because, roughly speaking (the distinctions are not in most cases quite so clearly defined as that between Dorothy Smythe's school and Marjorie Smith's, but their delicate shades are visible to the initiated, none the less), each of the six caters for a little social circle which flatters itself that it is rather more select than some other circle.

### **Inferiority the Price of Exclusiveness**

Now, from an educational standpoint selectness is unfortunately an expensive luxury, and that is just what the majority of middle-class parents fail to realise.

They would realise it at once if the expensiveness took the form of enormously inflated school fees, such as were advocated by a schoolmaster who wrote an article in the *Sunday Times* a few months ago, urging that even the smaller schools ought to charge—if I remember rightly—three hundred pounds a pupil! In that case most of us would be automatically cured of the ambition to send our children to select schools, since a few miners and dukes would be the only people left who could possibly afford it!

But it is much more likely that the price of our exclusiveness will continue to be paid in the form it is at present—not so much in actual cash as in the inferior quality of the article supplied.

In these days it is practically impossible that a school should be run cheaply and at the same time be efficient. Trained teachers require adequate salaries, so the



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private school which has difficulty in keeping its head above water does as far as possible without them, filling their places with untrained, and only too often semi-educated substitutes. The division of children into numerous classes demands a large and consequently an expensive staff, so the struggling school does not classify its pupils effectively—hence the almost unbelievable but absolutely true case of the child who was promoted at a leap from kindergarten play lessons to taking down notes about the Constitutions of Clarendon! Up-to-date equipment costs a great deal, so the private school with insufficient funds to support it has to fall back on the discredited method of making the children learn indigestible facts out of text-books that prevailed in the dark ages of Magnall's questions.

### There are Some Exceptions

Needless to say, these strictures apply to by no means *all* private schools even in country towns. In some cases one school governed by a capable head with a real vocation for the work, and a gift for choosing the right subordinates, holds such command of the field that its numbers are large enough to enable it to afford efficiency, even though its fees are quite moderate. Then again I have known a tiny school of eight or ten children, held at a private house in a London suburb, which was excellent so far as teaching went, though accommodation left something to be desired. In that case the lady who managed it was a trained and certificated teacher of many years' experience in public secondary schools, and the ages and attainments of the little pupils were sufficiently uniform to allow of their being properly divided into not more than two classes.

It is obvious, however, that the case is very different when a number of little private schools, each receiving pupils of every age between four and eighteen, exist in a small place. In these circumstances it is morally impossible that *all*, or even most of them, should be anything but inefficient.

"For every evil under the sun

There is either a remedy or there is none.

If there is one, go and find it,

If there is none, never mind it!"

For the evil at present under discussion there are two possible remedies—one somewhat revolutionary, but perhaps the most

to be desired from a broadly patriotic standpoint; the other less drastic, but equally effective from the point of view of the interest of the individual child, which a parent feels is, after all, his nearest concern.

### Two Remedies—both Revolutionary

The first remedy would be for middle-class parents to make a practice of sending their children to elementary schools in places where the latter are more efficient than the private schools. With all deference to Mr. Brooke, this is often the case when the elementary school is large and important enough to have a college-trained head and a good proportion of the staff are also college-trained.

The children who have left an elementary school during the last year or two are likely to be particularly unfavourable specimens of its results. For the past four or five years the schools have been carrying on with sadly depleted staffs, while the children have been far more difficult to manage and teach than ever before, owing to the abnormal conditions and the utter lack of home discipline, with fathers away. Add to this one or two unfortunate fads, such as the theory that it is better to teach printing than ordinary hand-writing, on the part of some—not all—education authorities and inspectors, and the unlucky experience of ex-elementary school children that many employers have lately had is sufficiently explained.

### The Tendency of the Age

The whole movement of the age to-day is towards an elementary school system on more liberal, and it is to be hoped better, lines than ever before. The more intelligent of the Labour Party are ardently claiming that the salaries paid to the teachers must be made high enough to attract many of the ablest men and women into the service. If this claim is granted—and it is the more likely to be so because the danger to social stability of a huge ill-educated majority is obvious to many shrewd minds not otherwise in sympathy with Labour—it will clearly be impossible for the private schools, run as they are at present, to hold their own even to the extent they do now. That being so, would it not be better for middle-class parents to accept the situation with a good grace and put their energy into guiding the new forces along the best lines?

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Take the question of religious teaching—the most important part of education, as THE QUIVER readers would hold. I entirely agree with Mr. Brooke that as things are at present this is by no means satisfactory in many Council schools. How can it be otherwise when there is no security whatever that those who are entrusted with the Bible lessons do not themselves regard Christianity as an exploded superstition?

It is in the middle classes that the chief strength both of Anglicanism and of Non-conformity is to be found; and educated parents who sent their children to the State schools, and were hence able to claim, speaking not merely for others but for *themselves*, that all pupils in those schools who desired it should be taught their own religion by teachers who believed in it, would be in an almost impregnable strategic position. The importance of this simply cannot be exaggerated, at a time when the battle for Christian education is certain to be joined fiercely before long—with the teachers' trade union hotly maintaining that they are civil servants whose religious tenets must no more be inquired into than those of post office clerks, and a large section of the Labour Party openly declaring for Secularism as the easiest solution of the difficulty.

### Rich and Poor Taught Together

In Scotland a generation or two ago it was a matter of course that the laird's son and the cotter's son alike went to the parish school. My own grandfather started his education at one such school, and ended it as Senior Wrangler. I never heard old people who had seen the system at work speak as though the mixture of classes had borne any evil results. On the other hand, the freedom from snobbishness, which is, I think, a more common virtue among Scotch than English people, may be partly due to the old tradition of an education shared by gentle and simple—a tradition, indeed, which is still in part an actuality, since the Scotch universities belong to this day as much to the poor as to the rich.

Whether it is really desirable for an individual parent living in a place where it has not been the custom for gentlefolk's children to attend the elementary schools, to send his child to one, knowing it will have no companions of its own social class, is a question to which there may well be two

sides. If, however, a number of friends agreed on the course some very reasonable objections would be removed. The children who were little friends already would naturally still be one another's chief companions in the playground and on the way to and fro, thus greatly lessening the danger of common habits and speech being learned.

The fact is that more and more gentlefolk are finding the increased and increasing school fees of the present day too great a strain for their purses. Once the way was led many would be only too thankful to follow. That is my personal belief, at least.

### The Second Remedy

I may be wrong, however. The determination of the middle classes to send their children to private schools may be more deeply rooted than I imagine. In that case we must have recourse to the second possible remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of much of our education—the private school must be reformed.

In the first place the haphazard system which at present allows anybody, however unqualified, to start a so-called "school" must be abolished by Act of Parliament.

"In this country a charwoman could open a school if she chose," remarked someone the other day.

It was a random shot, intended humorously, and the speaker was quite taken aback by the laughing rejoinder: "Our charwoman *did* keep a school before she took to going out 'to oblige'!"

Private schools should become as much open to Government inspection as State ones; not with the view of insisting on a cast-iron uniformity, but merely to secure that they all reached a fair standard of efficiency. Those failing to attain it should be closed by law.

Last, but not least, the parents themselves should cease to act as enemies to their own children's education. All children alike, whatever their social position, whose families were willing to pay the fees, should be admitted into the private school. When that comes to pass it ought to be possible for every town to support at least one such school in a state of thorough efficiency.

As things are at present the Smythes prefer to have their children wretchedly taught rather than that they should associate with the little Smiths!

It seems rather silly, doesn't it?

# The Treasure Beside the Door

A Story of a Country Town

By

Maude Radford Warren

THEY stood on the front porch before her house. The front of the house was dark, except for a light in one window upstairs. The streets of the little town were dark, for, since the calendar said the moon should be shining, whether it was or not, the street lamps were unlighted. But they liked the soft darkness, for they were undeclared lovers.

"I must go in now, Jack," she said.

"Oh, it's not late, Irene. And, besides, we don't know how many more of these nights we'll have," he returned.

"What—what do you mean?" she asked, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, it's so dull here. If it wasn't for you——"

The door behind them opened a crack, and the voice of Irene's sister Mabel whispered:

"Irene, it's after ten, and father just called to me to know if you were in."

"I'm coming," Irene said.

She gave Jack Chambers her hand, disengaged his clinging clasp, tapped his sleeve lightly, and stepping inside, ran upstairs followed by Mabel. When they were in their bedroom she spoke pettishly.

"I do think you need not have interrupted, Mabel. Jack was just going to tell me something."

"Oh, they're always just going to tell a person something," sighed Mabel. "But the real reason I interrupted was that I didn't want him to finish what he was saying."

Irene stared at her sister. They were much alike, with pale brown hair and deep brown eyes, and small smiling mouths. But Mabel's eyes and mouth were wistful; she showed her twenty-eight years, while Irene looked younger than her twenty.

"I'd like to know what you mean," Irene said defiantly. "Listening to what Jack says to me!"

"It was accidental that I heard," Mabel said. "Father would have been angry if he'd known you were talking on the door-

step instead of coming in. And then, oh, I didn't want you to be unhappy, Irene."

"Why, whatever——"

"That's just the way Jim began to talk. First he said this town was dull, no amusements at night, no future for a man, and he'd go if it wasn't for me. Then we got engaged, and he was contented for a while. But the old restlessness came back, only he put it in different words. He said that this town wasn't good enough for either of us, and that he'd go to the city and make a place for us both——"



Irene put her arms about her sister, murmuring inarticulately.

"I should have been contented here," Mabel sobbed, "but I had to let him go. I never thought any other girl——"

"How do you know there is another girl?" Irene said softly. "There may be other reasons——"

"Reasons! He's alive; he writes his mother every week and sends her money; he's prosperous. But he's not written to me for a year."

"Oh, Mabel——"

"But I'm not talking of myself," Mabel said sadly. "I don't want you to go through it all. Jack's getting to feel that this town is dull and small, and I didn't want him to put it into words to you, for it's so hard to take words back."

"If he feels that way——"

"I don't know whether anything can be done or no," Mabel said. "But I'm afraid you've let him feel too sure of you. If you were to draw back—and if he didn't know for certain you'd wait for him——"

Irene sighed.

"That's what I get for being of a frank disposition. I suppose he does know I care, just as I know he does. I wish I were better at pretending."



Mabel moved to the window and began to unplait her braids of brown hair.

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"You may not be able to hide your feelings, but you are of an active temperament," she said. "Maybe you won't let your happiness slip the way I had to. Anyhow, there are plenty like me in this town. Look there!"

She pointed to the street below. In the semi-darkness Irene could vaguely see several women, walking in couples.

"That's Jack Chambers' sister's Friday night card club. All girls that will never see thirty-five again, and not one of them married. All of them going to card parties where there aren't any men, and coming home alone. Every one of them was engaged just as I was, and their men went away, and those that didn't marry city girls never came back."

Irene stood gazing into the darkness with troubled eyes.

"You never thought of it before, did you?" Mabel said, half bitterly. "Well, I didn't either till Jim's letters changed. Then I used to sit in church and count up all the aunts that had never married, and I'd look at other girls of my own age, trying to guess what was in their hearts. And when church was over, I'd walk home with one of them, and no young man at the church door would stop us, because the only unmarried ones were of the age to escort you and other such youngsters."

They turned from the window and prepared for bed.

"I was too much in love when Jim went," Mabel said, "to protest. I thought he knew better than I did, and, of course, than his elders. But father says that there are better opportunities in this town for a young man than there are in a city, when you count the higher cost of living. People have better health, too, he says—only of course, when you're young you take health for granted, the same as you do love."

"Oh, don't, Mabel," said Irene piteously. "You talk as if you were as old as mother. I don't want you to get old, and I don't want you to feel the way you do."

"Well, do something about Jack, then," Mabel said, as she turned out the light.

For a long time Irene lay awake, not thinking as she usually did, of Jack, and of what he had said, and of what he had not said that he perhaps meant. She took none of that delightful retrospect which is the dreamy habit of undeclared lovers. Instead

she thought of all that Mabel had told her, and all that her words suggested about the man-deserted town. Surely as many boy babies were born as girls; surely in the grammar-schools the numbers were about equally divided. But afterwards—she thought of one friend whose father had to sell out his livery business because he could not get any reliable young men to help him. She thought of the city young men (all married, however) who had been glad enough to come to the town of Farley and take positions in the bank and the electric-light office. She thought of farms on the outskirts of the town, managed by feeble old men or by spinsters.

"But how silly," she reflected, "If Farley is good enough for city men to come to, it is good enough for our boys to stay in. The only thing that ails the place is that there is nothing going on in the evening, no moving-picture shows, or concerts, or anything. But business flourishes here, so happiness and love should flourish here as well."



The next night, when she and Jack Chambers were walking together along Lovers' Lane, he spoke more openly of his discontent with Farley.

"I didn't sleep well last night," he said, "and I put in my time thinking. Here I am clerking away in father's hotel—"

"But that's the best way to be in line for managing the hotel some day," put in Irene softly.

Jack paused a moment, frowning. This gentle girl did not usually oppose him or interrupt him before he had finished speaking.

"Father is pretty tyrannical," he said, drawing his black brows together in a frown.

"So would any employer be," she replied, "and you know, if you went to the new place you would have to go as an employee; you haven't enough money to start in anything yourself."

Jack's frown deepened. He had saved a little money from the generous salary his father allowed him; and his enviable position in the eyes of his friends had given him a high opinion of himself. He thought he could go to the city and make himself strongly felt in whatever business he undertook.

## THE TREASURE BESIDE THE DOOR



"Irene opened her handbag.  
Within it lay a roll of notes"—p. 246

*Drawn by  
Sidney Seymour Lucas*

"You don't seem to have a very high opinion of me," he said, "and you are the one person above all others who ought to have faith in me. Whom do you suppose I'm thinking of? Don't you suppose I think you're worth all any man could offer? Do you suppose I think this town is good enough for you?"



Irene's heart throbbed with love and pride. And then she remembered Mabel; just so had Jim Edgerton spoken to Mabel eight years before. Oh, she could not lose Jack as poor Mabel had lost Jim! He took her hand in his.

"It's you—just you, and what I want to do is to go to the city, make good, and then come back and ask you a question. Will you be waiting for me, dearest?"

For a moment Irene swayed toward him. But again she remembered Mabel, and all the other girls who had waited. She drew a long breath, and then she said lightly:

"Why, Jack, dear, I don't think you'll

find me waiting. If you go to the city, I shall, too. I think the town is good enough for both of us; I'm proud to belong to it. But if any more young people spoil things by going away, I shall, too."

"Wh—what!" he gasped.

Irene went on bravely.

"I'll probably not go to the same city as you. It would be more romantic to make our fortunes in different cities. And then in the evenings, I wouldn't be lonely, for, of course, there are lots of men in cities as there are superfluous girls in Farley, who wouldn't be superfluous if men hadn't asked them to wait."

"Why—why—it doesn't seem like you talking at all!" Jack floundered.

"It is, though. You and I are very congenial. If you stay here, I'll stay; if you go, I'll go, because I don't propose to stay behind while you are progressing."

"You'll do no such thing as go away," he blurted boyishly.

"No, we mustn't make up our mind in a hurry," she said in a tone of agreement.



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"We must talk it all over and see what is ahead of us in two cities——"

Jack flung away from her.

"If you're joking," he began.

"I never was more serious in my life."

"Then I'll take you home," he said furiously, "and you can be serious alone."

Tears rose to Irene's eyes, but she said coldly:

"As you please."

The next evening when Jack called to see Irene, eager to "make it up," Mabel told him that she had gone to town unexpectedly to stay for a week with a cousin. At the very moment he turned away, chagrined and forlorn, Irene was sitting on a park seat with Jim Edgerton, a tall, dark, listless young man.

"Oh, Jim," she was saying. "I'm so glad I came! I didn't see how anyone could stop loving Mabel——"

"I wish I'd told her the truth," he replied. "But I didn't see how she could love a failure, and I didn't want her pity."

She looked at his cheap clothes and thin face, and reflected on what a price he was paying for pride. He sent half he earned to his mother, and existed on the rest in a cheap boarding-house.

"My health's gone down, too. I wish I could tell these fellows what fools they are to leave Farley."

"Well, you have fooled the people at home," Irene said. "But I wish you would come back and tell the boys not to go away."

"I wish I had the courage."

Irene opened her handbag. Within it lay a roll of notes.

"Grandmother's legacy," she said. "I drew it from the bank to-day. Now listen to what I propose."

Three weeks later, Irene arrived at Farley on the evening train. No one met her, but she had escort all the way home. On the porch, Mabel sat in darkness; but her ears had not forgotten a familiar footfall.

"Jim!" she whispered.

"It is Jim," Irene said happily. "And listen to him while I run in to mother."

An hour later, Mabel called to Irene.

"Do come out. No, of course, Jim and I haven't begun to talk yet. But I've got

to tell you that you're the best sister ever a girl had——"

The two embraced.

"How you came to think of a moving-picture business for him in Farley, I don't know," Mabel said. "But it will be wonderful. Jim says he can use the Odd Fellows' hall till he gets a real place. I am going to play the piano for him. But to lend him your money——"

"I'm going to make a clean breast of my city failure, too," Jim said to Irene, "when I make a go of moving pictures."

"Things will come right for you," murmured Mabel to Irene.

Irene sighed and went to bed, reflecting that Mabel had often gone just that way, leaving a happy couple on the porch. Perhaps she and Mabel would change places



A month later she and Jack sat together watching Jim's "Good-night" film flashed on the screen, while Mabel played a march that sounded a good deal like a wedding march.

"Jim says," Jack remarked, as they rose to go, "that the money is coming in. The boys are going to give him a dinner soon to celebrate. He's preaching all the time what a grand place Farley is. His text is 'Look for the treasure by your door.'"

They got into the main street and then turned up a quiet lane.

"Irene," Jack said, "father offered me a partnership to-day."

"Did you take it?"

"No."

Irene said nothing, but her lips quivered; he was going then.

"No," Jack went on. "A certain little girl showed me where I stood, not long since. I told father I wasn't worth it; asked him to let me wait a year. But—but I want a partner myself, dearest. Will you, Irene?"

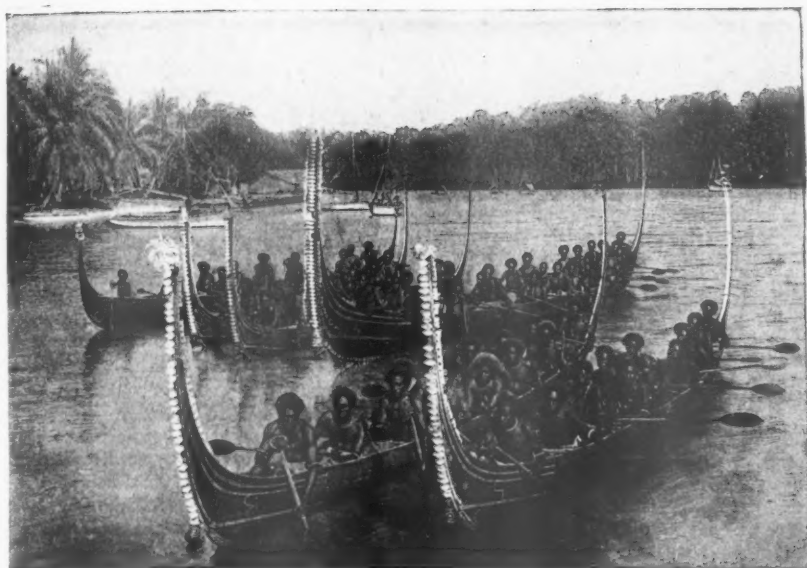
"Oh," cried Irene. "Oh, I'll wait for you, here in Farley, a year, Jack."

"What? Why? What's the very shortest time it takes to get up a trousseau? That's my limit of waiting. I want my treasure beside the door."

Irene's reply was all a lover could have asked.







In Full War Paint

Photo: T. J. McMahon

# The South Sea Myth

And the Reality Behind It

By

Thomas J. McMahon, F.R.G.S.

*I hesitate very much about inserting this article in the same number as Bessie Marchant's South Sea story, but—truth is truth, and readers had better judge for themselves!*

THE South Seas, for some time past, have been the happy hunting ground of the novelist. Take up any of the popular fiction magazines, and you are bound to come across a very highly flavoured "South Sea romance." The romance is there all right, and it must be admitted that the background is very enticing. There is perhaps a storm of terrific violence that drives the voyagers sufficiently far away from reality for their after experiences to be checked by any known laws of the civilised world. That is followed by a calm unknown to dwellers in more normal climes; the travellers alight on a tropical isle, where the scenery is a glorious riot of multi-coloured vegetation. That, of course, is all very well in its way, but the

necessary piquancy is supplied by the inevitable native girl of fabulous beauty, with whom the hero promptly falls in love, often, it is to be feared, to the neglect of past matrimonial engagements contracted in more temperate climes.

Or perhaps the pendulum swings to the other extreme: the islands are inhabited by fierce natives, of cannibal tastes and weird customs, from whose murderous claws the poor travellers are with difficulty rescued by a gunboat from the King's navy.

So far for the romance.

## What is the Truth?

What is the real truth about the South Seas? Is it all a myth, a necessary stock-in-trade of the romantic story-writer, or

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are our novelists right in depicting "isles of the blest," so different from the humdrum lands of civilisation?

That the islands of the South Pacific are lands of tropical plant luxuriance, bathed by a warm sun—not fierce—from out bright skies, is true enough. Those most partial to the islands must, however, admit that the beauty of the female inhabitants is liable to be exaggerated by the enterprising novelist. The other myth that they are inhabited by savages, feasting on human flesh, still under the influence of sorcery and fiendish customs, is one of the most absurd beliefs extant. As most of the islands of the South Pacific are British possessions, or under the protection of the British, it is not, it must be admitted, a proper recognition of what has been accomplished by British administration, missionaries, and many millions of British capital invested in the development of these islands. For fifty years and more missionaries, followed by traders, have been doing in the South Pacific a wonderful work as Empire builders. There is no part of the globe where so many noble, self-sacrificing men and women as missionaries have for-

gathered for the upliftment of the heathen natives than in the South Pacific, and with a success that cannot be gauged and appreciated unless actually seen.

And when the world is told that with the exception of one or two islands—not groups—the whole of the natives of the South Pacific are both civilised and christianised to-day, that must prove a reality that gives the lie direct to the romance writer or the film artist who would have us believe that to-day these Southern lands are areas of romance peopled by leaping, yelling, dancing, cannibal savages. It is only wilfully ignorant people who nowadays believe such trash.

### **Where Britishers Excel**

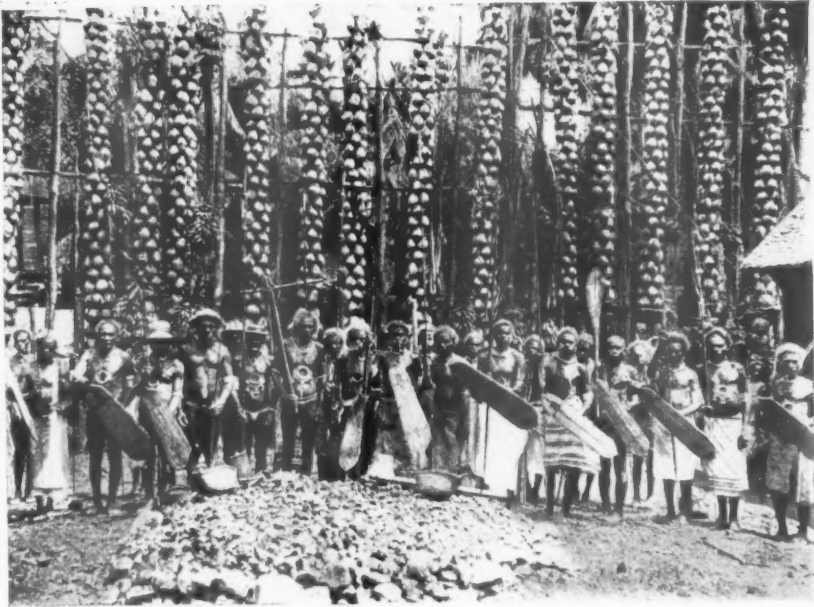
The British stand pre-eminent in their management of black peoples. No matter what part of the tropic world the British administrator and his officials have set up an administration for the government of a native race, prosperity has followed. This is an undeniable fact. And in the South Pacific Islands British administration has been a veritable triumph. British officials in a wholehearted manner have sustained



Not a Scene from a Cinema Play—just a Trading Station in the Gilbert Islands

Photo:  
T. J. McMahon

## THE SOUTH SEA MYTH



The Festival of the Coco-nut .  
British Solomon Islands

Photo :  
T. J. McMahon

British prestige and made the name of Britain honoured and respected throughout the wide Pacific. To all native peoples there is no word so full of hope, honesty, truth, fairness and more loved than that word British. It is at once absurd to imagine that barbarians, instead of intelligent natives, could flourish under such sane administration. So excellent in methods, so humane in application, has been British administration, that inquiry will readily show there is no group of natives so free, so well educated, so progressive, and so free from crime, even tribal crime, than those of the South Pacific Islands.

These are realities that can be substantiated by Imperial reports, missionary circulars, and the notes of many travellers.

### **What the Natives Want**

When peace was declared some months ago, the natives of all German-owned possessions in the South Pacific hastened to petition King George that their islands be put under British administration or protection; bitter indeed has been the disappointment of the people of the Marshall Islands

in being placed under the Japanese, and despite the fact that during the term of occupation of this group of islands by Japan, the native people have been treated with the utmost consideration. Their ambition was for British protection only.

Where in the whole world will be found such interesting and successful administration as in the British-owned islands of the Gilberts to the north of the British Solomons? Ten years ago these people, once known as the giants of the Pacific, from their great strength and huge size, were thought to be doomed to extinction; their numbers had decreased from tens of thousands to mere hundreds, and all hope of restoring the race seemed impossible. To-day they are increasing rapidly, and their standard of health is one of the highest in the whole Pacific. British administration tackled the problem of restoration by drastic laws, preventing the consumption of the white man's grog and the spread of the white man's moral sins; it built splendid hospitals, and brought British doctors and nurses to manage them. It gave the natives such a system of self-government, a blend of

## THE QUIVER

British and native laws, that they are not only the healthiest, but the most law-abiding and progressive of all the Pacific islanders.

### **Marvellous Development**

And then if there was one more very tangible evidence needed to show the realities of the South Pacific Islands, it is the marvellous development that has taken place in the last twenty years. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has visited these islands and written much and truthfully always about them, speaks of them as "dreams of fertility." Never were truer words written. There are millions of fertile acres in these islands, every acre suitable for some class of tropical plant product. There are hundreds of thousands of acres under development (by scientific business-like methods) of coco-nut, rubber, cocoa, coffee, sugar, sisal-hemp, tobacco and other products of the temperate zone as well as the tropical.

Despite the interruption to progress caused by the baneful influences of the war, the trade of the South Pacific Islands is now worth £10,000,000 a year, and fast increas-

ing. Twenty years ago there were only a few hundreds of white settlers—men—no white women. There are now many thousands, men, women and children. In those early days settlements were unknown; to-day there are townships having all the conveniences of modern life. There are insistent demands for railways, for more shipping, for banking conveniences, for the greater facilities of trade. Such details throw a new light upon the much-thought "romantic" South Sea Islands, and though they are fourteen thousand miles away from the British Isles, it would be well for all British peoples to quickly realise their importance, and what their trade means and will mean to the British Empire. Many nations are at present out upon the waters of the Pacific, keenly anxious for Pacific trade and Pacific possessions. These are realities which presently will come home to indifferent, ignorant, romance-believing British peoples. The sooner the South Pacific Islands are regarded as being commercially wonderful and resourceful, the quicker will romance be stripped of some of its most pernicious and absurd unrealities.



A Street in the Phosphate Settlement, Ocean Island

Photo :  
T. J. McMahon

# WHITEWASH

by  
Horace Annesley  
Vachell



## CHAPTER V

### Tiddy Appears

#### I

TIDDY can best be described by the word "*éveillée*," which cannot be translated exactly into English. "Alert" comes near it. "Wideawake" is not wide of the mark. Sir Nathaniel Tiddle's daughter possessed shrewd brains, but little beauty. Being well aware of this, she made the most of what was likely to challenge interest and admiration. She cocked a pert little head at an unusual angle and flaunted short, crisp curls, which she shook in the face of Authority. The curls remained curly even after immersion in sea-water. Shampooed they became irrepressibly alive. Tiddy reckoned her curls to be a great asset. She awarded second place to her eyes, large, round, saucer-eyes, neither grey nor green nor blue, something of all three, fringed by short, thick, dark lashes, very provocative, and even more interrogative. They seemed to say: "I want to know everything about everybody." Of her complexion (which was sallow), of her nose (which was pug), of her large mouth, let us say no more. Her teeth were small, white and even. Her figure lent itself to all vagaries of fashion, being slender but not thin. She could pass as a jolly boy without fear of her sex being detected. And she had in full measure a boy's agility and lissomness.

Mentally, too, she had a healthy boy's outlook, although emotionally feminine. Joy

in life radiated from her. Dames of Lady Selina's quality might (and did) stigmatise this as pagan. Long ago, Miss Spong had rebuked her for dancing or prancing to church. But, despite rebuke, she had gone on dancing, conscious, possibly, of slim ankles and high insteps.

Tiddy being an only child, it might be reasonably inferred that she was spoilt by adoring parents. Nothing of the kind. Sir Nathaniel had become a millionaire by the exercise of brains and indomitable will. Tiddy's mother, as we have said, began womanhood in a shoe factory. Both Sir Nathaniel and she were excellent types of the successful industrial class in this nation. The beacon which had led them upwards and onwards was undiluted common sense. Sir Nathaniel had his weaknesses—what great man is without them?—pride in what he had accomplished, a pardonable vanity, an ambition that vaulted as high as the Upper House, and an ever-increasing desire to play the part of a magnate. But he remained, like his wife, sound and simple at core. He had never, for example, turned his back upon relations who had not soared. He was of the people, and much too fond of saying so. Tiddy had inherited from him democratic instincts. And if, with accumulating riches, Sir Nathaniel had become, as his daughter hinted, conservative in regard to property, he never faltered in his allegiance to the class from which he had sprung. His great factories were models of organisation and administration. He boasted that no strikes had taken place in



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them. Possibly his greatest pleasure in life was taking appreciative guests—particularly personages—round his factories, and, in their presence receiving the homage of pleasant smiles and grateful words from his employés. It was after such an agreeable excursion that the honour of knighthood had been bestowed.

### II

TIDDY duly arrived at Wilverley, and that night Cicely and she sat up talking till the small hours. As a rule, the nursing-staff took their meals together. Mrs. Roden and Wilverley dined apart. But, inasmuch as Tiddy was Cicely's friend, the two V.A.D.s were asked to square the family circle at dinner. Tiddy would join the staff on the following morning.

Cicely was amused to see that she made an immense impression both upon Wilverley and his sister, asking innumerable questions, all of them to the point, and describing her experiences in a big Red Cross Hospital in the Midlands, not run upon model lines.

"Friction everywhere," declared Tiddy. "Matron on bad terms with sisters and nurses, favouritism—"

"Were you a favourite, Miss Tiddle?" asked Wilverley, much amused.

"Yes," replied Tiddy. "As a martyr I might have stuck it, but just because Daddy weighed in with big cheques they were much too civil to me, and I loathed it. That's why I'm here to-night," she concluded with a gay laugh.

"Pray go on," entreated Mrs. Roden. "This is most instructive. We may profit by your experiences, my dear young lady."

"As to that," said Tiddy frankly, "I should keep mum, if I didn't know from Cis that things are humming along here on the right lines. The poor duchess meant well—"

"The duchess . . . ?" interrogated Mrs. Roden. To Mrs. Roden a duchess was not quite as other women.

"The Duchess of Mowbray. I thought you knew that I had been working at Harborough Castle."

"She was a D'Arcy," murmured Mrs. Roden. "I never speak ill of others or repeat ill-natured gossip. Still . . ."

"Please make an exception in this case, my dear Mary," said Wilverley. Cicely could see that his eyes twinkled. Certainly this rather stodgy man had an elementary

sense of humour. But you had to dig deep to find it.

Mrs. Roden said solemnly:

"Her mother was a Dollope. We all know that the Dollopes are . . . well . . . Dollopes . . . !"

"They would be with such a name," Tiddy observed.

Mrs. Roden continued trenchantly:

"Old Lord D'Arcy was quite impossible. One couldn't repeat what he did or said."

"Tell me all about him afterwards," said Wilverley.

"I am serious, Arthur. Lord D'Arcy was a moral idiot, first and last a crutch man, leaning on others. No sense of responsibility whatever. I could tell you stories . . . !"

"But you won't, Mary. That is so exasperating. However, let him rest in peace!"

"In peace—? I should be false to my faith in the here and the hereafter, if I let pass such a remark. Lord D'Arcy, wherever he may be, is not in peace. But I thought—possibly I am mistaken—that the duchess was in France."

Tiddy answered promptly:

"She is. She ought to be at home. What has happened? The patients and the servants—oh, those servants!—get top-hole rations. The nursing-staff were half-starved."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Roden. She looked shocked, but she felt somehow rather pleased. The Duchess of Mowbray, before the war, had overlooked Mrs. Roden's claims to consideration upon more than one occasion. Cicely, not too sharp in such matters, guessed that Tiddy was "making good."

"Yes," continued Tiddy cheerfully; "the duchess, you see, arranged with some contractor to feed us, and of course he didn't."

"I give undivided attention to these important matters," said Mrs. Roden.

"I know you do," said Tiddy.

Presently, the talk drifted into Wilverley's particular channel. Tiddy listened to him attentively, chipping in, now and again, with apposite remarks that astonished Cicely. Altogether, this first meeting was a small triumph for Miss Tiddle.

"They like you, Tiddy," said Cicely, as the pair warmed their toes over the bedroom fire.

"I like them, Cis. Mrs. Roden frightens you, I see, but you were right: she's a scream. I must pull up my socks, and take



her as seriously as she takes herself. Lord Wilverley is not quite the bromide you had led me to expect."

"I never said a word against him."

"Oh! Didn't you? Evidently he's dead nuts on you. Has he proposed, old thing?"

Cicely blushing admitted that my lord had plunged into water too hot for both of them. Tiddy went on ruthlessly:

"And Romeo with the disconcerting eyes . . . ?"

"Shut up!"

"I couldn't, if I tried. Let's have it fresh from the oven."

Cicely, after more pressure, gave a not too articulate version of what had passed between Grimshaw and herself. Tiddy listened, with her head on one side, bright-eyed, not unlike a robin watching another robin picking up crumbs. From time to time, she shook her curls impatiently, but she held her tongue till Cicely finished.

Then Miss Tiddle delivered judgment with all the wisdom of youth.

"It seems to me, Cis, that silence has extinguished you."

Cicely admitted as much proudly.

"We Chandoses are like that."

"We Chandoses—!" Tiddy laughed scornfully. "Cut all that cackle with me, Cis. I have the greatest contempt for silence. Generally it means stupidity. Idiots say nothing and are proud of it. Really, I'm ashamed of you. However, I daresay I've nipped in in time."

"In time for—what?"

"To put things right. I want to meet your Harry."

"My Harry! What an idea!"

Tiddy said obstinately:

"We Tiddles are like that. We don't look blandly on when babies are playing on the edge of a precipice. I say that you love Romy; and I say that Romy loves you. And that hateful Mrs. Grundy stands between you." Cicely exercised the Chandos gift of silence. Tiddy continued warmly: "You may take Fatty out of pique."

"Fatty—!"

"I used that word to annoy you, to rouse you. You are quite likely to become fat yourself out of sheer indolence. Some of you swells have brains, but you don't use 'em. And if you don't get a move on, you'll be down and out."

Cicely murmured deprecatingly:

"Arthur Wilverley is a dear."

"So is our butler at home. I might do

worse than marry him, but I hope to do better."

"You won't meet Mr. Grimshaw, Tiddy, because he's going to France."

"Settled, is it?"

"Yes. He—he"—her voice faltered—"went away yesterday, so dear Mother wrote."

"So dear Mother wrote . . . ! I'll bet my boots that dear Mother managed all this."

"She didn't."

"Anyhow, you mismanaged it. Well, if Romy cares he'll come back."

"Do you think he will?"

"If he cares."

## III

FOR some weeks nothing of interest happened at Wilverley Court. Cicely, perhaps, was slightly disconcerted because, as a V.A.D., Miss Tiddle, a new-comer, soared above her. Cicely remained a drudge; Tiddy was accorded privileges. One of the patients required a special nurse. No sister could be spared. Tiddy, by virtue of an alert physiognomy, was selected by "Matron" out of a dozen eager aspirants for the post. And poor Cicely gnashed her teeth when she found herself "clearing up," as it is technically called, after Miss Tiddle's more congenial labours. To remove, humbly and swiftly, the impedimenta of a sick-room, leaving behind the immaculate Tiddy enthroned beside an interesting case, tried Cicely to breaking point. Indeed, a too long apprenticeship to drudgery failed to accustom a daughter of the ancient House of Chandos to carrying away soiled dressings, washing bandages, and cleaning dressing-buckets with Monkey soap, which roughens hands, takes the polish from nails, and brightens everything except the temper. And, after two hours' sweeping and garnishing, it was mortifying to proud flesh to hear judgment pronounced by a sister, who was the daughter of a greengrocer: "This ward looks like nothing on earth." After such experiences and exercises Cicely was quite unable to tackle with appetite the good food provided by Mrs. Roden at lunch.

She went to Wilverley Court aflame with patriotic ardour and brimming over with excellent resolutions, assuring and reassuring herself that, much as she might shrink from the sight of ugly wounds and cruel sufferings, never, never would she exhibit irritability or impatience with heroes who had bled for England. She had imagined that

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such heroes would remain heroes. She had not realised the inconsideration, the disobedience, the fractious unreasonableness that even a Victoria Cross may fail to hide when its wearer is reduced by long weeks of pain to a mere attenuated shadow of his true self.

But—there were illuminating compensations. One afternoon, she was returning late from the village, through a dark lane. To her dismay, a man in khaki joined her and passed her without a word. He walked just ahead of her. Every minute Cicely feared that he would turn and confront her with—with abominable effrontery. At the end of the dark lane, when the lights of Wilverley Court were in sight, he did turn, and saluted her, saying respectfully: "Good night, Sister." Then he retraced his steps—a *preux chevalier*!

Other experiences were equally illuminating. One of the patients, an unusually handsome man, died after much suffering patiently endured. At the last his wife was summoned, a respectable, plain-faced woman, who was with him when he passed away. The man's kit was duly given to her. Late that same night, the Matron found her crying over some letters she had discovered, written by another woman. Next day, early in the morning, a good-looking, slightly brazen-faced young person, presented herself and asked to see the patient, not knowing that he was dead. The Matron told her the truth. Whereupon, she said calmly: "I'm his wife. I want to see him." The Matron, aghast, blurted out the truth: "His wife? His lawful wife is here. We know that; we sent for her." Whereupon, the other replied quite coolly: "If you want to know, I ain't his lawful wife, but I mean to see him all the same." The Matron went to the genuine widow, and told her that the woman who had written the letters wished to see the dead man. She asked the crucial question: "Are you big enough to let this poor creature see him? She loved him." To cut short a poignant story, the two women went together into the mortuary-chamber. This incident made a profound impression upon Tiddy. She analysed it from every point of view. "If we grant," said she, "that a man can love two women"—because, according to Matron, the real wife had spoken of her husband's devotion—"is it equally certain that a woman can love two men?" Cicely shrank from answering such a question. Tiddy had astonished her

by saying: "I believe it is possible. Why not? One man might appeal physically; the other intellectually."

"Horrible!" said Cicely.

"You can't compromise with life by calling it bad names."

Cicely remained obstinately silent, much to Miss Tiddle's exasperation.

Often Cicely went to bed with a headache and rose with it. To go on duty feeling unfit, to contemplate ten hours of physical *malaise*, to count the lagging minutes, to confront the pettiness and injustice of some sister, perhaps, who held amateurs in contempt, to be conscious that she was not rising adequately to these moral exigencies, to retire at length discomfited and defeated, has been the experience of all V.A.D.s. Cicely was no exception.

"One night Tiddy found her in tears.

"What a soaker!" said Tiddy.

"I'm so miserable," groaned Cicely.

"Why?"

"I'm such a failure, Tiddy."

"Tosh! The real trouble with you, Cis, is excess of sentiment. You look at my patient, for instance, with sweet girlish pity. He hates that. He doesn't want sweet girlish pity. Smiles buck him up, and strong language."

"I thought I could count on your sympathy."

"So did my patient. Sympathy can be shown without being sloppy. I made my patient laugh."

"How?"

"I told him about the old woman who keeps our lodge. She left one doctor and went to another, but, being a bit of a pincher, she went on taking the medicine of the first with the medicine of the second, and a sort of earthquake took place inside her."

Cicely was beyond laughter, but she dabbed at her eyes. Tiddy continued:

"I know what upsets you, Cis. You have to do some of my old work; and they rag you a bit downstairs. And then you don't rag back, but glump. You are glumping now."

"I'm not. I suppose we're different."

"That's your misfortune, not mine. I refuse to weep with you. 'Weep, and you weep alone.' Good old Ella got there with both feet."

Cicely smiled faintly.

In due time Tiddy returned in the normal duties of a V.A.D.

Meanwhile Arthur Wilverley had been absent from home. He came back in March, burdened with fresh duties and lamenting the loss of his secretary, who had joined up.

"What I want," he said to Cicely, "is a clever girl who can do typing and shorthand, and come and go when I want her. But she must have a head on her shoulders."

A name flew into Cicely's mind and out of her mouth.

"Agatha Farleigh."

If Agatha could be found, Cicely was sure that she would prove the real right thing. Of course the Extons would know. Old Ephraim Exton had not waited a year to leave his farm. He was now a tenant of Wilverley, and likely to do well, breeding cattle and horses under happier conditions. His son, John, had enlisted. Cicely, anxious to serve a kind host, cycled next day, during off-time, to Exton's farm, obtained from the old man Agatha's address in London, and then, at Wilverley's request, wrote to her at length, setting forth all details of duties, salary and so forth. Agatha wired back promptly from a typewriting establishment in the Strand, accepting the situation. Within a week she was at work in Wilverley's office. Within a fortnight Wilverley acclaimed Agatha as a gem of purest ray serene.

He told Cicely, whenever they met (not too often), details about his work. The mandarins had just begun to recognise the possibility of famine. Wilverley, as an expert on agriculture, had been summoned and impressed, without salary, into the Government service. To grow two bushels of wheat where one grew in pre-war days engrossed his activities. To persuade others to tread in his steps had become—so Cicely noticed—a sort of obsession. No word of love slipped from his lips. And a Chandos respected this silence. But, inevitably, the girl came to full understanding of what work meant to Wilverley and others. Comparisons were forced upon her. Inevitably, also, during her leisure, intimacy developed between Agatha and her. Work in London had changed Agatha from a girl into a woman. Her wits and tongue had been sharpened upon the whetstone Competition. Cicely soon discovered that Agatha had discarded reserves of speech imposed upon villagers. She had become, perhaps, less of an individual and more of a type. She showed this in her clothes, and in her talk. Obviously she preened herself after the

fashion of up-to-date typists and stenographers, acutely sensible of the cash value of appearances. On the first Sunday at Wilverley Church she wore a cony-seal coat and a hat that distracted the attention of every young woman who was not "quality." Under the coat waggled a shepherd's-plaid skirt, cut very short, exposing imitation-silk stockings and high fawn-coloured cloth-topped boots, which, so Cicely suspected, were not too large for her feet. Conscious of Cicely's amused smile, Agatha assumed a defiant expression, as much as to say: "If you don't like my costume I'm sorry for you. It's quite the latest style, and paid for. Not by a rich mother, but by a hard-working, independent girl." Cicely, greeting Agatha in the churchyard, observed without malice:

"I say, Agatha, you must have saved a bit in London."

To this Agatha replied sharply, imputing censure:

"What I saved I spent. And why not?"

Perceiving that she had provoked resentment, Cicely hastened to assuage it.

"Why not?" she echoed. "I never was able to save a farthing out of my allowance."

"We grow old and ugly soon enough," said Agatha, in a softened tone. "I oughtn't to have bought this coat, but that's why I did it."

Cicely's laugh melted the little ice that remained. And Agatha's gratitude for the word spoken to Wilverley was wholehearted. She said shyly:

"I wanted to come back to be near my own people and—and the Extons."

As she spoke, she pulled off a white glove with black stitching and revealed a ring sparkling upon the third finger of her left hand. Cicely saw a small cluster of diamonds, a ring that she might have worn herself.

"John Exton gave me this before he joined up."

Cicely kissed her.

"I'm ever so glad. Tell me all about it."

Agatha, nothing loath, remarked with urban complacency:

"I do believe that prinking did it. I was a terrible dodd before I went to town. Those everlasting greys . . . ! My lady liked that. So suitable . . . ! We girls talked a lot about clothes."

"I always wondered what you did talk about."

"I was ragged—a fair treat. I had to

## THE QUIVER

grin and bear it. Well, what was in the Savings Bank came out of it—quick. In six months I didn't know myself. When John came up and saw me, I knew that I hadn't been the fool I secretly thought myself. It's gospel truth; girls like me must march with the band, or—or be left behind."

"I don't blame you or John," declared Cicely.

Agatha continued in the same slightly complacent tone, which jarred upon Lady Selina's daughter, although it served to amuse and instruct her. Her soft, respectful manner of address had evidently been cast as rubbish to the void. Cicely divined that she had become something of an echo.

"We girls must have a good time when we're young, or do without for ever and ever, amen! And as to catching the men, why, I suppose Bernard Shaw knows what he's talking about."

"Man and Superman, eh?"

"Yes."

Under some little pressure from Cicely, Agatha, with unabashed candour, and without picking her phrases, set forth her experiences in London "on her own." Cicely was informed that girls of the wage-earning class who want husbands must make the most of their opportunities before they reach thirty, or find themselves stranded on the bleak shores of celibacy, with a glimpse of the workhouse in the far distance.

"They do fight like animals for a good time," said Agatha.

Then, to Cicely's amazement, this protégée of her mother's opened a smart Dorothy bag, examined her nose in a tiny mirror, and proceeded calmly to powder it. Cicely thought that she looked thinner, and wondered if the colour on the girl's cheeks came out of the Dorothy bag.

"Have you lost weight, Agatha?" she asked.

"Well, we do skimp food to buy clothes, but we're greedy enough when somebody else pays for our meals."

After this unabashed talk, Cicely admitted consternation to Tiddy, who giped at her.

"I never saw such a change in a girl."

"Pooh! We don't change much. What was in her came out. She seizes joy when it passes her way. No exception at all. I see you don't talk much with the other V.A.D.s. Silly—that! Take my tip, and study people at first-hand. I do. I want to understand everybody. Of course, as we're

pals, I dissemble a wee bit with your mother. Perhaps if she understood me I should be out of bounds to you."

Acting upon this advice, Cicely became more friendly with the farmers' and tradesmen's daughters now working at Wilverley Court. Most of them called her "Shandy." She had accepted this cheerfully, because such familiarity would end, she reflected, with the war. Now, she was beginning to wonder whether social distinctions were of paramount importance. Freedom of intercourse, according to Tiddy, begetting a truer sympathy, a kindlier understanding, might be a greater thing than respectful salutations. In the Midlands, children neither curtsied nor touched caps. Lamentable . . . ! She was glad that she didn't live there.

The V.A.D.s responded to Cicely's advances. She found in them what she had found in Agatha: pluck, fortitude and an invincible optimism in regard to big things. They whined and wailed over trifles. They lacked restraint, refinement, and lied magnificently to achieve their ends. Tiddy talked to all and sundry, particularly the sundry. She didn't invite confidence timidly, like Cicely. She exacted and extracted it, waving it triumphantly, as a dentist will hold aloft a big molar. With the august Mrs. Roden Tiddy shared the conviction that women were coming into their promised land. Agatha agreed with Miss Tiddle. Often Cicely found herself in a minority of one when social questions were debated at meal-time.

"Is nothing sacred to you?" she asked Tiddy.

"Oh, yes, but not tin gods. This war will scrap them for ever and ever. Speed up."

"Pace kills, Tiddy."

"Tosh! Pace kills those who won't get out of the way. Tin gods sat in a row, graven images, obstructing progress. We shall knock 'em down like ninepins. It's a case of knock or be knocked. You've come on a lot. I wonder what your mother thinks of you."

Whereupon Cicely confessed that she too dissembled with Lady Selina. At this Tiddy shrugged disdainful shoulders.

"I should have thought you were sick of whitewash in your village."

"Whitewash? Mr. Grimshaw called it that."

"Yes; he was the first to open your baby eyes."

## WHITEWASH



John Campbell

"We Tiddles are like that,"  
Tiddy said obstinately"—p. 253

Drawn by  
John Campbell

"Well, there's no whitewash here."  
"Wrong again. Whitewash and eyewash.  
A full dose yesterday."

Upon the previous afternoon, the Wilverley Court Red Cross Hospital had been inspected by a medical Panjandrum. Wards and passages had been swept and garnished with nauseating haste and diligence. A great house, already in fine working order, had been scrubbed from basement to attics. The tired scrubbers had presented smiling faces and spotless uniforms to the cold stare of red-tabbed Authority. After his departure they had retired—foundered!

"What's the use of that?" asked Tiddy. "Why can't these pestering old duffers take us unawares, and find out how things really are? We should have gloried in that test. At Harborough we played the same rotten game. For half-an-hour the place was as it ought to have been. Next day we went back to the old disorder and dirt. However, we women are going to change all that."

"Changes are so upsetting, Tiddy."

"I repeat—knock or be knocked. Really,

you privileged people can't complain; you've had a wonderful innings. But this war has bowled you out."

"Mother would have a fit if she heard you," remarked Cicely.

### IV

AFTERWARDS, long afterwards, Cicely could not recall with any exactness when she began to look at Upworthy with eyes from which the scales had fallen. Presently she beheld the beloved cottages through Miss Tiddle's twinkling orbs. Little escaped them. Called upon to admire thatched roofs and walls brilliantly white against a background of emerald-green fields, Tiddy perpetrated sniffs.

Cicely said defiantly:

"They're the prettiest cottages in the county."

"In our cottages, Cis, Daddy and I look at the kiddies. If they're all right, we're satisfied."

"Satisfied with rows of ugly brick houses with slate tiles. . . ?"

## THE QUIVER

"Absolutely."

"Waat's the matter with our children?" asked Cicely.

Tiddy replied with imperturbable and exasperating good humour:

"You must find that out for yourself, old thing. It's no use jawing at people. That only makes 'em the more obstinate. Sooner or later, if you keep your peepers peeled, you'll catch on. I'm wondering just how long you will keep it up."

"Keep what up?"

"Self-deception—humbugging your own powers of observation."

Coming and going to the Manor, when off duty, the girls would drop in to the cottages and pass the time of day with smiling and obsequious villagers. But their pleasant greetings failed to impress Sir Nathaniel's daughter. It happened, shortly after Agatha's arrival, that Cicely paid a visit to Timothy Farleigh, the typist's uncle. Before she tapped on the door, Cicely spoke a word of warning to Miss Tiddle.

"I want to tell Timothy how well Agatha is doing, but. . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, the old fellow has a grievance. Mrs. Farleigh is a dear. And you will admire the kitchen."

They tapped and entered. Tiddy was agreeably surprised and delighted. The kitchen was charming; a quaint, old-fashioned room with a deep open hearth and ingle-nook. A broad seat semi-circled a deeply-recessed bay window, and above the seat was a ledge with flower-pots upon it. An oak dresser set forth to advantage some blue-and-white pottery, Hams hung from a big black rafter. Upon the walls gleamed an immense brass warming-pan and a brass preserving-dish which seemed to have survived the use and abuse of centuries. A large table was scrubbed immaculately white. There were plain Windsor chairs and a huge arm-chair facing the hearth. In this arm-chair sat Timothy Farleigh, reading a Sunday paper with horn spectacles upon his bony nose. He rose when the young ladies entered, and greeted them civilly but without the customary servility. In the ingle-nook Nick, the sooty, was crouching, crooning to himself.

Timothy thanked Cicely for bringing him information about his niece. Tiddy eyed him critically, noting his strong square chin, heavy brow and deep-set eyes. A curious light smouldered in them. He spoke in the

West Country dialect still used in remote districts by the elder generation.

"Aggie be a fine young 'ooman, able, thank the Lard! to fend for herself. I be proud o' she, a gert, understandin' lass I calls 'er."

"I have brought my friend, Miss Tiddle, to see you, Timothy. She comes from the Midlands, where folk are thick as bees in a hive."

Timothy glanced with interest at Tiddy.

"Do they bide quiet in their hives, miss? I bain't much of a scollard, but I reads my Sunday paper, I do, and folks in your parts seemin'ly be buzzin' and swarmin' like bees ready to leave old hive."

"There is a good deal of that," admitted Tiddy candidly.

"Ah-h-h!"

Timothy pressed his thin lips, as if fearing that buzzing might escape from him. He shrugged his heavy shoulders, warped by constant toil in the fields, and remained silent. Just then his wife bustled in, a frail, spindling little woman with worried eyes. She greeted Cicely, so Tiddy noticed, with genuine affection, and offered instantly a cup of tea. Her obvious desire to ingratiate herself with the quality seemed pathetic to the young woman from the Midlands.

"Stop your noise, Nicky," said Mrs. Farleigh sharply. "You knows better nor that."

"Let 'un bide," growled Timothy.

Nick stared and then grinned at Miss Tiddle, offering slyly his customary greeting to strangers.

"I be soft, I be."

"Don't 'ee take no notice of him, miss."

Cicely talked on cheerfully about Agatha till it was time to go. Outside Tiddy said sharply:

"What is this grievance?"

Reluctantly, Cicely told the tale of diphtheria and two graves in the churchyard. Tiddy refrained from comment. Crossing the village green, after five minutes with Mrs. Rockram, they encountered Nicodemus Burble, hearty and garrulous as ever.

"It do tickle me to death to see 'ee, miss," he assured Cicely. "A fair stranger you be."

"How is everything in the village, granfer?"

"We be gettin' older, miss, and more rheumatically. But I keeps on my old pins. I does, being scairt o' takin' to my bed wi' no 'ooman to fend for me."

"An old bachelor?" asked Tiddy.



"Lard love 'ee, miss, I ha' buried two wives, and might ha' taken a third, a very praper young wench, but too free wi' her tongue like."

"Was she?" asked Tiddy.

"Aye. Whatever do 'ee think she says to me, the lil' besom, when I up and axed her to be number three?"

"I can't imagine," said Cicely.

Tiddy observed thoughtfully:

"She might have said a good deal."

The ancient chuckled.

"Granfer," she says, "'a man o' your gert age ought to go to bed wi' a candlestick."

Cicely threw back her head and laughed. Tiddy wanted more detail.

"And what did you reply to that, Mr. Burble?"

"Ah-h-h! I was too flambergasted, miss, for common speech, but a very notable answer blowed into my yed just one fortnit arter. I can't go to bed wi' a candlestick, acause I ain't got none, nary one."

He hobbled on, still chuckling.

"They're quite wonderful," said Tiddy. "Prehistoric. How long will it last?"

Cicely frowned, anticipating criticism.

"I suppose you would like to see everything cut to pattern, with the colour out of the pattern, a drab monotony of millions doing and saying the same thing; no distinctions, no differences—ugh!"

"Is that your own, Cis?"

Cicely had to admit that she was quoting from the *Morning Post*.

Tiddy laughed at her, as usual.

"You Tories are always so extreme. Changes needn't be violent, but they may be violent if you swells don't climb down the pole a bit and get nearer facts as they are. That's all. What a very horrid smell!"

Under the stronger beams of a May sun odours of pig were wafted on the breeze.

"I don't mind the smell of pigs."

"Does your mother ever notice it?"

"I don't know."

"If she kept away from her village I should understand, but she doesn't."

Cicely was sharp enough to explain.

"That's it. If she kept away . . . ! Then she might notice. She has smelt these smells for thirty years. She says that a smell you can smell is not dangerous. Brian thinks just as she does."

"France may take some dust out of his eyes."

Retrenchment, expenses cut to the irreducible Saltaire minimum, was inscribed upon gates, fences, and buildings. Cicely had an illuminating word to say about the gates:

"Father said that he liked a gate that you could put a young horse at without running much risk of breaking your neck."

"What a humane man!"

Cicely added pensively:

"When hounds run across Wilverley I look before I leap."

"Ah! Then you do see the difference between Wilverley and Upworthy?"

Reluctantly, feeling rather disloyal, Cicely had to confess that the difference did obtrude itself. Since Arthur's return, she had ridden out with him about once a week. A groom accompanied them. Arthur would dismount and take Cicely into his cottages, asking many questions, insisting upon truthful answers, checking, so to speak, the reports, written and spoken, of his agent, leaving nothing to chance or mischance. His actions as a landlord revealed him far more clearly to Cicely than the halting words with which at first he had tried to capture her affections. She began to wonder what Upworthy would look like under Wilverley management. If she married this good, capable fellow, would he put his stout shoulder to the wheel of a mother-in-law? Tentatively, with a faint flush upon her cheeks, she said to him:

"I wish, Arthur, that you could persuade Mother to make a few improvements at Upworthy."

He replied, with a touch of irritation:

"Good heavens! As it is, I can't find time to mind my own business. Lady Selina would resent any interference. I thought that Grimshaw—"

He broke off abruptly, realising that an indictment of Chandos methods had almost escaped him.

"Please go on. What did you expect from Mr. Grimshaw?"

Evading the direct question, she pressed him vehemently:

"I do so want to know what might be done. If it isn't your business, it might be mine, mightn't it?"

He eyed her keenly. Was she thinking of a dire possibility, the death of her brother? Her next words reassured him.

"You see, Arthur, Brian knows nothing about estate management. He's a soldier, and I'm glad he is."

## THE QUIVER

"Perhaps you are sorry that I am not?"

She replied gracefully:

"But you are. You are fighting as hard as any man I know."

"Thanks." His voice softened. "What do you want to know?"

She picked her phrases carefully, and they had been prepared, pat to just such an opportunity.

"I want to know why things have drifted into the present pass. I want to know who is really responsible? And most of all I want to know if anything can be done."

The sincerity in her voice, the trouble in her eyes, moved him poignantly. And this was the first appeal of weakness to strength always so irresistible and captivating. He answered her as sincerely, plunging headlong into the subject, speaking, however, with that tincture of exasperation which marred somewhat his efforts on public platforms. Knowledge is at heart intolerant of ignorance, but your silver-tongued orator would lose half his power if he betrayed this.

"I'll do my best, Cicely. But I propose to leave your mother out of it. I can't criticise her to you. And really she is the victim of circumstances almost beyond her control."

"Almost?"

"I said almost. Something utterly unforeseen might change her point of view. She believes firmly that she is acting for the best. For the moment let us leave it at that. Unhappily, she has a bad bailiff. And your Inspector of Nuisances is in the hands of your Board of Guardians, small farmers who are terrified of improvements because it would mean a rise in rates. And then there's Snitterfield—!"

"Dr. Snitterfield?"

"Your Health Officer, also in the hands of your Guardians, and elected by them. Snitterfield, the Inspector, and Gridley pursue a policy of masterly inactivity. Grimshaw found himself up against those three, up against vested interests, up against absurd medical etiquette. I rather hoped that he would call upon the Chief Medical Officer of the County, a good man, but that would have meant an appalling rumpus. Grimshaw would have had to prove his case up to the hilt; no easy matter. Probably he would have hostilised your mother. Old Pawley, perhaps, restrained him. I don't know. I'm not surprised that Grimshaw bolted."

"He didn't."

"I felt at the time that I should have bolted. Grimshaw told me that just such intolerable conditions drove him out of Essex and Poplar."

"Mr. Grimshaw went to France because he was needed there. I am sure of that."

"I daresay. Anyway, he left Upworthy. Where was I? Oh, yes. I can't tell you where responsibility begins or ends. Our land system howls to heaven for reform. And I can't tell you what ought to be done at Upworthy. Tinkering with improvements is bad business. For the present, at any rate, until this accursed war ends, Lady Selina must be left alone. I—I'm sorry I spoke with such heat."

"I am much obliged to you," said Cicely.

### V

THIS confidential talk produced one unexpected effect. Cicely's plastic mind, plastic under any dominating hand, began to envisage Grimshaw as driven out of Upworthy by circumstance. Instinct had told her that Wilverley's conjecture was wrong, and instinct happened to be right. But her intelligence, much sharpened by Tiddy, reversed the first judgment. She beheld Grimshaw turning his back upon a hopeless fight, as admittedly he had done before. And if this were true, he would not come back.

He had not written to her.

Not even to Tiddy would she admit that she had hoped for a letter. If he cared, he would surely write. He might write, if he didn't care. And he had written to Mrs. Rockram, an epistle read aloud to Cicely and then put away as a cherished souvenir of a perfect gentleman. Grimshaw had written also more than once to Dr. Pawsley, but Cicely had not read these letters. She gathered from an old friend that Grimshaw was doing first-class work, likely to be recognised, if not rewarded, at Headquarters. Pawley said to her regretfully:

"This parish is too small for him."

And at the time, Hope had whispered the flattering tale: "Yes, it is; but I'm in it, and he'll come back on my account."

Now Hope faded out of sight.

Of course the sharp-eyed Tiddy perceived that her friend was passing through a bad time. The flame of patriotism burned less brightly; the daily drudgery went on imposing fresh exacerbations. Tiddy felt very



" 'I have brought my friend, Miss Tiadle,  
to see you, Timothy ' "—p. 258

drawn by  
John Campbell

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sorry, but she reflected, not without an inward smile, that Cicely would profit by these bludgeonings. She would learn what Sir Nathaniel called—values. Meanwhile, an unhappy young gentlewoman might mar her own life, and that of another, by marrying the wrong man. Tiddy decided that Arthur Wilverley was a good fellow. But he would take Cicely into his ample maw and absorb her. She would become Lord Wilverley's wife, an amiable nonentity. She decided, also, with equal cocksureness, that such a match would prove disastrous to the husband. Wilverley worked in a circle likely to grow smaller if he were left alone with his potentialities. His energies would centre upon himself and his possessions. In this regard the author of Miss Tiddle's being furnished an object-lesson. He reigned supreme in the pill factories, and on occasion assumed the god, thereby shaking not the spheres but the sides of those who beheld him.

Eventually Tiddy came to the conclusion that Cicely and Wilverley were drifting, like leaves upon a stream, into marriage.

"I must take a hand in this game," thought Miss Tiddle.

The necessity of doing "something" became even more imperative when she marshalled the forces arrayed against her. Lady Selina, she decided, was exercising, perhaps unconsciously, continual pressure. Mrs. Roden was plainly bent upon lending Providence a helping finger. She said majestically to Tiddy:

"You are a very sharp young lady."

"Thank you, Mrs. Roden," Tiddy demurely replied.

"Between ourselves, my dear"—Tiddy smiled—"I can assure you that the happiness of others concerns me more, much more, than my own."

This was quite untrue, and Tiddy knew it. Mrs. Roden continued:

"You must have noticed what is going on under our noses?"

Tiddy intimated, abstaining from slang, that her eyes were not altogether ornamental.

Mrs. Roden, warming to altruistic work, pursued the even tenor of her way.

"In my opinion, these two dear people want pushing."

"Sometimes I could shake Cis," said Tiddy.

"Yes, yes. Now, once more strictly between ourselves——"

"That is understood."

"I have decided that you, my dear, should—a—give the little push."

"Really?"

"I am sure of it."

"I don't think, Mrs. Roden, that I could push Lord Wilverley."

"Certainly not. Being the man he is, of a somewhat nervous stolidity, irritably energetic, if I may say so, he might resent pushing from you. I propose to push him. I want you to push Cicely. Together we shall achieve our purpose."

"I see."

"I can't conceive of a happier, more suitable match. It would be, I venture to affirm, abundantly blessed. Whenever I look at them, I think of—a——"

"The multiplication table?"

"How quick you are! Yes, yes—the patter of little feet appeals to me tremendously. I am glad to think that such a vital subject can be frankly discussed between a matron and a maid. The maids will make better matrons when absurd reserves become obsolete. All that is needed in this case is adjustment, the little touch that turns the balance. It is a great privilege to give such touches. I need say no more."

"I understand," said Tiddy. "I shall push for all I'm worth."

## VI

"IN the other direction," she added mentally.

That same night, during the rite of hair-brushing, Tiddy said abruptly, well aware, of course, that a push, to be effective, should be administered without warning:

"Are you playing the game with Lord Wilverley?"

"I beg your pardon, Tiddy?"

"Never do that. It's a device to gain time. You heard me. Are you playing the game? If not—as Mrs. Roden would say—why not?"

"I don't know what to say."

"Then I'll say it for you. I advised you before I came here to flirt with this nice big man. I was thinking for you, doing what I should do myself. I hold that a sensible girl must get really intimate with a man whom she may eventually marry. Under our stupid shibboleths and conventions that is called 'flirting.' There's no harm in it, up to a point. In my opinion you have passed that point."

"Have I?" Cicely considered this pensively.

"Yes; he has behaved with astounding patience and consideration. He is crystal-clear. He wants you. If you don't want him, say so, and have done with it. I think I can read you as easily as you read him. You would like to please your mother, who, for the first time in her amazing life, is feeling, as you told me, forlorn; you are getting fed up with war work and bottle-washing, and you hanker for a change, *any change*; also, you have a vague and quite excellent notion that Lord Wilverley, as a son-in-law, might persuade your mother to let him take Upworthy in hand. Probably he would, with little coaxing from you. In your less robust moments you rather gloat over this opportunity of self-sacrifice. On the other hand, it's obvious that you don't really love this good, honest fellow; you are piqued because Romeo did the vanishing stunt. You might have come to some sort of an understanding, but silly pride prevented that. Agatha captured her John right enough."

"Because she knew that he loved her."

"In your funny little heart you believe that Romeo loves you. Pride upset his apple-cart. Now—what are you going to do?"

Cicely, to Miss Tiddle's rage and disgust, answered the question by melting into tears. Tiddy, without a word, rose from her chair, opened an umbrella, and sat down under it with a derisive smile upon her lips.

"When the shower is over," she remarked tartly, "I'll put down my umbrella."

Cicely, feeling ridiculous, gulped down her sobs.

"I wish I had your brains."

"Tosh! Your brains are O.K. You're too indolent to use them. Marry the wrong man, and your brains will become a negligible quantity. What beats me is that Lord Wilverley should talk to you at all when he might talk to me."

At this Cicely "sat up," literally and metaphorically. Tiddy closed her umbrella, but held it ready for future use. She added calmly:

"I could make him talk to me, if I tried."

"Take him from me, you mean?"

"Quite easily."

Cicely's eyes began to sparkle.

"He ought to marry a woman with some snap and ginger. I could egg him on to great things."

Cicely made an incredulous gesture. Then she said acrimoniously:

"I suppose you don't believe in friendship between a man and a girl?"

"I don't."

"Well, I do. Friendship between girls is rather difficult."

"Friendship between any two persons is very difficult. Most women are too exacting in their friendships. For instance, you expect a lot of sloppy sentiment from me. You won't get it. My object is to save you from yourself. You are drifting. If you really want to drift, say so, and I'll shut up. But I warn you, within a day or two you'll have to say 'yes' or 'no' to Arthur Wilverley. If you temporise, he'll think you a rotter."

"If Arthur bustles me, I shall say 'no.'"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Miss Tiddle, triumphantly. "You don't love him."

"I—I might."

Tiddy wisely said no more.

Next day, Destiny interfered. At a moment when Lady Selina had good reason to think that her son would be spared, because our cavalry were well out of the danger zone, Brian Chandos was offered and accepted a staff appointment.

Three days afterwards he was shot through the head, when carrying despatches, and died instantly.

Cicely was summoned home. Lady Selina met her upon the threshold of the great hall. Stimson hurried away, leaving mother and daughter alone. Outwardly, Lady Selina remained calm. To Cicely she seemed to have become suddenly an old woman. Her face was white and lined, but she held her head erect. Her voice never faltered. When Cicely gripped her convulsively, she took the girl's face between her hands and gazed at it mournfully.

"I want you, child; I want you—desperately."

## CHAPTER VI

### Grimshaw Returns

#### I

**G**REAT events took place during this summer of 1915. Italy joined the Allies; and the Hun advance was stopped. Once again wise men said that the war was coming to an end; and wiser than they contended stubbornly that it wasn't. Cicely remained at the Manor with Lady Selina. After the first fortnight, they went for a month to Dane-

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court Abbey, where they listened, not without impatience on Cicely's part, to long jeremiads from Lord Saltaire, who predicted the end of the world, and quoted the Book of Revelation to prove that the All-Highest was the Beast. Expenses at the Abbey had indeed been reduced to the minimum. The family butler, accustomed to three tall footmen, whose places were filled by one boy, gave notice. He had been with Lord Saltaire for many years.

"Why are you leaving me?" asked his master, fretfully.

"Because, my lord, if you will be good enough to pardon the expression, I can't stick it any longer."

Lord Saltaire, as he confessed afterwards, was stupefied into silence. The butler departed.

Cicely told herself that she, too, couldn't stay on beyond the appointed month. She beheld her uncle's domains with uneasy eyes, sharpened to critical detachment after six months at Wilverley. The same obsolete system of estate management that howled for reform at Upworthy was even more vocal at Danecourt. But Lady Selina, like her brother, remained blind and deaf to signs and sounds that ate ravagingly into Cicely's sensibilities. Wages all over the vast property remained low, although prices had risen. Old men in the gardens and stables followed the butler into a more generous world, because they were unable to "stick it." Farmers were waxing fat and prosperous, whilst their labourers were sweated. Spurred to speech, Cicely said one day to her mother:

"Things are going to pieces here, Mother."

Lady Selina replied solemnly, with mournful resignation:

"Our class is hit harder than any other."

"But Uncle could sell some of his land."

"Sell his land? What are you talking about? Sell the land that has been in our possession four hundred years—!"

Cicely murmured almost inaudibly:

"I think land poverty is awful."

"We are all of the same mind about that, child."

They duly returned to the Manor, where a pathetic surprise brought tears to Cicely's eyes. Hitherto she had occupied a small bedroom, a virginal bower of blue-and-white. Across the corridor were Brian's rooms, a bedroom and a sitting-room. During their absence Lady Selina had re-

papered and re-decorated these two rooms charmingly:

"They are yours, my dear," she said quietly.

It happened to be the first indication of the tremendous change in Cicely's prospects. Till now not a word had been said by Lady Selina in remotest allusion to that change. But, at times, the girl had been conscious of intent eyes gazing interrogatively into hers, as if to say: "What will she do with it?" And, very rarely, when the pair were sitting together, Lady Selina would take Cicely's hand, and hold it tenderly and yet tenaciously, as if it were a precious possession, more—an instrument to be used for a definite purpose.

Lady Selina sat down. With an authoritative gesture she invited Cicely to occupy Brian's chair, now freshly covered with chintz. Cicely felt curiously awed.

"One day," said Lady Selina, "Upworthy will be yours."

A vast burden seemed to the girl to be descending upon her. She looked at Lady Selina with such an expression as might be glimpsed in the eyes of an intelligent young horse about to be harnessed to a cart loaded high with mother-earth. Tons of Upworthy clay!

"Property, my dear, is a very sacred trust."

Suddenly, she frowned, for she remembered John Exton's words. The abominable scene reproduced itself vividly. She could see John's eager, resentful face and hear his provocative words. As instantly she beheld the debonair Brian derisively amused by the Anarchist. Her voice was less soft as she added:

"Opinions, of course, may vary in regard to the administration of a trust."

"Yes."

Lady Selina continued more easily, as the vision of John Exton faded out of her mind:

"With abundant private means, with such an income as dear Arthur enjoys, for instance, an income happily independent of land, estate management becomes easy—easy."

Cicely was constrained to dispute this.

"I don't think, Mother, that Arthur finds it so."

"Well, well, you may know more about that than I do. Here, at any rate, ways have to be adjusted to means. And the ways seem to increase as the means diminish."

She ended with a sigh. Cicely, sensible



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that her mother was expecting from her some sort of positive declaration, sensible also that if she spoke her mind freely she would wound and amaze a devoted mother, hesitated. Had her mother purposely used Arthur's name? Did she contemplate estate management made easy by a rich son-in-law? She was well aware that Tiddy had predicted aright. Brian's death had cut short a second proposal. Absence, she felt assured, had not cooled Arthur's feelings for her. Twice he had written. And every sentence in his letters seemed to end with a note of interrogation: "Will you?" When they met, in a day or two, he would exact the answer categorical. Did a fond mother take for granted what that answer would be?

"You love the old ways, Mother?"

"Of course I do. Don't you?"

Cicely felt herself sinking into Upworthy clay, deeper and deeper.

"Can we go on walking in them?"

"I shall walk in them to the end."

The finality of her tone petrified Cicely into silence. All power of resistance seemed to ooze from her, leaving her invertebrate. The tentacles of tradition and heredity enwrapped her. What was the use of struggling? She stole a glance at her mother's face, now an impenetrable mask. Obviously, the mere suggestion that the old ways were overgrown by the new vegetation and becoming impassable had irritated Lord Saltaire's sister. It had never occurred to Cicely before that her mother was not a Chandos. Now, furtively examining Lady Selina's features, the likeness to Lord Saltaire came out strikingly. Before the

war her uncle had presented the same gracious personality to a world that acclaimed him as a distinguished ornament. To-day—and even Lord Saltaire recognised this—manners were at a discount. Tiddy had said pertly: "Lords have slumped." More, Cicely had to confess to herself that her mother and uncle seemed to have lost something almost indefinable, that assured sense of position



"When the shower is over I'll put down my umbrella."—p. 263

Drawn by  
John Campbell

and rank. Out of heads still held high smouldered anxious eyes, mutely asking questions which the owners of the eyes refused to answer for themselves. Lord Saltaire no longer moved as Agamemnon amongst his people. . . . And "pinching" had pinched him, making him petulant, fractious, and "gey hard to live wi'." With dismay Cicely confronted the fact that she was half Chandos and half Danecourt. Incredible that such high breeding might be reckoned a disability—

Her trembling lips refused their office. And the words that fluttered into her perplexed mind seemed wholly inadequate. Being half Chandos, she held her tongue, wondering miserably what Tiddy would

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have said. She had wit enough to realise that protest would be futile. If she allowed her mother one penetrating glance into her heart, civil war must be declared between them. And her mother would suffer more than herself. Swiftly she came to the conclusion that mother must be "spared." She decided that she would consult her old friend, Dr. Pawley. He, of course, had held his tongue; so had Goodrich. And if of late she had begun to wonder at and condemn their policy of *laissez faire*, now—in one illuminating moment—she understood and condoned fully their seeming moral cowardice.

She heard her mother's voice again, soft and sweet.

"You are my own darling little girl, all I have. With God's help and blessing we will walk together and work together. I—I—" Her voice faltered, and then became steady. "I am not selfish enough to wish to keep you to myself. I know, none better, that you need a strong man's guidance and protection. I know, too, that you will choose your mate wisely, with an intelligent sense of all, *all*, I repeat, that marriage includes. Passion is an ephemeral emotion which gentlewomen distrust instinctively. At the best it must die down with the years. I was very happy in my marriage, because I found in your dear father the qualities that endure—fidelity, high honour, stainless integrity, and an unswerving purpose in the conduct of life. He did his duty. I was fortunate, also, in finding a man older and wiser than myself, in whose strength I could trust."

She rose to her feet, standing very erect, an imposing figure in her black draperies. She might have stood thus in a Greek tragedy, impersonating one of the Parcae. Cicely was immensely impressed. She rose also. Her mother kissed her.

"These rooms," she murmured, "are rather overpowering. I will go to my own and be quiet for a little. But you—you are glad to be here, aren't you? Your memories of our dearest boy are all fragrant and happy. Perhaps I allowed my ambitions for him too great an ascendancy in my heart—"

She paused. Cicely divined that her mother's careful choice of words indicated previous thought, self-analysis. Yes; bitter disappointment underlay her tranquil phrases. These rooms held the emptiness of an ancient house. She understood why

her mother had changed them almost out of recognition.

"I am glad to be here," she answered, in a strangled voice. "I—I hope, Mother, that I—I—I—"

She couldn't finish the sentence. Lady Selina kissed her again.

"You will take his place," she whispered. "That is the one consolation of my life."

Cicely was left alone with her disquieting reflections.

## II

NEXT day, Arthur Wilverley rode over to the Manor.

As he rode he gave a loose rein to introspection, to which the easy canter of a good hack lends itself. Strenuously as he would have denied it, this honest fellow had hitherto cantered as easily through life, taking all fences in his stride. And they had been small fences. He was now approaching what he deemed to be the biggest fence which as yet he had tried to negotiate—marriage. It annoyed him a little that he was not more excited. A nodding acquaintance with the best fiction had encouraged him to expect as a lover thrills and ardours which unaccountably had not been experienced. Why? Was he different from other men? Had he strolled into this attachment at an age when common sense overruled sentiment? Had he atrophied, by disuse, certain nerve-centres quite wrongly supposed by novelists to be cardiac? He had never, for example, even in his salad days, contemplated the possibility of a world well lost for love. But he had known men, lots of them, who had "chucked" everything—position, honour, self-respect—to gratify one colossal overwhelming desire. Amazing. . . !

Too honest to befool himself or anybody else, he was well aware that if he "took a toss" over this next fence he would pick himself up, mount his horse, and canter on as before. He might feel stiff and sore—doubtless he would; he might funk that particular fence ever after, but his well-ordered world would not fall into chaos.

This conviction, however, underlay another. Confidence in his horsemanship sustained our cavalier. He did not anticipate a toss. Cicely—bless her!—had been rushed the first time—his fault. It rather pleased him to think that she, like himself, could exhibit restraint and common sense.

Once, some five years before, he had

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officiated as best man to a friend younger than himself, a bit of a thruster. The thruster, over a glass of champagne, had waxed confidential, describing a tempestuous wooing and an unconditional surrender. Wilverley could recall his friend's exact words: "When I popped, she gave a sort of yelp and rushed at me."

At the time Wilverley had laughed, but later the lady in question had yelped and rushed at another fellow. She was built that way. Cicely would not yelp or rush. He pictured her yielding with virginal modesty to the restrained advances of her lover, blushing adorably. Wilverley had rehearsed the scene. He beheld himself and Cicely on a bench in the more secluded part of the topiary garden, screened by yew hedges from inquisitive eyes of gardeners. Then he would tell his tale. She would listen demurely, with downcast eyes. The amorini in the garden would approve this gentle wooing. Presently he would take her little hand in his. When he ventured to kiss her cheek, she might turn her lips from him. Yes; being a Chandos, she would. In his pocket, in tissue paper, lay the filmy hanky. At the right moment he would show it to her. There would be pleasant talk about the choice of an engagement-ring. Later, they would seek together Lady Selina, and receive the maternal sanction and benediction. . . .

Mrs. Roden had given her push the day before. Six weeks had elapsed since Brian's death. She had considered the propriety of urging her brother to propose again by letter, rejecting such consideration after matured thought. Personality counted enormously in these affairs. Arthur had a "way" with him. He "loomed up." Young girls of the twentieth century had just begun to enjoy the privileges of independent thought and action. Mrs. Roden rejoiced that it was so. Still—! At this point the adjuster paused to reflect upon the immense change in Cicely's fortunes. Alone in her room at Danecourt, turning from a mournful present to a more alluring future, Cicely might well hesitate before she imperilled her freedom. Alone with Wilverley, dominated by him, conscious that she had encouraged him, the right answer must be forthcoming.

Accordingly, Mrs. Roden had said at luncheon:

"Lady Selina returns to Upworthy tomorrow."

"So Cicely told me."

"Ah! She has written to you?"

"Yes."

"Of course you will go over and pay your respects at once."

"If I can spare the time——"

"My dear Arthur, try to rise to your full stature."

Wilverley replied briskly:

"Now, Mary, out with it. What's in your busy mind?"

"Concern for others. Concern for you. There are moments, Arthur, when you impress me as being a big boy. At such moments I feel maternal."

"Forrard! Forrard!"

"I told you some months ago to—to—let me see, what did I say?"

"You told me to 'go' for Cicely—and I did. She turned me down. No complaints! I acted prematurely."

"From what you told me she encouraged you to try again."

"And I shall."

"Quite. The right moment has come. Cicely must have recovered from her bereavement. If I know anything of my sex"—her tone justified the assumption that what Mrs. Roden did not know upon that fascinating subject was negligible—"Cicely is ripe for the plucking."

"You talk of her as if she were a goose," he said.

"Pray don't interrupt me! Cicely is a sensible girl, thank God! She is also a good girl, fully alive to the responsibilities of marriage. As a potential mother——"

Wilverley held up a hand.

"Don't be obstetric, Mary, please."

"What a word—! I am never *that*. However——! How you heckle my thoughts! I repeat, Cicely is ripe for the plucking. You have only to stretch forth your hand. Lady Selina will be much gratified if you call at once. I refrain from accompanying you for obvious reasons. The weather is settled. I regard that as a sign. I am quite sure that Cicely has been dull and depressed at Danecourt Castle."

"Abbey."

"I call it a feudal stronghold. Probably she was bored to tears. She comes home hankering for a change—any change. You appear—not wearing that tie——"

"You shall select my tie."

"Thank you, Arthur. You appear—the perfect knight——"

"Help!"

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"You offer all, all that such a girl wants. *Voilà!*"

"There is something in what you say, Mary. Yes; you are right. I'll take the road to-morrow. I may not succeed in getting Cicely alone."

"Then you are not the man I take you to be."

Mrs. Roden left the dining-room. Wilverley finished a good cigar, quite unconscious of having been "pushed."

### III

STIMSON ushered him into the big drawing-room. Left alone for a minute, he stared, as Grimshaw had done, at the full-length portraits on the walls. The ladies smiled down on him. Sir Marmaduke Chandos, the Cavalier, curled a derisive lip, not offensively. He seemed to be saying: "S'dearth! we need a tincture of blood less blue. Take the wench, and a benison on ye both."

Lady Selina sailed in, followed by Cicely.

Immediately the man perceived a change in the maid. She appeared to him older. And something had vanished from her face. What was it? Youthful radiance—vitality—? He couldn't find the word he wanted. She greeted him with perfect ease of manner. But her hand rested supinely warm in his, and he thought: "How soft her bones are." Possibly she was tired; and this home-coming must have been a bitter-sweet experience. Beneath her eyes lay shadows, delicately tinted with lavender. All trace of the V.A.D. had disappeared. Her mourning, so he decided, became her. In it she looked distinguished. At any rate, she appealed to him more irresistibly than ever, altogether feminine, a dear woman certain to develop into a noble and gracious personality.

He drank a cup of tea, and listened to Lady Selina, who talked in the grand manner, investing even weather conditions with a sort of aristocratic gloss. All the Danecourts talked like this when they wished to suppress feeling and emotion. Without a taint of affectation, Lady Selina conveyed the impression that she towered above a crumbling world. Marie Antoinette must have raised to heaven just such a dignified head when she rode on a tumbril through the streets of Paris to the place of execution. Lady Selina quoted her brother:

"Our order is doomed. Win or lose, this dreadful war means a *débâcle* for us."

Wilverley assured her that he took a less gloomy view. Lady Selina smiled frostily.

"Saltaire has lost his butler, who has been with him five-and-twenty years. Two parlourmaids have taken his place. One wears a bow upon her tousled head; she refuses to wear a proper cap. My poor brother said to me: 'Selina, this is the beginning of the end.' I agreed with him."

After tea, when Wilverley was wondering how he could discreetly justify Mrs. Roden's faith in him as a man, Lady Selina said suavely:

"I daresay you will like to smoke your cigarette in the garden. A year ago it was in full beauty. To-day—! Well—a wilderness. I can't bear to walk in it. Cicely will show you the roses. I must attack my neglected correspondence."

"I should like to see the roses," said Wilverley.

Cicely and he wandered into the garden, which looked, so Wilverley thought, very much as usual. At the Court he had discovered, not without amusement, that a sadly diminished staff, if put to it, can achieve remarkable results. Gazing about him, he said genially:

"Your mother exaggerates a little. I see no signs of a wilderness."

Cicely replied quickly:

"Really, we are muddling along nicely. Mother will be all right in a day or two. Danecourt was horribly depressing. And Brian—"

"Tell me," he whispered. "I offered no wretched condolences. What can be said?"

"Nothing. Even I—I can only guess how she feels. She adored Brian, although she never showed it. I am so sorry for her that I could cry my eyes out here and now. Because she bottles things up, it makes it just twice as hard for me."

"I understand," he said. "I understand exactly how you feel."

She looked sweetly at him, faintly blushing.

"Do you, Arthur?"

They found the bench; Wilverley lighted a cigarette. The sunk rose-garden faced them, surrounded by the yew hedges. In the centre the amorini guarded the fountain, which didn't play in war-time. This spot was the sanctuary, known as *Mon Plaisir*. Upon the white stone bench had sat the lovely lady for whom the pleasure was

planted, and in which, according to tradition, she had passed so many hours kept a prisoner by a jealous husband. Cicely told the story to Wilverley. A more experienced lover would have used this romantic legend as a peg upon which to hang his own love-tale. Wilverley, however, was not apt at transpositions. He listened attentively, charmed by Cicely's voice, but determined, as soon as she had finished, to plead his suit in words, as has been said, already rehearsed.

Cicely's voice died away.

Wilverley said incisively:

"Poor little dear! Beastly for her, wasn't it? No man could coop up a wife that way in our times."

"I don't know, Arthur. In another sense, women coop themselves up. Some of us are driven—driven into coops."

He was astonished that she spoke so sadly, but, knowing little of women and their tendency to make all argument personal, he never supposed that what she said applied to herself. In a different tone he continued briskly:

"My wife would have a free hand, Cicely. By the way, I have been talking a lot with Tiddy whilst you were at Danecourt."

"With Tiddy? Do you call her Tiddy?"

He laughed.

"Of course I do; everybody does. A jolly clever girl, sharp as a needle—a rattling good sort. She will bike over here next Sunday."

"Oh! Does Tiddy know that you are here to-day?"

"No."

Chandos silence spread its impenetrable veil over Cicely. What was Tiddy up to? Had she carried out her preposterous threat? Was she really trying to capture Arthur? An uncomfortable, disconcerting emotion, which Cicely would have repudiated vehemently if anybody had dared to call it jealousy, quickened within. Wilverley, happily unconscious of virginal alarms and excursions, went on cantering at his big fence.

"I have something to show you, dear."

"Have you?"

He produced triumphantly the tiny handkerchief embroidered with a double "C" intertwined and encircled with a wreath. Lady Selina had presented a dainty dozen of these to Cicely on her seventeenth birthday, as a *premium diligencie*.

Cicely, faintly smiling, gazed at the

small square of cambric, and then at Wilverley's flushed, eager face. And at the moment, incredible as it may seem to men, she felt, like Mrs. Roden, maternal. The prosperous magnate of nearly forty became a jolly boy. Somehow she guessed that in many things he would remain simple and boyish. He seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. He reminded her of Brian going into bat on the village green, and quite sure that he was going to knock the bowling about.

He whispered:

"I've heartened myself up with a squint at this, many and many a time."

As he spoke, he put it reverently to his lips and kissed it. Cicely was amazed. She had always imagined Wilverley, engrossed with his never-ending activities, reading dry treatises upon agriculture, poring over the blue tracings of plans, prodding fat bullocks, and so forth—

Two dimples appeared in her cheeks.

"How absurd you are!"

"Are you angry because I am absurd about you?"

He folded the hanky carefully and replaced it in his breast-pocket. Then he valiantly captured her hand, a notable effort for him. Cicely made no protest. An agreeable languor stole upon her. Somehow Wilverley's firm clasp warmed her chilled sensibilities. She sighed. A mid-summer's sun, still high in the heavens, poured down his beams upon the rose-garden. Out of the more old-fashioned roses came a sweet, pervasive fragrance. From the shrubs and trees beyond Mon Plaisir floated the flutings of the warblers. Cicely was learned enough in Arcadian lore to distinguish their particular notes.

"I want you," he whispered.

Her tissues seemed to relax, as she recalled these very words on the lips of her mother, when they met in the big hall after news of Brian's death. It was much to be wanted; more than she had reckoned it to be. To give, to go on giving, generously and selflessly, might be her true mission in life. Parsons preached that gospel from the pulpit, but till now she had never apprehended its significance and force. Yes—*force*. Was there, indeed, a driving power greater, immeasurably greater, than the human will, which informed all human action? Was marriage with Wilverley the appointed way out of her worries and perplexities? His strong arm stole round her



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waist; he pressed her to him. She recognised and admired his self-restraint. And something told her that he was really strong, able to bear her burdens whatever they might be. But—a cold douche of honesty made her shiver—she didn't love him as surely he deserved to be loved. What had passed through his mind as he rode to this artless wooing invaded hers. She ought to be thrilling and yearning; she ought to be feeling that this was the greatest moment of her life. And it wasn't. Bravely she confronted a fundamental fact.

"Arthur—"

"Yes, you sweet little woman?"

"You say you want me. How much?"

It is not easy for a man to be absolutely honest with a maid when his arm is round her waist, and he feels her yielding to his importunity.

"Tremendously," he answered.

She remained silent. Encouraged by this, Wilverley pleaded his suit. He had always wanted her. She was exactly right. With happy inspiration he painted in vivid colours their future together. She could help him in his work; he could help her. They both loved the country. They would work and play together, a charming partnership. When he finished, she said nervously:

"Suppose—suppose that I didn't quite care for you as you seem to care for me?"

"What do you mean, my dearest?"

"It's so hard to put it into words. I am ever so fond of you, Arthur. And I do want to be loved. You—you have drawn a picture which moves me more than I can say. But somehow you haven't swept me bang off my feet. And that is my fault, not yours. Perhaps—I don't know—I am simply incapable of—of letting myself go. And when I look at mother and other women of my family, I wonder if they are all like that. I wonder if—if it is part of the curse——"

"The curse? Bless my soul!"

"I mean the curse of belonging to families that think it right and wise to suppress feeling. I am half Chandos and half Danecourt. Mother and Uncle have never let themselves go. They couldn't. It is part of their nature to wear a mask. They wear it night and day. Till it becomes a sort of hard crust. I—I wish I could talk as Tiddy does."

"I understand, Cicely. I think you put it most awfully well. But this feeling will come. I should hate to have you——" he

paused, and ended with the words which had made such an impression on him: "Yelp and rush at me."

"Do you mean that you want me as I am, that you will trust to chance about my caring properly later?"

"Trust to chance? No, no. I have never trusted to chance. I am confident, dear, that I shall make you care if you give yourself to me. The feelings you speak of are dormant. It will be my great privilege to awaken them."

He kissed the cheek slightly turned from him.

The fence had been leaped.

And afterwards, just what he had envisaged came to pass easily and naturally. The selection of a right engagement ring was discussed, a visit to London, all the pleasant little plans so dear to people about to marry. Before they sought Lady Selina, Cicely asked a direct question:

"You will help to make things better in Upworthy?"

"Um! Do you mean now?"

"Oh, the sooner the better."

"If your mother asks for my advice—I can speak to you quite candidly, darling. To put things right at Upworthy means, in one word—money."

"Mother knows that, and she says that her means are diminishing."

"Heavy taxation—likely to be heavier. It would be quite impracticable to put things right out of income."

"Oh, dear!"

"Don't look so miserable! Improvements are investments. I borrow money for my improvements—everybody does; and your mother must do the same."

"She won't."

"Why not?"

"Because she is terrified of debt; because, I believe, she promised my father not to encumber the property."

Wilverley nodded his head. Then, hastily, he changed the subject.

### IV

A MEMORABLE evening followed. When Lady Selina learnt what had passed in the rose-garden, years seemed to drop from her tired face. The change was almost uncanny. Colour flowed again into her cheeks; her eyes sparkled with animation. Dear Arthur must stay to dinner; they would dine on the lawn under the big



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walnut-tree; he could ride home by moonlight. As she talked, her mind flew into the future. Before she drank to the health of the lovers, she had definitely decided that the second son of this perfect marriage would take the name of Chandos and inherit Upworthy. He would be, of course, another Brian. The eldest son would go to Eton; Brian II. must be entered at Winchester. It was a mistake to send brothers to the same school.

Throughout dinner she achieved the remarkable feat of being in two places at the same time, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird.

When Wilverley had mounted his hack, mother and daughter sat together, nearer and dearer to each other than they had ever been before. But it was Lady Selina who revealed her inmost feelings. Apparently, she took for granted that Cicely was head over ears in love. The girl dared not deceive her. And Lady Selina, with her really transcendent gift of ignoring what lay beneath the surface, dwelt persistently upon the phylacteries of life. All energy seemed to have passed from Cicely to her. Obviously Cicely was ten years older and Lady Selina ten years younger. They drifted closer together in their quest of what was appropriate and conventional. Lady Selina had no patience with long engagements. The wedding ought to take place in the early autumn, so that the honeymoon could be spent in sunshine. She quoted:

"God knows how I love the sweet fall of the year."

Cicely realised that her engagement had made the fall of her mother's year sweet and comforting.

During this long talk, Lady Selina happened to mention that, since Brian's death, she had pigeoned-holed village affairs. But she had heard from Stimson that Dr. Pawley was ill. Not, she trusted, seriously—a passing indisposition. Upon the morrow Cicely might pop down in person and get more details. She herself would be busy with Gridley. At the mention of the bailiff's name, Cicely, girding up her loins for an encounter, said hurriedly:

"Is John Gridley all he ought to be?"

Lady Selina replied trenchantly:

"My dear child—what a question! Gridley is—Gridley. Are any of us what we ought to be? I am well aware of Gridley's disabilities. I pay him little more than a labourer's wages. I regard him as a spade."

"Yes; I have thought sometimes that Gridley is too rough with our people. He—he bullies them."

"Possibly. Their ways are not our ways. Being of the people, he knows how to deal with them. He is an honest, faithful servant, quite impossible to replace in these troublous times. Also, as you know, I am the last person in the world to 'scrap,' as your friend Tiddy would put it, old retainers."

"Do you feel that way about Dr. Snitterfield?"

"Dr. Snitterfield! What on earth have I to do with him?"

"He is the local Health Officer. Arthur thinks that he is—a—ignorant and irresponsible."

"Does he? I didn't appoint Dr. Snitterfield. He happens to be the chosen representative of our district. I hardly know the man. Personally, of course, I regard him as impossible. Long ago, I asked him to luncheon. He was attending one of our maids. She, not I, insisted upon seeing him. At luncheon the stopper of one of the decanters stuck. Dr. Snitterfield got it out, licked it—*licked* it, my dear!—and calmly assured me that he did that to his stoppers! After that Stimson kept him at a discreet distance."

Cicely abandoned both Gridley and Snitterfield. Could she spoil a wonderful evening by insisting upon the disqualifications of bailiff and Health Officer? When she remained silent, Lady Selina said decidedly:

"After I am gone, Arthur and you will cope with my difficulties. Arthur's agent will take Upworthy in hand; Arthur's money will do the needful."

"If—if, Mother, Arthur wanted to help in your lifetime?"

"I could not accept thousands of pounds from Arthur. Now, my darling, please don't worry about me and my responsibilities. This is your hour. Make the most of it. Your happiness makes me happy. I can think of nothing else."

### V

UPON the following morning, Cicely, in a white frock with black ribands, walked from the Manor to Dr. Pawley's house. At Lady Selina's request she was wearing the white frock. The weather happened to be very hot; a heat-wave had spread itself over the

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south of England. This alone justified thin and light garments, but Cicely knew that another reason lay at the back of her mother's mind. From now on she would be expected to play the part of bride-elect. Lady Selina, coming early to Cicely's bedroom, had said gently:

"I am sure that our dear boy would urge you not to wear black. I feel at this moment that he is sharing our great joy. And you owe it to Arthur to make yourself look as nice as possible."

"Very well, Mother."

That appeared to be the only answer possible to dozens of just such well-meant suggestions. Already Lady Selina had prepared an itinerary, so to speak. She had decided what tradesmen should be honoured by her patronage. Not a moment was to be wasted. The selection of a trousseau for Lord Wilverley's wife exacted undivided energies and a pleasant pilgrimage to certain shrines of fashion, where the high-priests would assuredly refuse to be hurried and harried in the performance of their sacred offices. Anything approximating to what Tiddy called "reach-me-downs" filled Lady Selina with revulsion. What her girl wore must be hand-sewn, hand-embroidered, stamped (to the understanding eye) with a cachet of its own.

As Cicely walked through the park, inhaling the soft, warm air, she was sensible of a delightful exhilaration. She had slept soundly; she awoke to find her mother standing by her bed and smiling tenderly at her. All in all, the extraordinary rejuvenation of Lady Selina struck Cicely as being, perhaps, Heaven's unmistakable sign of approval. She had bestowed happiness upon her mother, at a moment, too, when her mother was feeling most wretched and forlorn. And being concerned temporarily, at least, with the welfare of others rather than her own, the girl reflected instantly that this happiness would diffuse itself. Upworthy would be warmed by the glow emanating from the Lady of the Manor.

Cicely lingered for a minute on the village green. Inevitably the thought rushed to her mind: "All this will be mine some day." For the first time, she gazed at the familiar landscape with an intimate sense of possession. Out of the present, she flitted into the future. Pious aspirations bore her upward and onward. She floated upon outstretched wings above a reconstructed and regenerated Upworthy . . . It lay beneath

her, bathed in sunshine, an object lesson in the administration of a sacred trust . . . She beheld her life's mission accomplished.

Presently, as was natural, her thoughts swooped from others to herself. She could survey herself as bride-elect with an odd detachment. Indeed, for the moment she became a dual personality. The new Cicely in V.A.D. kit, alert, critical, conscious of the immense changes taking place under her nose, met the old Cicely, diffident, silent, moving slowly along lines of least resistance, the "Yes, Mother . . . No, Mother," girl, without initiative, without definite ambitions, content to follow, not daring to lead. This queerly-contrasted pair stared at each other. Possibly, a sense of humour played the part of common denominator. The old Cicely could smile derisively at her own frock! When a maid can do this, none need despair of her. The old Cicely was aware that she might have stepped out of one of the gilded frames in the Manor drawing-room. Gainsborough might have portrayed her exactly as she stood without fear of anachronism. She wore a big, black picture-hat. Across her bosom was folded a black lace fichu, arranged by Lady Selina, and caught together with a mourning brooch which held a miniature. Around her waist, cleverly twisted by the same tender hands, was a black watered-silk sash. To complete the portrait, and as it was unduly hot, she had discarded gloves for long black silk mittens. And she carried a small black silk bag, with her cipher on it in paste.

She could not escape the conviction that the old Cicely was pleased with herself.

Henceforward, she would be at peace. That remained the dominating thought. Pleasing others, she had pleased herself. And Arthur would be "good" to her. They would be "pals." The new Cicely observed that so busy a man wouldn't be in the way when he wasn't wanted. Some uxorious husbands bored their wives. Arthur had said that his wife would have a free hand. The new Cicely then proceeded to startle the old Cicely by the mention of—babies. After the first shock, the old Cicely confronted motherhood without blushing. Proudly she reflected that she had chosen the real right sort to be the father of the babies. Tiddy had discussed Eugenics with her. During her short experience as a V.A.D., Cicely had seen enough of men to discriminate between good and bad. Speaking generally, the Tommies had been splendid, but now and



" 'I want you,'  
he whispered"—p. 269

Drawn by  
John Campbell

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again an exception outrageously revealed himself a beast. By accident, Cicely had been in a ward when a patient was brought in mad with delirium tremens. And Tiddy, who was also present, said afterwards that the patient ought to be locked up for the term of his unnatural life, not merely because of his offence, but to enforce celibacy upon him. Dwelling tenderly upon her babies, Cicely recalled a crayon drawing of Arthur, taken when he was two years old—a fat, dimpled darling in a red coral necklace and holding a red coral rattle in his hand. Practically, he wore nothing else. Yes; she had chosen the right man.

Immediately, the new Cicely accused the old Cicely of complacency. Well, why not? At the same time, the new Cicely pointed out exciting avenues down which, as Lady Wilverley, she could prance triumphantly. It would be delightful to entertain, after the war, clever people, who—so Tiddy affirmed—could be lured into the country if you "did" them properly. Also, she would ride perfect hunters, and drive her own Rolls-Royce car. The new Cicely agreed with the old Cicely that it was possible to combine two centuries, the eighteenth and the twentieth, taking from each what was desirable and charming. That would be a real achievement.

Descending to earth, her still dreaming orbs rested upon Martha Giles's cottage. It stood by itself, tumbling over a corner where the village street impinged upon the village green. Even Lady Selina admitted depreciatingly that Martha's cottage was an eyesore. And in it lived Martha and nine children. There were only four rooms. But, oddly enough, Martha loved it, and just because of that Lady Selina had promised not to pull it down. Of course it leaked like a sieve, and the cracked walls streamed with moisture, rain or shine. At the back were the sties. Martha lived by her pigs, on her pigs, and with her pigs. Buckets of wash came as doles from the Manor. Kindly neighbours, knowing that Martha's pride refused actual cash, substituted meal and bran. Martha's chickens and geese picked up what they could find on the green.

Cicely greeted Martha, and braced herself to meet condolence. Martha wiped a dry eye with a corner of a clean apron. How she managed to keep clean aprons on herself and clean pinafores on her children was one of the mysteries that defy explanation, like the Indian rope trick.

She said wailingly:

"Master Brian be gone to Kingdom Come, miss. You must up and bear this like a Christian 'ooman. Yas . . . I mind me when my pore Giles was took. I give 'un a rare funeral . . ." This was another unelucidated mystery. The poorer the widow the richer the funeral! Martha continued: "But after funeral I sez to myself, I sez: 'Better him nor me.'"

A wild impulse surged through Cicely to laugh. Happily, she restrained herself. She accepted Martha's statement literally, saying gravely:

"Giles couldn't have looked after the children as you do."

"That's how I feels, miss. 'Tis God-Amighty's marcy as we wimmenfolk don't have to fight these tremenjous battles. If we was killed in 'eaps what would the children do?"

"What indeed?" asked Cicely. "I hope you are well, Martha?"

"I be allers troubled wi' my sciaticky, miss. But there, a widder wi' nine children to fend for bain't able to enjy her bad health." She added obsequiously: "I be a grateful 'ooman, miss. I tells the little 'uns that they'd be lying snug in churchyard, if 'twasn't for my lady. We doesn't get all the milk we uster do."

"Oh, dear! I must inquire about that. Good morning, Martha."

"Good morning, miss, and thank 'ee kindly."

She curtsied deferentially to the heiress of Upworthy, the future autocrat, the dispenser of wash and eyewash. Cicely hurried on.

Exhilaration was tempered by exasperation. Martha Giles forced thought upon her; she invaded peace of mind, most dear to us after storm and stress. Martha presented a composite photograph of all dependents who accept doles gratefully with a very lively sense of injury if they are withheld or curtailed. Danecourt simply swarmed with just such parasites. And a year ago Cicely would have resented angrily the use of such an ugly word. It was almost as unmentionable as fleas or . . . Even in thought a Chandos could not assign the common, loathsome name applied to pests that a toothcomb removed from the heads of dirty children!

Why was Martha such a parasite?

Why would it break her heart if her ramshackle hovel was pulled down?

**VI**

CICELY ascended the white, shining steps of Dr. Pawley's house, pulled a shining brass bell-knob, and then grasped a shining brass knocker. But she didn't knock, because she remembered that her kind old friend was ill. The trim parlourmaid opened the door. Cicely's eyes, with keener powers of observation, dwelt for an instant upon a large, spotless mob cap. No hair from that well-covered head would fall into Dr. Pawley's soup. This shocking incident had taken place at Danecourt, in the historic dining-room. Lord Saltaire had almost succumbed, falling into what appeared to be a cataleptic trance from which he emerged to refuse fish.

"Good morning, Ellen. How is Dr. Pawley?"

"He's in bed, miss. Won't you come in out of the sun?"

Cicely followed her into the drawing-room, which seemed deliciously cool. The windows had been shut to keep out the heat. Through them Cicely could see the garden sloping upward to the temple. War had respected this sanctuary. It looked as it had always looked, meticulously ordered. And the drawing-room presented the same prim demeanour. Surely the parlourmaid was mistaken. In a minute the dear old bachelor would hasten in, full of sympathy and affection, taking both her hands in his, bending down, perhaps, to kiss her forehead, the customary salute when she was a child. To distract her, he would show her some "find," a bit of glass or porcelain, upon which he would hold forth with whimsical enthusiasm.

Cicely sat down. She was in no hurry; she wanted full particulars.

"It's his heart, miss."

"You are frightening me, Ellen."

"It's much better, miss. It's the old trouble come back. Me and cook said it would. With rest, he'll be himself again. You see, miss, when trouble came to the Hall—and about that I ask you to accept my respectful sympathy——"

"Thank you, Ellen."

"When trouble came to the Hall, it came to the village. We've had a lot of sickness. And the doctor single-handed . . ."

"A number of our people employ Dr. Snitterfield."

Ellen sniffed.

"Only them as has to, miss. Well, just a week ago, the master fainted as he was

lacing of his boots. But he went about his work just the same. He fainted again when he was taking them off. For an hour, miss, he sat huddled-up like in his chair, white as death and shivering. I give him brandy and put hot bottles to his feet. His orders, miss. I had to help put him to bed."

"I'm sure you did everything you could."

"Yes, miss, with the tears streaming down my face. That night me and cook looked out our black."

"But, heavens! surely you sent for a doctor?"

"Yes, miss. Not—Dr. Snitterfield. I sent a telegram to Mr. Grimshaw."

"Mr. Grimshaw?" The name literally smote her. "But he's in France."

"Oh, no, miss. Mr. Grimshaw is ill too."

Pelion piled upon Ossa!

"What next?" gasped Cicely.

"Mr. Grimshaw ain't confined to his bed, miss. It seems he got invalided home with malaria or trench fever, something or other that jumps on and off."

"Yes, yes; please go on. You wired for Mr. Grimshaw, and he couldn't come?"

"Bless you, miss, he ain't like that. He came by the next train from London. The master brightened up the instant minute he saw him. And Mr. Grimshaw had his own way with him, you may be sure. And, of course, he took on Dr. Pawley's other cases. He's in the dispensary now. I dare-say, miss, you'd like to see Mr. Grimshaw?"

Cicely could have shrieked at her: "Not for the world!" Grimshaw's presence in the house, the fact that he was within forty feet of her, that he was ill, that his fine work in France had been cut short, probably ended . . . these accumulative surprises simply ravaged her. She wanted to bolt out of the house, to hide herself in the bracken, to think, think, think, till order evolved itself out of chaos.

Instead, she said faintly:

"Of course I will see Mr. Grimshaw. Please tell him that I am here."

"Very good, miss."

Ellen swept out. She had a nose—what servant has not?—for a situation. Something in Cicely's face had stimulated curiosity. As she hurried to the dispensary, detached from the house, she wondered vaguely whether there had been "carryings-on" between Miss Chandos and Mr. Grimshaw. Quite likely, she decided.

Cicely rose from her chair and stared at herself in a sunburnt mirror above the

## THE QUIVER

mantelpiece. She bit her lips and slapped her cheeks, miserably conscious that such actions were humiliating and condemnatory. Why was she pale and trembling?

Fortunately for her—or perhaps the gods took pity—Grimshaw was preparing a tincture that exacted time and attention. Several minutes elapsed before he entered the room. Cicely, meanwhile, had recovered her self-possession.

"I am so glad to see you," she said.

Sapphira might have envied her!

Nevertheless, the first glance at Grimshaw's face was devastating. He was thin and haggard; he had lost weight; he had lost entirely the bloom of youth. Contrasting him with Wilverley, he seemed to be all angles and irregularities. The bones of his face had become sharply prominent.

Grimshaw spoke nervously but incisively:

"You can guess, Miss Chandos, that I cannot say what I feel. Your brother has made the supreme sacrifice. My sympathy is for you, not for him. There are moments when I envy him. I have seen the best go joyously, as if it were, as perhaps it is, the last and greatest adventure . . ." He changed his tone, adopting the professional note: "Pray don't alarm yourself about Dr. Pawley. The trouble has been acute; I cannot disguise from you that it is organic. He is perfectly aware of this. It means, to speak frankly, that his working life is over. There is no reason why he shouldn't enjoy many years of leisure."

"Thank you."

"I hope to get him downstairs in a day or two. It will do him good to see his friends. I need hardly add that he has accepted the situation with courage and common sense."

A slight pause followed. Cicely said quietly:

"Can you tell me something about yourself?"

He shrugged his thin shoulders.

"A month ago I was given my walking-papers. A nasty jolt! No man living, as yet, can lay his finger upon the bacillus that expects me to furnish him and his family with board and lodging. He is, I believe, a tropical beast. Anyhow, I have him in hand. He is less obstreperous. Ultimately, he and his brood will perish. The English climate will wipe him out."

"Ought you to be working here?"

"Oh, yes. The reasonable exercise of my profession does me good. In France, when a convoy of wounded came in, we had to

stick it till the last case. Here I can cosset myself."

"You . . . you are thinking of staying on?"

"Yes. That is understood between Dr. Pawley and me. He urged it. And I have paid a premium which now I can't afford to forfeit." Suddenly, his voice brightened, he seemed to speak naturally, sincerely:

"You remember you promised to work with me?" She nodded. "I am looking forward to that. We shan't be idle." He laughed, as he added: "I hear from Mrs. Rockram that you are an experienced nurse."

"A bottlewasher. Still . . . I learnt a lot at Wilverley."

"How is Lady Selina?"

Without thinking, Cicely answered:

"Mother is wonderful. She is almost herself again. Poor dear! she will be terribly upset when she hears about more sickness in Upworthy."

Grimshaw, rather astonished at her light manner, said quietly:

"I feared that Brian's death would overwhelm her."

"It did, it did. But . . ."

"Yes?"

She flushed. The truth must be told; and a desperate desire possessed her to tell it, to put it behind her, to face this man bravely and secure him as a friend. He would be hurt if she went away, leaving him to hear the story from another. She assured herself that he had never cared.

"Yesterday, Mr. Grimshaw, Lord Wilverley asked me to become his wife."

"Ah!"

The sharp exclamation escaped him. Instantly she knew. As instantly he recovered himself. But telepathy had been established. *He did care!* He had always cared. Intuition revealed everything. Fate had ordained that they should meet just twenty-four hours too late.

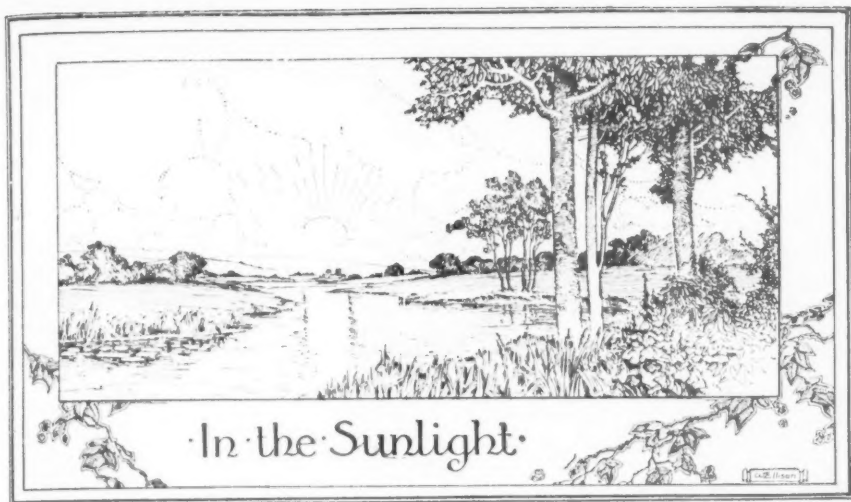
"I accepted him," she continued calmly, wondering at her power of dissimulation. "And that has consoled Mother tremendously. This morning she is another woman."

"I wish you all happiness, Miss Chandos." His voice was as calm as hers. "From the little I saw of Lord Wilverley, I can congratulate you with all my heart; and him."

She walked back to the Manor with slow, reluctant steps. The brook that flows between maidenhood and womanhood had been passed.

(End of Chapter Six)





## In the Sunlight.

“1920”

By  
John Oxenham

**A**NOTHER milestone passed! This time last year we were all rejoicing that the most horrible episode in the world's history had at long last come to an end. And we hoped that with the disappearance of the German menace and the inauguration of the League of Nations would begin the wider and loftier life for which the world had fought so long and ardently.

Twelve months have sped and the world is still in a state of chaos, with new manifestations of the general unrest breaking out in some quarter of it almost every day.

### Disappointment

We must all confess to disappointment at the slow evolution of the better times. Perhaps we expected too much and the coming of it too quickly. We had never experienced such a convulsion before—for which we may be devoutly thankful. And we, at all events, are not likely ever to experience such again—for which once more we may be thankful. Whether our children, or our children's children, shall be subjected to experiences a thousand times more awful even than those through which we have

come depends very largely on us—all over the world—of the present generation.

Unless we so finally settle matters, and rearrange life on its only proper basis, the future does not bear thinking about. It will contain horrors beyond our uttermost imaginings. It is for us to avert them. Our eyes are opened to some, at all events, of the possibilities of another world war. And the hearts and minds of all thinking men and women know perfectly well where safety lies.

### The Little Leaven

If the little leaven still in the world can succeed in leavening the rest of the vast inchoate mass the world will be saved. If not, it will go hurling on to destruction, and its end is more certain than to-morrow.

The energetic struggle of Labour for its fairer share of the amenities of life and a place in the sun, is in the natural order of things. It has been kept under and denied its rights altogether too long, as we are all perfectly aware. The distress and inconveniences we have suffered from its ebullitions are small compared with what it has borne for generations. We may be thankful

## THE QUIVER

again that the national common sense has restrained it from getting entirely out of bounds, as has happened elsewhere. Times are difficult, and life is not for any of us the easy business it used to be. But it might be very much worse. And it rests with *us*—more than that, it devolves upon *us* as a duty we may not shirk—to make it very much better.

### The Only Way

There is only one way, and more and more one is impressed with that fact. Only one way—and that The Way of Him who said "I am The Way." And never, in the whole history of the world, was He more vitally needed in the life of the world than now.

Bring Christ back into the world—accept and practise His Way of life as the only possible way, and the world will be saved and its place assured for time and after.

Politicians may talk and talk till they are black in the face and lost in the mazes of their own sophistries; and Labour leaders may argue and dispute till they obtain more than the business of the country can stand,—but it will all end in the same chaos unless and until they come to the simple solid foundation of Right as the bed-rock of all their platforms—to the adoption of Christ's way as the one and only way of life.

See now, my brothers—  
One and all  
We met the Call  
With hearts unbreakable,

And bore the brunt  
Of woes unspeakable.  
But—on in front—  
Just on in front—  
Lie depths of horror and distress,  
Foul pits of utter ugliness,  
Of misery and wretchedness,  
Beyond the power of man to express—  
Unless!—

Unless!—

One only way there is by which this load  
Of coming ill may yet be turned to good—  
One—only—way—

*Come back to God!*

No laws, no cleverness, no statesmanship  
Of man can save the world and with new life  
equip;

One Power alone—

*Come back to God,*

*And His allegiance own!*

Cast out the evils that our souls debased!  
Cleanse out Life's temple! Sweep it clean  
and chaste!

Let His fair image be no more defaced!—  
*Come back to God!*

*Come back to God!—*

The only road by which the coming ill  
May yet be turned to good,—

*Come back to God!*

*Come back to God!*



### Prayer

With all our hearts and minds we pray  
Thee, Lord, to turn the heart of the world  
to Thyself again. Establish now Thy  
Kingdom here on earth. May the hearts  
of all men the world over look to Christ  
as their one sure hope in the days  
that are upon us. For in Him and in  
His way lies our only hope. For His  
sake, Amen!



# NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

## Dainty Work for Winter Evenings

*Centrepiece, Lace with Corner, and Nightdress Case*

### The "Daisy" Centrepiece

(WORKED IN TATTING)

ABBREVIATIONS: d.s., double stitch; ch., chain; p., picot; r., ring; sep., separate.

USE No. 10 crochet thread.

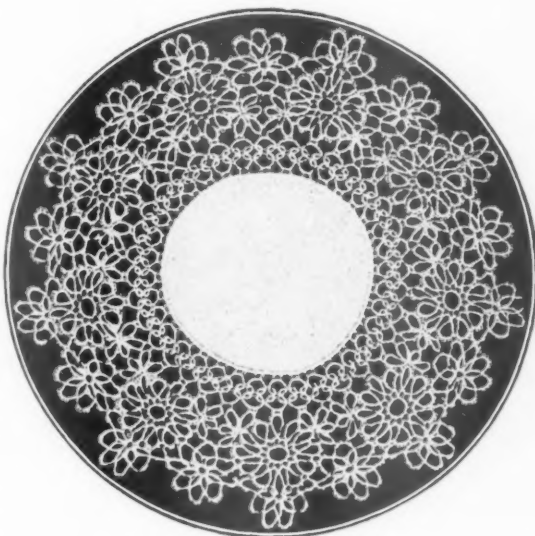
INSERTION.—1st row.—Ring 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; r. 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; ch. 5 d.s., p., 4 d.s., p., 5 d.s.; repeat 36 times, joining 3rd r. to 2nd, 5th r. to 4th, etc.  
2nd row.—Repeat 1st row, joining rings in group of 4.

WHEEL.—Ring 3 d.s., 11 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s., close; tie thread to form 12th p., ch. 2 d.s., \* r. 8 d.s., 7 p. sep. by 2 d.s., 8 d.s., close; ch. 2 d.s., join to centre r., 2 d.s., repeat from \* until there are 12 outside rings, join 1 r. by 2 p. to insertion, also join last r. to 1st r.; r. 7 d.s., join to centre p. of wheel next to r. joining insertion, 7 d.s., join insertion, 4 d.s., join insertion, 7 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; r. 6 d.s., join last r., 7 d.s., join next p. in insertion, 5 d.s., small p., 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; r. 6 d.s., join last p., 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; r. 6 d.s., join last p., 7 d.s., p., 7 d.s., join wheel, leaving 1 ring between where this motif joins wheel and 1st joining, 7 d.s., close; tie and fasten to centre p. of r. between 2 joinings on wheel; repeat on next wheel, joining 2nd and 3rd rings of motifs.

MEDALLION (on outside between wheels).

—\* Ring 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., long p., 6 d.s., p., 6 d.s., close; ch. 5 d.s., 5 p. sep. by 2 d.s., 5 d.s.; \* repeat, making 8 centre rings, joining 1st and 2nd picots. Join to wheels and to motifs just made.

Start half medallion with chain, fastened to last and 1st open p. in 4th and 5th rings of wheel, counting from where it joins the insertion. Continue, using centre p. of r. of wheel (opposite where wheel joins insertion), as centre p. of half medallion. Join to medallion by 2nd and 3rd p. in 1st ch. Make 5 rings and 6 chains.



The "Daisy" Centrepiece

### Crochet Lace with Corner

ABBREVIATIONS: ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dtr., double treble; blk., block; ho., hole.

WORK with Arden's Crochet Cotton, No. 20, and a steel hook, size 3½.

Make a foundation of 53 chain.

1st row.—Miss seven, 4 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 10 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss

## THE QUIVER

two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 4 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 4 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 4 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.

2nd row.—Always turn with 5 ch. till further notice, 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

3rd row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 5 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

4th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 3 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

5th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 3 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

6th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 5 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

7th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

8th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

9th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

10th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 4 blk., 4 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

11th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

12th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

13th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

14th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 4 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

15th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk.,

1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

16th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

17th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

18th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 5 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

19th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

20th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

21st row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 5 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

22nd row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

23rd row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

24th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

25th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 4 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

26th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

27th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

28th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

29th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 4 blk., 4 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

30th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

31st row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

Repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row till enough of the insertion is finished.

Begin the corner after the 14th row.

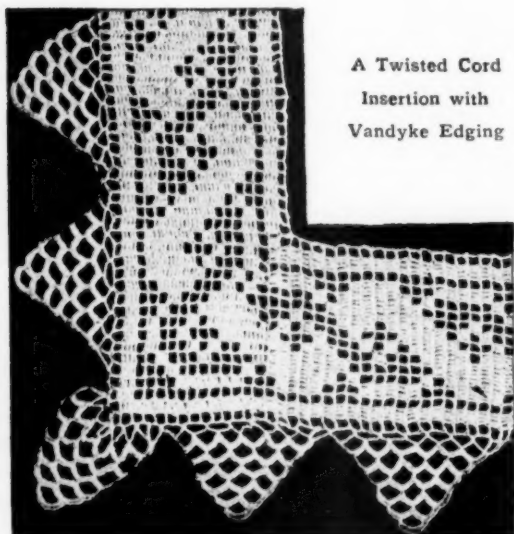
1st row (of Corner).—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., turn.

2nd row.—5 ch., 1 blk. (on blk.), 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

3rd row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

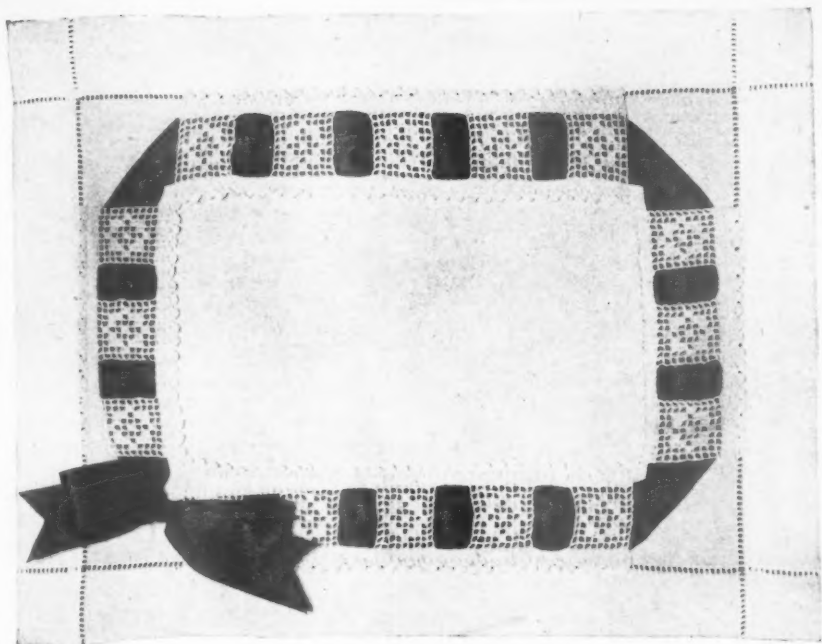
4th row.—1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 5 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

5th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.



A Twisted Cord  
Insertion with  
Vandyke Edging

## NEEDLECRAFT SECTION



The bands of insertion with ribbon threaded form an attractive method of making a strong Nightdress Case

6th row.—5 ch., 1 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

7th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 5 blk., 1 ho.

8th row.—5 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

9th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk.

10th row.—2 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

11th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 1 blk.

12th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 6 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

13th row.—5 ch., 1 blk., 4 ho., 6 blk., 2 ho.

14th row.—5 ch., 11 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

15th row.—5 ch., 13 blk.

16th row.—5 ch., 13 ho. Fasten off.

Turn the insertion round and join on the thread again at the outer edge in the corner of first five ch. of the last row. Work along the end of the last sixteen rows.

1st row.—5 ch., 1 blk., along the side of the nearest blk., 2 ho., 4 blk. (1 in ho., 3 in

edges of the next three blk. rows), 4 ho., over the next four rows, 1 blk. in side of blk., 1 ho., 2 blk. in the last two ho. Work slip-stitch into the top of the blk. to the left and up into the corner of the 5-chain ho. above it, *turn*, and work the 30th row of insertion, beginning with 2 ch. instead of five, miss one blk., 1 blk. on blk. as usual. Work the 31st, then repeat from the 2nd row.

The lace is worked into the outer row of holes of the insertion. Begin with a corner piece.

1st row.—Fasten the thread into the fourth loop from the corner hole (inclusive) with 1 d.c., then 7 ch., 1 d.c. into the next hole three times, 7 ch., 1 d.c. again in the corner hole, 7 ch., 1 d.c. in the next hole twice, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the next hole, *turn*.

2nd row.—7 ch., 1 d.c. into the next six loops of seven ch., *turn*.

3rd row.—11 d.c. into each loop till the last is reached, in which put 6 d.c., *turn*.

4th row.—\* 7 ch., 1 d.c. into the middle d.c. of the next loop; repeat from \* to the

## THE QUIVER

end, *turn*. Work the 3rd and 4th rows five times more, making one loop fewer each time. When one loop is left at the point work 11 d.c. into it, then 6 d.c. into next half-filled loop down the side of vandyke five times, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into the next free hole along the insertion. This finishes a corner.

To continue the lace along the side, work on with 7 ch., miss one hole of the insertion, 1 d.c. into the next hole six times, then 3 ch., 1 dtr. into the next hole but one, *turn*, and work as in the corner, beginning at the 2nd row of it.

When near another corner miss a hole of the insertion now and then, or put two loops near together (as may be needed) to get the corner scallop in its place.

### Nightdress Case with Insertion and Ribbon

ABBREVIATIONS: ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; blk., block.

USE cotton No. 20 for the ordinary make, or No. 40 if "Peri-Lusta" is preferred. About 2½ yards of ribbon 1½ inches wide are also required.

Begin with 44 ch.

1st row.—Miss 7, 4 tr., \* 2 ch., miss 2, 1 tr.; repeat 7 times from \*, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. at end.

2nd row.—5 ch., 4 tr. on tr. (Every row begins thus and ends with 4 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. Further directions will refer only to the stitches between the side blocks of 4 ch.) 2 ch. and 1 tr. 3 times, 2 ch., 4 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. 3 times, then 2 ch. and the 4 tr. as above described. (The 2 ch. and 1 tr. will be described as 1 hole and the 4 tr. as 1 blk. in future.)

3rd row.—2 holes, 2 blks., 1 hole, 2 blks., 2 holes.

4th row.—2 holes, 1 blk., 3 holes, 1 blk., 2 holes.

5th row.—1 hole, 1 blk., 2 holes, 1 blk., 2 holes, 1 blk., 1 hole.

6th row.—Like 4th row

7th row.—Like 3rd.

8th row.—4 holes, 1 blk., 4 holes.

9th row.—9 holes.

10th row.—26 ch. between side blocks.

11th and 12th rows.—Like 10th row.

13th row.—12 ch., 1 d.c. over the three preceding lines of ch., 12 ch.

14th row.—26 ch.

15th row.—9 holes, missing 2 ch. between each tr.

16th row.—4 holes, 1 blk., 4 holes.

Repeat from beginning of 3rd row.

After 5 squares have been made work 44 ch. without breaking off the thread and start the insertion again. Continue till 3 squares are done. Make 44 ch., and work 5 squares, 44 ch. again, and 3 squares. Fasten off, after linking the last stitch to the first stitch of the insertion, with care not to get the work twisted.

Work the following row round all the inside bands of insertion without a break. The outer edges have to be worked separately.

Begin with 1 d.c. in first hole, \* 4 ch., 4 tr. in the first of the 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next hole, 1 d.c. in next hole; repeat from \* throughout.

Tack the bands of insertion into place on the flap of the nightdress case, then carry a double band of sewing with fine thread along the back, making the stitches at each edge of the insertion for ribbon in one row and just inside the tufts of the edge in the other row. Leave the ends of the insertion free; run in the ribbon; turn it over at the corners and finish with a smartly tied bow.







### **Modern Fiction**

**W**ITH all respects to current literature, how often do you alight on a modern novel that is really worth reading? I do not even ask for a book that can be read twice over or for a work of genius fit to find its place among the classics; but how often do we come across a story that we can read right through with genuine pleasure and profit? Certainly when we make discoveries of this kind we want to proclaim them from the housetops.

I have just been reading Robert Hichens' latest book, "Mrs. Marden," and, finding it miles above the average library volume, I am naturally tempted to quote it to my friends. Mind you, my friends may not agree with me. A good book, like a good dress, is a matter of taste. One good lady I lent the book to said it was "morbid." This, I presume, was because the heroine died in the last chapter; but, as I have said, it is a matter of taste, and I found "Mrs. Marden" not only interesting, but a useful guide to the mental processes of the times, an insight into the soul of an average person during the passions and sorrows of a world at war.



### **A "Frivolous" Woman**

Mrs. Marden is a "fashionable" woman, a selfish butterfly, a light skimmer of the cream of life. So, at least, she seems when we are first introduced to her. She has lost her husband, and has not deeply felt his loss. What love of God or man she has is wrapped up in her only son, a young man like-minded with herself, and, like her, a

butterfly on the surface of life. War breaks out, and the only son, who is in the Guards, departs—gaily, as for some other new adventure. Mrs. Marden throws herself into "war work"—that is, she attends society functions, sells programmes at war-charity concerts and bazaars, and generally "sacrifices" herself with great success. In fact, the war "makes" her, socially.



### **The Great Crash**

Then comes the great crash. Her son, the idol of her heart, is killed. At once the whole edifice of her life is struck, and too late she realises that it is a life built without foundation. Of course, she cannot "carry on" with her "war work": programme-selling is no occupation for a broken heart. At first she is dazed, and then, as life still goes on, she instinctively looks about for comfort and a new foundation for life.

How typical this is of hundreds and thousands during the war! If only she—and the thousands she typifies—had some definite and real religious belief the flood of healing would come into the soul, and the heart, even amidst its pain, would find peace. But Mrs. Marden, despite her very occasional church attendance, has no real belief, and in this it is to be feared she merely represents too large a proportion of the modern crowd. True, she tries to do the proper thing. She goes to church, but the whole thing is artificial, mechanical, cold—and in this, too, it is to be feared that Mrs. Marden's experience is no isolated one.

Whither shall she turn?

## **THE QUIVER**

### **Among the Spiritualists**

A friend urges Spiritualism. She (the friend) has lost a son in the war, but, by means of Spiritualism, she has at last come into contact with him again. She has pierced the veil, has had intercourse with the "dead," and henceforth "death" is but a transitory thing, and faith is triumphant.

Mrs. Marden, despite her surface frivolity, has a keenly critical mind, and it is very interesting to trace the resistance of her intellect to the sweeping claims of Spiritualism. At last, however, even she is convinced she renews her life by "intercourse" with her lost son beyond the grave. Her joy is unspeakable.

If the book ended there, **THE QUIVER** readers might take me to task for recommending it. But it doesn't. Bitter disappointment follows. It would take me too long to tell how the medium on whom Mrs. Marden has reposed her faith fails, and is completely and ruthlessly exposed. The whole story of the "medium" in this book is a clever and sympathetic study of psychology and human nature. But the man breaks down completely on the one crucial test that means all in all, and he confesses himself a hypocrite and a sham.

Once again the soul of Mrs. Marden is in travail. The hope which Spiritualism gave her is removed, and the darkness is a thousand times darker than before.

### **In Strange Guise**

And then comes the messenger of God in strange guise—mysterious, agonising pain. The bitter experiences through which she has passed, the mind-straining and nerve-destroying effects which, it is to be feared, are often the outcome of an ordinary person's dabbling with the occult, produce a mortal disease. She is at length prevailed upon to see a doctor. She learns her fate, and accepts it with all the stoicism of her class. She knows she is doomed to die, and she awaits the end.

Then follows Pain. Hitherto her symptoms have been more in the way of general weakness than of actual distress. But sharp, agonising Pain claims its place, and with it comes a voice from the darkness, a veritable revelation of the Maker of Man. It is impossible in short compass to describe how this takes place, how gradually the conviction of God's presence makes itself felt

to the seeking soul. One must read the book for oneself. But the woman dies at last in the sure conviction of God's presence and in the light of His revelation.

### **Not Complete by Old Standards**

Now, there may be much in Robert Hichens' book that the orthodox church member will take exception to. The faith achieved by Mrs. Marden at the end is, after all, vague and undogmatic. The generation before the present one would have demanded a catechism and a creed, duly formulated and inscribed. We are more modest nowadays, and by no means sure that truth can be brought within the compass of a form of words. The point is that Mrs. Marden found faith, a faith sufficiently strong to carry her over the great void.

The rival attractions of the Church and Spiritualism are dispassionately displayed in this clever work, and if Mrs. Marden finds the Church cold and formal, and Spiritualism dangerously attractive, is not the author quite right in pointing out the facts?

### **A Present-Day Aspect**

Robert Hichens may not have a "new religion" to unfold, but he is certainly right in portraying, under the frivolity, gaiety and unbelief of the present generation, a very earnest desire to seek the truth and to believe in it. One of the curiosities of the present-day position is the intense interest which exists in religion—outside the church, coupled with the very trifling interest in the things of the spirit too often displayed within the church. It is possible, all too possible, to step inside the portals of a church and find the religion so half-heartedly preached as formal, cold and unconvincing as that which in eighteenth-century England formed the prelude to the revival of Wesley and Whitefield. It may be we are on the eve of a revival different from but as wide-sweeping as that which founded the Methodist churches. We cannot tell. But Robert Hichens' "Mrs. Marden" is one other sign, added to many more, that the heart of the people, torn and riven by the world strife and led astray by the purveyors of new religions, is yet earnestly seeking and striving after the true God. Who shall lead this great people once more to faith and good works is a question only history can

## HAS EDUCATION FAILED ?

answer. The Great War has come and gone, the great wave of idealism that at first accompanied it has waned; the selfishness, the hatred, the littleness that is innate in human life is with us yet again. The world sighs for Peace, our statesmen call

for greater production. Perhaps it would be as well for the earnest man and woman, during these coming days of 1920, to pray for prophets to show us the light.

*The Editor*

## Has Education Failed ?

Some Opinions  
from  
Our Readers

Many letters were received on this subject. The prize of £2 2s. is awarded to Mr. John Oriel, whose reply is printed below.

### Has Education Failed ? No !

MR. ARTHUR BROOKE'S article boldly asserts that education has failed. He complains that boys entering business houses are profoundly ignorant. A manager has no more right to expect a boy to be a fully trained commercial clerk than an engineer has to expect the same boy to be an expert fitter. Nor has a farmer any right to expect a boy of tender years, fresh from school, to be able to manage his ill-tempered nag. Children have to be prepared for all vocations, and not any particular one.

Does Mr. Brooke seriously wish us to believe that education has failed because he stumbled across half a dozen men in the Army who could not write their own names? As well condemn a rich harvest because six grains of seed have fallen on stony ground and failed to produce fruit. Did Mr. Brooke ascertain the school records of these men? They may never have entered a school, or might have been extremely irregular. How had the veteran of sixty employed his leisure hours after leaving school—if he ever entered one? Education aims at giving all men and women an equal chance in life. It is their own responsibility if they neglect the education received at school. . . .

On the credit side I submit that our modern system of education has—

(1) Produced a generation of youths who sprang to arms to meet the most highly organised army that the world has ever seen.

(2) It has assisted in developing a patriotism which enabled our men to stand firm—to die where they stood—when confronted by overwhelming odds. This lofty patriotism enabled our men to place their love for King and Country before their love for their dear ones at home.

(3) It has helped to develop an adaptability which has frequently been commended by our highest military authorities. Our recruits displayed initiative and enterprise when confronted by difficult positions, that were at once the envy and admiration of their enemies.

(4) It has enabled the man in the street to detect the evil practices of the unprincipled profiteer.

(5) It has enabled the working-man's son to reach the University, and graduate with the highest honours.

(6) It has enabled hundreds of thousands of boys and girls to secure positions to which they could not otherwise hope to have attained.

(7) It has produced the present generation of highly qualified and skilled teachers who staff our elementary and, in many cases, secondary schools.

(8) It has produced a "tone" in the average home which could not otherwise have been secured.

Has it ever occurred to us what our country would be like *without* education? In my opinion the well-organised, well-staffed school, with a God-fearing headmaster in command, is one of the greatest influences for good in the world.

JOHN ORIEL, B.A.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As a teacher in an elementary school, I am very much interested in the article "Has Education Failed?" I should like to ask the writer:

*First*—Why do we always hear of the office boy who cannot spell, or the factory girl who cannot read or write? Why not of the thousands who have done well—those who have gone ahead and taken degrees, B.A., B.Sc., D.Sc., etc.? Every child has the opportunity of winning a scholarship, and can go from the elementary school right through to the University. Go through any office, bank, the large army of teachers themselves, and ask how many have *not* been in an elementary school, and I do not fear the result.

*Second*—The writer speaks of too many subjects being taught. Well, we know it, and if we were to try to teach everything the man in the newspaper thinks we ought—e.g. tying knots, kicking orange-peel off the pavement, Esperanto and manners—we should require the child in school to work double the hours the working-man has put forward in his latest demands.

*Third*—Will the writer go the round of the cinemas in the evening, note the number of children coming out of the first performance and waiting to go into the second, and ask himself what chance has the teacher the next morning with the over-tired, nerve-strained brains of the children in such dull things as grammar, spelling or arithmetic?

I, too, have come across soldiers in hospital who could not read or write. I discovered, in the case of young men, they had managed somehow or other to dodge the attendance officers and consequently had very seldom been in a school. The older ones had gone straight from school to manual labour, and had little or no occasion to write letters until the war took them from home.

*Lastly* (and optimistically)—Has the writer been round the evening schools, institutes, polytechnics, etc., this winter? He will find them crowded out with enthusiastic young people, eager for instruction in every imaginable subject. I think I can safely say that 99 per cent. of these lads and girls started their education in an elementary school. I admit there are failures such as the writer speaks of in his article, but it is utterly impossible to supply the pupil with brains.

EDUCATIONALIST.

# Lad's Love— and After

A Love Story  
By  
Mollie Kennedy

A LAD'S shrill whistle rang out through the darkness; the girl started, coloured, moved uneasily, cast a look at the clock, and closed the book she had been pretending to read. She looked towards the two men who were seated at the table at the other end of the room, a green-shaded lamp upon the table, books, a microscope, dissecting trays within reach, then rose and walked towards them.

"I think I will go to bed, Grandfather," she said, but the colour flamed again in her cheeks as she met the frank gaze of the younger man.

The old doctor drew out his watch.

"So early?" he queried. "Why, it is scarcely ten o'clock."

"I am tired," she said, "and you are both busy. Good night, Grandfather," and she bent to kiss him. "Good night, Doctor Graham," she added.

He rose, and under pretence of opening the door for her, gazed direct into her eyes.

"Nancy," he whispered warningly.

She flashed him one glance of defiance, the door closed, he sighed and returned to his seat, but for a few minutes he seemed to pay no heed to the bacilli they had been examining. Fascinating though the study was to him, a pair of blue eyes could at times prove distracting and disturbing, and for a second or two he leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes.

But it was not of bacilli he dreamed, and the possibilities of a new cult no longer seemed the most interesting thing on earth.

The shrill whistle rang out again; he started, his keen grey eyes lit up with sudden animation, and he looked at the old man, intent on a slide.

"I am afraid I am like Nancy," he said. "I am growing tired. If you don't mind I'll have a cigarette out-side."

The old doctor looked up with a good-humoured smile.

"Oh, you young folks," he said. "We old ones can beat you, after all."

He laid down a sheet of paper on which he had been writing, his neat, minute calligraphy as clear as the type of a printed page.

"I think I'll just finish these jottings," he said. "To-morrow night I shall be tired, and we shall both be late."

The young man nodded, unlatched the French window and stepped out into the night, but he was careful to drop the curtain behind him so that no stream of light escaped across the sweep of gravel which led to the orchard spaces.

He did not light a cigarette; indeed, he stood for a moment irresolute; then, stepping aside, he seemed to be swallowed up in the shadows, but he waited there, his eyes straining to pierce the half light beyond, his ears alert to catch the slightest sound.

It was a May night, and the young moon was veiled by fleeting masses of cloud, the wind was in the west and threatened rain, but the scent of lilacs was in the air, the warm perfume of brown gillyflowers was wafted to him as he waited, and he could see clusters of forget-me-nots blossoming at his feet. It was a whim of Nancy's to have forget-me-nots edging all the borders; and it was a fancy of the old doctor, her grandfather, to have great clumps of golden-brown and red wallflowers filling up all nooks and corners in the garden. He remembered at that moment that a robin's nest was in the bank beyond him; he had discovered it that morning, and he had meant to tell Nancy; he wondered if by chance she had found it out that day.

In the eastern sky, from which the scudding clouds had for a few moments flown, Mars blazed, yellow, tinged with faint gleams of red; the west wind, with its promise of rain, stirred the sweetbrier bushes, bringing out all their scent, the baby leaves in their newness holding a faint but beautiful aroma; and nesting starlings stirred in the ivy. Then another

## LAD'S LOVE—AND AFTER

sound reached his ears, the soft, swishing noise of a woman's gown.

He bit his lips, stood motionless, as tripping lightly past him, so close that he could have touched her had he chosen, Nancy Fleming ran lightly down the lawn, opened the little wicket gate leading to the orchard, and vanished among the trees.

Away in the hollow owls hooted, there was a faint twittering in the ivy, and the young man's pulses stirred.

"Who is she meeting?" he muttered, listened, then cautiously moved forward. He looked up at her window from which no light shone, and just then the moon shone out from the scudding clouds, lighting up the pink and whiteness of the blossoming trees, and a little breeze sent a shower of petals hastening.

Dr. Graham did not open the wicket gate, but chose another pathway leading to the same place where he imagined this tryst, if such it was, would be. He was right in his surmise. Nancy Fleming stood at the bottom of the apple orchard, and she did not stand alone. The young doctor sighed, his brows drew together in a sharp frown, then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It is no business of mine," he told himself, but at the same time he set his lips firmly. He was not near enough to hear a single word of the conversation, but that the two who stood there were lovers there seemed not the slightest doubt. After a minute or two he stole back as silently as he had come. "It is no business of mine," he said

again, and he stepped back within the shelter of the shrubs and waited.

Owls hooted, answering one another from the distance, gradually coming nearer; the ivy leaves rustled, sleepy birds cheeped, and the air seemed full of love murmurs. Sap was rising, young fern fronds slowly unrolling, blossoms bursting; it was Maytide, a right proper month for lovers.

Presently a light footstep sounded on the grass, and he turned expectantly.

"Nancy," he said in a quiet voice as she reached him, and he saw her start violently.



"She flashed him one glance of defiance"

Drawn by  
B. Vedder



## THE QUIVER

"How dare you spy upon me?" she cried, her bosom heaving.

"Nancy," he said in a very quiet voice, its quiet surprising him, "I want to ask you one thing. Do you care for that man—or is it"—he paused, and seemed to weigh his words—"is it just merry make-believe with you, after all?"

"Dr. Graham, I do not understand what you mean," she said proudly.

"Nancy," he cried, "don't be angry, but answer me this. You have let a man make love to you—you have let him kiss you—no, stop, you shall hear me—tell me this—do you care, or is it just Maytide and merry make-believe?"

"Child," he continued, "for you are only a child, Nancy, there is such a thing as lad's love, and there is lass's love too. But, Nancy, there is something more—there is man's love, and there is the love of a woman which is all wonderful and passing strange."

"Don't talk poetry!" she cried. "I hate it. Besides," and she laughed, "poetry and bacilli don't agree. You had better by far stick to the bacilli."

With a scornful little laugh she turned and went into the house.

Dr. Graham had been two years with the old doctor, and when he came Nancy was sixteen. She was eighteen now, as wilful a piece of budding womanhood as ever was created to torment mankind, but her very wilfulness was part of her charm. One could not be angry with Nancy Fleming, although she might provoke and tease, and from the first the young doctor had fallen under her spell. But he made one mistake. He treated her as a child, an almost grown-up child, it is true, but still a child, and Nancy resented it. She liked to think she was a woman, and since she had been her grandfather's housekeeper she had taken on little airs and graces which amused the old man, and at the same time fascinated Graham.

She was an orphan, and the old man was the only friend she had, but he was too much wrapped up in the medical treatise he was writing and in his patients to trouble much about his new charge beyond seeing that she had what she needed so far as her bodily wants were concerned. He certainly made no attempt to understand her, and Nancy went her own sweet way. The

old man forgot she was growing up fast, and still looked upon her as the child of sixteen. It was Dr. Graham, his new assistant, who understood and refused to show Nancy he recognised she was growing up. Nancy had liked him at first, had shared all her girlish pursuits with him, talked freely, and then had come a sudden change. She grew shy, chattered no longer, and Dr. Graham guessed that lad's love lay at the bottom of this.

"She will get past that sort of thing," he said.

So the girl was left to her own resources all through the blustering March evenings, the two men busy over test tubes, slips of culture, scraps of data and all the technical paraphernalia of the medical savant. Dr. Graham was keenly interested; he was young, but fresh from a big industrial centre where he had rubbed shoulders with some of the clever men of the age, and the old man, to whom research work in a certain direction had always proved fascinating, was drawn into its web again, and the two worked together evening after evening, all through the tender April twilight, whilst the sap was rising, birds mating, and the tender hubbub of love was in the air.

Nancy grew restless, without understanding why; she took to roaming outside in the twilight dusk, and watched the saffron of sundown till Venus and Jupiter gemmed the April skies, and by the time that Dr. Graham awoke to what was going on, when the birches and larches had just begun their greening, and the anthem of the willow wrens went rhyming through the April mornings, Nancy had found a lover. Dr. Graham was angry, yet hesitated. Should he speak to the old man, telling him the truth, or should he seek to persuade Nancy herself that her springtide dream must be regarded as a frolic?

But he was too late, for the morning after the little episode in the apple orchard Nancy disappeared, leaving a vague note of explanation behind.

"DEAR GRANDPA," she wrote, "I love Robert, and he loves me. We are going to get married, and I will write you from Paris. Your loving grandchild, NANCY."

"Now, who the deuce is Robert?" the old doctor asked in a puzzled tone.



## LAD'S LOVE—AND AFTER

The young man shook his head. He could not tell, for he had seen only the outlines of the man in the orchard.

Dr. Graham blamed himself for what had happened; test tubes and data had no interest for him, and the two men stared at each other that night. It was very lonely without Nancy; they missed her presence in the room, and suddenly the old man voiced his thought.

"I daresay it was lonely for her, Graham," he said. "I never remembered she was growing up."

His voice broke.

"Poor little Nancy," he muttered. "Who on earth can the scoundrel be?"

They could find out but little. A young man, an artist, had been staying in the village some months. He had left the inn that morning, taking only his bag. It must be he. The doctor shook his head.

"Poor little Nancy!" he sighed. "I begin to wish I'd gone to Paris after her myself. I've engaged Webb; he is good; but if he finds her she won't come back with him. . . ."

He was right. Webb, the famous detective, came back, but he came alone. For once he had been outwitted—and by a chit of a girl too.

The old doctor sighed and returned to the bacilli.



"Suddenly he caught her hands.  
'Nancy,' he cried"—p. 292

Drawn by  
S. Vedder

"Poor little Nancy!" he murmured three months later, when he lay dying. "Look after her, Graham, when she comes back. She will come back one day."

That had always been his conviction, and Graham promised. The old man smiled up at him.

"Ah! if she'd only take a fancy to you," he murmured. "Poor little Nancy!"

Dr. Graham stayed on, for he had become a partner with the old man, and on his death he found things had been arranged on such a basis that the whole of the prac-

## THE QUIVER

tice became his own. There was a curious proviso in the letter of instructions left behind.

"Keep Nancy's room just as it is," ran the letter. "When she comes back I want her to know that everything was left for her as before."

"When she comes back!" Dick Graham found himself repeating the words wistfully. But he saw to it that the room remained the same.

A year slipped away, and when the apple trees in the orchard were radiant with blossom the hurt in his heart grew a hundred-fold. He knew then that he had loved Nancy. Once, when a whistle reached his ears from the lane at the bottom of the orchard, he started, coloured, rose to his feet and went out. The scent of the wall-flowers met him, forget-me-nots which Nancy had planted gleamed in the dusk, and sweetbrier, wet with Maytide rain, drenched the air with its perfume. The whistling ploughboy passed on, the doctor heard the laughter of village girls and shrugged his shoulders.

"Lad's love," he muttered, and wondered why the phrase hurt.

He was busy all the summer, but the ache at his heart remained; the harvest months came and fled, and the memory of the old doctor's words swept back.

"She will come back one day," he said.

October swept in, wild and blustering, sending the reds and the browns and the bronze of the beeches drifting through the air. In the hedges wild berries gleamed red and purple, in the woods squirrels were busy collecting their winter store, and rooks sawed the air with their restless clamour. In the orchard the apples were gathered, and brown leaves fluttered to the ground, Michaelmas daisies shone pale, and yellow chrysanthemums blossomed. Dr. Graham noticed each flower as it blossomed, for it was Nancy who had planted them all, her hands had tied up each branch, and it was she who nailed back the creepers all flaunting in their autumn glory.

"I am a sentimental fool," he told himself, but he would have nothing disturbed, and the old housekeeper, who prided herself on her knowledge of men and their ways, smiled to herself.

"He was in love with Miss Nancy, if ever a man was," she said.

Towards the end of the month the weather changed, blustering storms stripping the leaves from the trees, whilst heavy rains rendered the ground sodden and forlorn. The doctor came in one evening tired, dripping wet, and the housekeeper met him in the hall.

"There's a telegram for you, sir," she said.

A change shot across his face, his eyes flashed as he tore it open.

"Tell Banks to get the car ready at once," he cried.

She laid a detaining hand on his arm, her face the picture of dismay.

"Oh, what is it, sir?" she cried. "Don't 'ee go out again. I've got a chicken roasted and just ready for the table."

He shook his head.

"Can't stop, Mrs. Dean," he said. "I can't stop to eat. I must change these wet clothes and be off. Tell Banks to get the car out at once, bid him see that the spares are all right, and to put in an extra tin of petrol. We've a good way to go."

Midway up the stairs he turned to look back at her in the hall.

"It's Miss Nancy," he cried in a queer, choked voice. "She is ill."

"Lord a mussy!" muttered Mrs. Dean as she made her way to the kitchen. "Here's a pretty kettle o' fish! Wonder what'll happen now?"

Banks grumbled, as was his wont when there was night-work to do.

"Wonder what the mischief she be up to now?" he muttered. "I allus said as she'd come back, little plague! I suppose her man have grow'd tired o' her, an' her's wrote to the doctor."

"She were nobbut a child," said the old housekeeper. "I reckon 'twill be a shock to her to know the old man be gone."

"Don't her know?" queried the chauffeur in surprise.

"Not her," she said, "for the telegram came here addressed to old master, and I little thought as it were from her till he telled me just now. No, her've sent fur the old man, an' her don't know as he's dead. I reckon there'll be a pretty to-do when her do know."

It was a dark night, and the rain came drifting down in great sheets, hissing against the screen, streaming down, hiding what was to be seen of the road, and Banks gave



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## THE QUIVER



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## LAD'S LOVE—AND AFTER

a great sigh as he unscrewed the screen and adjusted it at another angle.

"Us'll ha' to manage so," he muttered. "I can't see a step o' the way like this. T'other side o' Freppard Heath, too, it'll be woss 'cause the road lies high."

Freppard Heath was a huge common, fringing both sides of the road that ran onward at the edge of the moor, and on the other side there lay the sea. It was a bad road at the best of times, and on a wild night like this it was a thousand times worse. But the road which lay to Shank's Mill was even more difficult, and he set his lips firmly.

"Better let me take the wheel for a bit," said the doctor after a time. "I know the road pretty well."

But more and more difficult grew the way, for Shank's Mill lay in the hollow, and the waters were appreciably higher. The doctor realised that it was better to leave the car behind, and, stepping out, made his way on foot to Shank's Mill. Somewhere down in the hollow the mill stream lay, and he was doubtful over the whereabouts of the bridge, but he set his teeth hard, and struck out, wading through the rushing waters with difficulty. The white railing bordering the bridge had been swept away, but luckily the planks of the bridge were left, though the waters raced over these threatening to sweep away the supports. Through the darkness he caught the gleam of a light, and knew his journey had almost reached the end. Dripping and almost exhausted, he lumbered up against the door, knocking loudly.

A window above opened, and a woman's voice spoke.

"Grandfather," she called, "is it you?"

Dr. Graham felt his heart pounding away fast, and looked up, clutching the wall for support. It was Nancy's voice.

He called back in answer, but what he said he never knew. In a few minutes he was climbing a ladder leading to an upper storey, from which a light shone, and in another few minutes he was looking into Nancy's eyes. But no longer the Nancy he had known. Instead of the girl, here was a woman, a woman with sad eyes and pleading mouth.

"Grandfather?" she asked.

"He died last year," he responded briefly.

She gave a little cry, but that was all,

and leading the way into the adjoining room where her husband lay, she briefly explained his case. He was an artist, she had met him when cycling near Shank's Mill, where he lodged last year, they had been living in Paris some time, then his health broke down, and he expressed a desire to be back again at the old mill. So they had written, engaged the same rooms, but before they reached the place his disease took on another turn for the worse, and by the time they got to the mill he seemed to be in a dying condition. It was then she wired to her grandfather, but thinking that if asked to aid the man with whom she ran away he might not come, she substituted her own name.

She looked at Dr. Graham with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do you blame me?" she asked. "But you—why did you come—and on such a night?"

He did not speak, but something in his eyes must have told her the truth, for her face suddenly flamed.

"He is very ill," she said abruptly, and led the way to his bedside.

The man who lay there was dangerously ill; the practised eye of the doctor recognised that at once; he recognised, too, that if his life was to be spared something must be done and done quickly, and, turning to the girl, asked her quietly to unstrap his case which was fastened to his shoulders. As her hands fumbled with the strap and she felt the soaking cloth, she realised for the first time what a journey he must have had, and how dangerous it must have been. But she said nothing, only watched with beating heart as he unfastened the shining case and deftly selected what he wanted. Nor did she seek to dispute his will when he informed her almost curtly that she was better out of the room, since her presence, if his patient recovered consciousness, would prove disquieting. She obeyed, just as a child might have obeyed.

Through the night the worked, whilst outside the storm still raged and the rain beat against the window-panes with redoubled vigour. One hour—two—three passed by, yet the doctor did not cease his efforts, although the case was almost hopeless from the first. It was when a grey, windy dawn crept up, peering in at the cold rain-clouded window, that he stood upright,

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his face wet with perspiration and his hands shaking.

"No use," he muttered hopelessly. "It is no use. I must call her in. It was hopeless from the first. I feared it."

He sighed.

"Poor lad!" he whispered, looking down at the white face. "He was only a lad."

But Dr. Graham was astonished at the calm of the woman who had been a wife for more than a year, who had changed from a laughing-eyed girl to a sad-eyed woman; not even death shook that calm. Back in the old home that had been hers he paced up and down and to and fro, till the old housekeeper grew worried. The plan he had thought of seemed feasible enough, but he hesitated. Yet when the funeral was over he approached Nancy again.

"Come back to your old home," he pleaded. "Stay as long as ever you will, do just as you please—but come."

So it chanced that when November winds whistled around the surgery Nancy came home again, rather a frail, little figure in her black gown, and the doctor looked anxiously at her as she ran upstairs after greeting the housekeeper. Then the door opened suddenly, and Nancy reappeared, her eyes alight as of old.

"My room is just the same," she cried. "Not a thing has been touched—everything is exactly as I left it."

"It was your grandfather's wish," he explained. "He always said you would come back—home."

He breathed the last word, and it is doubtful if Nancy heard, but the old housekeeper glanced at him quickly.

"He loves her," she told herself. "He has always loved her, and he is a man. She has had lad's love, but his—is different."

"There are forget-me-nots planted round the borders," he said later on, when question after question had been asked and answered. "And there are wallflowers under the shrubby hedge. I cut down the sweetbrier bush—that is the only thing that is different."

"Oh, why?" she asked. "That was so sweet after the rain."

He did not tell her it was because the scent of the sweetbrier hurt him almost to tears as he remembered things that had been.

"I will plant another bush in the spring," she said.

The old woman watched the doctor.

"She has come home," she muttered to herself; "home to her woman's kingdom."

April buds were bursting, young fern fronds were slowly unrolling beneath the shrubs in the garden, the scent of growing things was in the air, when Dr. Graham spoke to the old woman who had known Nancy as a child.

"He has not been dead a year," he said. "Tell me what you think. Things cannot go on as they are."

She faced him, and her keen old eyes were bright.

"Tell her the truth," she said. "She is no longer a mere lass. She knows a man's love is what her heart craves. Besides"—she paused—"she must guess the truth. Banks has talked; he has told her how you thought it was she who needed you that night o' the storm. A woman don't forget those kind of things," she added in a soft voice.

"Where is she?" he asked quietly, but his eyes shone.

"In the garden," she answered. "She be plantin' the sweetbrier bush. It's just come."

He found Nancy smiling, and she pointed to the bush, around which she had trodden the earth.

"It wants more treading in to make the roots lie firm. You do it," she said, and watched him obey. "That's right," she added. "We've planted that."

Suddenly he caught her hands.

"Nancy," he cried, "look at me—dear!"

She looked, but it was not lad's love she read in his eyes; what she saw there must have brought her content, and the old housekeeper, watching them, sighed as she turned away.

"Lad's love—and man's love," she mused, "and some of us gets neither. It is time I went back to my work, though. Little Nancy will be happy now."





# Should the Church Provide Plays?

By Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard.

Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

(Interviewed by AGNES M. MIALL)

*The whole question of the Church and daily life is an urgent one, and Mr. Sheppard's plea for a more vital contact between Church and Man deserves sympathetic consideration*

MORE and more both clergy and laymen are coming to realise that the failure of the Churches, which the war made so evident, has a fundamental cause in their dissociation from the daily life of the people. "For Sundays only" might truthfully be the motto of many churches of all denominations, and the countless people who feel that religion should be a force that will work for their uplifting through all the petty cares and difficulties of weekday life, are not attracted to places of worship which appear to promise spiritual help but once a week.

## The Light of the Church in the "Dark Ages"

We have only to look back to the Middle Ages to see that if the Christian Church has advanced infinitely in many directions since then, as an everyday force for good it has lost ground very seriously as compared with those "dark ages." In those rude times, when life was hard indeed compared with nowadays, the Church shone as a beacon in the darkness. In matters religious or secular, Mother Church was indeed a mother to her children; from her sprang everything that was highest and most helpful in the common life of the day.

Since few but the monks could read or write, or possessed any books, the monasteries were the seats of such learning as there was, and their inhabitants the only schoolmasters. The religious houses were the taverns through all the centuries when travelling was a slow and dangerous business. Wherever the Church had its community of recluses, there the wayfarer might hasten as night drew on, sure of food, shelter and the hospitable welcome that never failed. The nuns were the only nurses, and but for their ministrations suffering and death would have been far greater than they were

in the terrible epidemics of those bygone centuries.

As the Church provided material comforts and mental food, so it was also the fountain head of the people's pleasures. In those times it was the saints' days and religious festivals on which the people made merry—note our word "holiday," with its obvious derivation from "holy day"—and it was the all-powerful authority of the Church which preserved these dates as relaxation from labour, at a period when a fortnight's annual holiday and trade unions were alike undreamed of. The very enjoyments of these festivals were provided by the clergy. All the populace knew of drama, from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, took the form of the miracle and morality plays which were acted, first actually in the churches, and later in the open air, at the great festivals of the ecclesiastical year, particularly at the feast of Corpus Christi.

In fine, the whole daily life of the population, in health and sickness, at home or abroad, working or playing, was under the direct guidance of the Church, and it is noteworthy that she was never so powerful as during this period in our history.

## Have we not Lost Something?

In losing this element of the all-pervadingness of religion in workaday life, have we not let slip something of incalculable spiritual value? Is it not primarily accountable for the way in which the Christian Churches now fail to grip people's hearts? There are many, both within and without the religious pale, who feel that this is so.

"The Churches must not be content to find their province in religion pure and simple, in services only. They must identify themselves with the very heart of the people, just as Christ did, through their work, their pleasures and all the many interests of

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their lives," says the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, and he recently made what some people consider the startling suggestion that the Churches should give a new angle to their teaching by enlisting the aid of the drama.

Mr. Sheppard is one of the "live" clergymen of the younger generation. Talking to him about this idea of his, I was struck by his evident familiarity with life as it is lived among the humbler people, his realisation of their difficulties and temptations, and his tolerant sympathy for them. He is fully convinced that the spirit of Christianity should permeate all existence, Sunday and weekday, and that no means should be despised which will help people to work towards the highest. In interpreting this ideal he realises that material as well as spiritual factors play their part in real Christianity, and that you will never develop people's souls to the uttermost without also caring for their bodies. It was in his church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, that the famous housing meeting took place which induced Queen Mary to visit some of the notorious East End areas and interest herself so practically in the reform of our homes.

### **Fighting the Public-house**

"With regard to the Churches having their own theatre," Mr. Sheppard told me, "I think they must realise that the only way to fight the public-house and kindred evils is by providing something better to take their place. Little good is gained by preaching against public-houses; after all, they are the poor man's club, almost his only opportunity for social intercourse with his fellows. We cannot blame him for making use of them, but should rather pity him for having nothing which approaches more nearly to his social ideal than the crowded bar. What we can do is to build better houses, which will be attractive enough to keep a man by his own fireside several nights in the week; and for the evenings when he craves for outside amusement, provide him with something as cheery as the public-house and infinitely more inspiring.

"Some people have been shocked at my suggestion of the Churches associating themselves so definitely with the theatre; but of course I am not thinking of the theatre

as it is at present, with its commercialised spirit, and its often worthless, if not actually harmful, plays. There is no doubt that the drama is one of the most powerful influences in human life; one has only to think of the part Shakespeare has played to realise this.

"Often a good play can point a moral more effectively than any sermon, and people will eagerly go to that play who could not be induced to attend a service. If the Churches ran their own dramas, choosing only the very finest and most spiritual, producing them as a labour of love and human service, in the true Christ spirit, and not to make a financial profit, I think we can hardly calculate on the immense fostering of religion and religious ideals that would result.

### **Aloofness will not do**

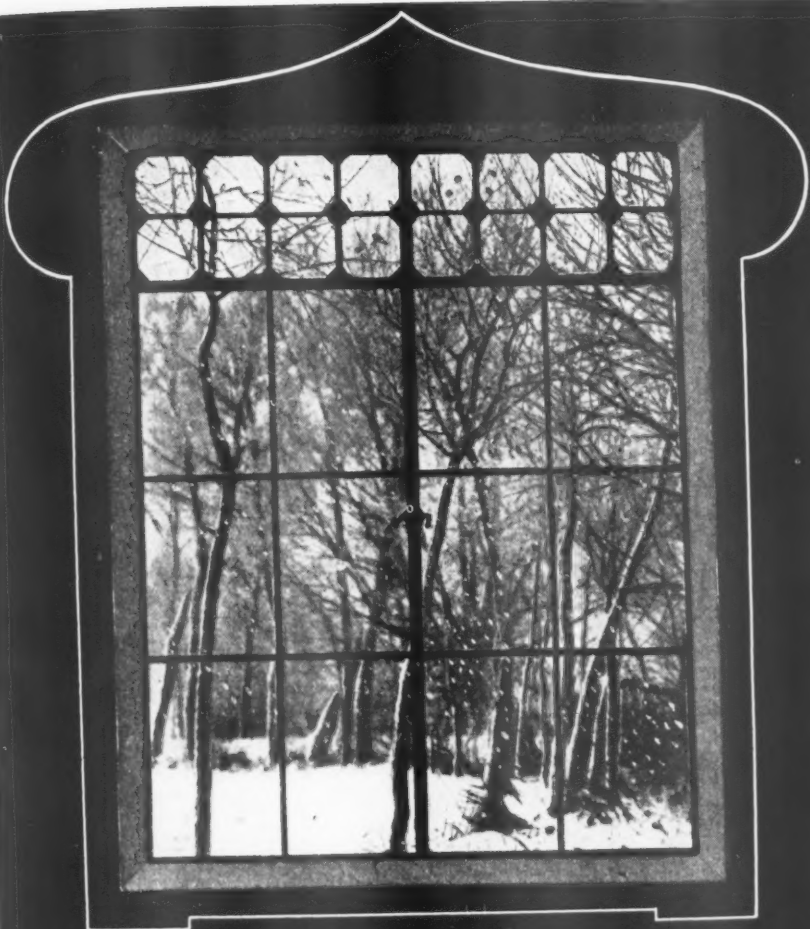
"The Church has stood aloof and criticised the theatre for long enough; surely it is time it took the lead and showed the theatre a better way of doing things? I would always substitute constructive for merely destructive criticism.

"In the Middle Ages miracle plays such as *Everyman* were given in the churches themselves, and in many cases I would like to see this custom revived, for I feel that we could only gain by associating our beautiful buildings not merely with Sunday services, but with the full life of every day. In my own church we give a morality play at Christmas, and nothing could make a more fitting background for it than the grandeur of pillars and stained glass, while the mere fact of being in church engenders a restful and uplifting attitude among the audience.

"The financial question of course enters largely into such a scheme as this, but, once properly started, a theatre run by Christian Churches should, I think, be self-supporting. These are early days, but I hope a start may be made in London before long.

"In the meantime the clergy could do a great deal to help people get good, and not bad, from drama if they made a practice of acting as dramatic advisers and censors to their congregations. I have myself several times recommended that my people should see *Abraham Lincoln*, because I feel

THE QUIVER



FOR WINTRY DAYS



DEFIES COLD & DAMP.

"EYES OF YOUTH"



*Thanks*  
*to*  
BEECHAM'S  
PILLS

## **SHOULD THE CHURCH PROVIDE PLAYS?**

that it conveys a lesson more vividly than I could do it from the pulpit.

"The better educated classes read reviews of plays in the papers, or get critiques from friends who have already visited them, and thereby they can form a fairly accurate judgment of the play before going to see it. But it is not enough understood in what a blindfold way the poorer people take their pleasures. They do not read theatre notices, and it is often the place of amusement that is most brilliantly illuminated which attracts them in. Only when they have sat through a performance are they in a position to realise that it was not worth seeing. Here the clergy might well step in, recommending plays that have a helpful trend, and warning people against those which are poor or worse.

"I do not agree with the cynics who assert that the public like bad plays. You have only to visit the 'Old Vic' and see its crowded Shakespeare performances and its thronged opera nights to realise that, if people are given the best, they will keenly appreciate it. Often and often men and women come to me protesting against some play they have seen. I always ask them if they have protested to the manager of the theatre, for if sufficient complaints were sent in the managers would soon realise that such plays are not what their audiences really want.

"Often the public have not the moral courage to object themselves, but the man who will do it for them finds he has plenty of support."

### **Wanted: A Religion that Deals with Life**

Mr. Sheppard by no means suggests that the Churches should identify themselves only with the theatres. He believes that they should enter into the full life of the people, and help them, in the same way, to know and love the best pictures, the finest music, and everything else that tends towards the betterment of daily ideals. He would agree with a returned soldier, who, writing in a Sunday paper the other day on what men want of the Churches, made this statement:

"What the men back from the war want is a foundation of rock, a religion that deals with life and all its problems and perplexities,

pointing them simply to the Christ-life and saying, 'Here's the example, follow it!' The fault of the Church has been its failure to adapt itself to the changing needs of the world, but now it has an opportunity that can never come again. All of us possess two gifts that are of Divine origin—the sense of the beautiful and the capacity for love. We know and feel that God is a God of love and also of beauty."

No thinking person can have failed to notice that this movement to identify religion more closely with ordinary daily life, with the search after all that is lovely and the craving for social service, is gaining ground in many directions.

### **Weekday Religion**

During the war years the Y.M.C.A. was a notable proof of the fact that he does most for men's souls who can also care for their bodies and minds; just as Christ fed those who assembled on the mountain-side to hear Him preach, so to-day we are learning, what the Quakers have practised for centuries, that religion and daily life should be inseparably mixed. The cry of so many to the Churches, "You want us on Sundays, but what do you care about us the rest of the week?" is beginning to be answered in many ways; among others by a body of Free Church women which is making a definite attempt to grapple with the difficulties of girl workers in London.

We are getting away from the old idea of the sacredness of the religious building, and realising more fully the sacredness of the human temple. We were not shocked when, during the war, at a time when London was overcrowded with troops, men on leave who could not find beds were invited to sleep in St. Martin-in-the-Fields; many places of worship in the United States offered the same facilities, and the church was, literally as well as symbolically, the shelter of many a soldier during many a winter night.

Will not that be the power of the reconstructed Christian Church we hope will come—that it will be there seven days a week, equally ready to laugh, to labour or to pray, permeating every hour and moment of the people's daily life, pointing the way, through work and pleasure as well as through worship, to the Kingdom of Heaven?



A Boy from the "House on the Hill"  
(Reedham)

"Never say 'It is nobody's business but my own what I do with my life.' It is not true. Your life is put into your hands as a trust for many others besides yourself. If you use it well, it will make others happy; if you abuse it, you will harm many others besides yourself."—J. M. PULLMAN.

#### **£20,000 Needed for Reedham Orphanage**

**M**Y DEAR HELPERS,—Magazines are not like new umbrella covers—they cannot be produced "while you wait." They are prepared some months ahead. Consequently I am writing these lines before I know the response to my appeal for Reedham in the November and December QUIVER. I am hoping it will be a good one, for the sum required is a large one. But please do not be daunted by it. The humble shilling will be as welcome as the Treasury Note or cheque—and I am hoping that every helper will send a contribution, and in that way enable the Army of Helpers to be responsible for a substantial sum for

## **"The Quiver" Army of Helpers**

*Conducted by*  
**Mrs. R. H. Lock**

the upkeep and improvement of the Orphanage. Here is the financial position:

Annual cost of upkeep .	£15,000
Assured income . . .	£2,400

In addition to this sum of over £10,000 which must be found annually, urgent structural alterations, costing £10,000, are needful. It was impossible to carry out the usual repairs during the war, and these alone cost £1,500.

#### **A Bird's-eye View of Reedham**

Now I want to show you a bird's-eye view of the work done at Reedham. I have given you some idea of the outward character of the "House on the Hill," reached through leafy avenues. Now picture to yourselves the three hundred boys and girls at work and at play. I think you must begin with the "Nursery," a cottage in which the babies of the establishment live. The first day I saw them they were all out in the garden playing under the trees, and one mite of four came running up to me and put a plump confiding hand in mine. Here, I thought to myself, is as happy a little nursery party as any that is to be found in the "stately homes of England." No shadow of "orphanage" brooded over that pleasant scene.

From the babies please wander with me into the class-rooms. I think nothing strikes one more forcibly nowadays than the way in which learning is made interesting to children. Dry-as-dust methods are vanishing fast. Yawning over dreary tasks or reluctantly coming to school are rapidly becoming extinct states of mind. At Reedham I detected this "alive" form of instruction both on the boys' and girls' sides, together with a sound and sensible foundation. I saw some excellent examples of drawing and painting both from the hands of the "infants" and the older boys and girls.

The practical side is also developed at



## "THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

Reedham, and it is to be still more developed with the aid of the gifts which a generous public (in which I hope to include the Army of Helpers) will endow Reedham. Nowadays it is recognised that housewifely arts are of vital importance to every girl, and that they must not be "picked up" casually but must form part of her school life.

You will have seen in one of our illustrations a cookery class at Reedham. I wish every harassed housewife who cannot find competent help, every reader who is anxious to set a better standard of cooking and housewifery generally among the middle classes in England, would send a contribution towards extending the cookery accommodation for the girls at Reedham. There is also the hope of a laundry for the girls, provided funds are forthcoming.

At the moment Reedham girls mend their own garments, darn their stockings and make their clothes, and a large proportion become dressmakers and milliners. The largest number enter the teaching profession, but there are quite a number who become nurses, mothers' helps and domestic servants. I think that the changing conditions of life in England demand that more girls should be equipped for domestic work, and that it should be regarded as the most useful and important vocation that a woman can take up. The old-time "servant" is rapidly vanishing. Domestic economy has become a science and the untrained worker will in course of time be seen no more. The galling restrictions that made domestic service unattractive are being removed and labour-saving devices are easing the work. Both at home and in the Colonies the trained domestic worker can command respect and a good salary. Moreover, on her depends to a large extent the welfare of the race, whether in her own home or in that of strangers.

### Reedham at Play

It struck me forcibly as I wandered round Reedham with Mr. Clarke and Miss Clements that the "open-air" side of Reedham is splendidly developed. The green slopes were like a compendium of games—small children playing their own childish games or skipping, older girls at tennis, bigger boys at cricket. And Miss Clements showed me with pride the girls' garden, which is run on the "Co-operative System," and can show a balance to the good. I

marvelled at the skill that could extract such good results from such stony ground." It reminded me of my former home in Staffordshire, where the soil resembled a pebble beach. It was over 600 ft. above sea level, and when I complained bitterly of the stony ground to our gardener, he shouted back through the gale that was always blowing:

"Never mind, m'm, the stones keeps the ground from blowing away."

That reflection may probably provide comfort for the Reedham cultivators of the soil. As a matter of fact, all the potatoes and other vegetables needed for the Orphanage are raised on the premises.

### The Reedham Drill

Famous the world over is the Reedham Drill. Many of my readers may have seen it on the cinema. I had the privilege of seeing the display given at the annual summer festival last year, and I am only sorry that it is one of those things to which a pen cannot do justice. The drill was in-



Reedham Boys putting in Potatoes

## **THE QUIVER**

vented by the sergeant, who has carried out his duties for nearly 30 years. Its intricacies and symmetrical designs are simply astounding, and give that intense satisfaction to the onlooker which perfect rhythmic evolutions alone can inspire. In addition to this I saw some charming "rondos"—invented by Mr. McLellan, of Australia, and performed to music by the girls. The latter also gave some remarkable demonstrations of skipping, and the "tiny tots" were delightful in Old English dances and minuets. There is music at Reedham at the end of each morning's work, and the children grow up with the melodies of the great masters of music.

All that can help to make them happy and wise and healthy is provided at Reedham. Swimming, rambles over hill and dale, singing, handicrafts, debating societies; the inner life of Reedham is a rich and full one. But it can be made richer and fuller if there is more money forthcoming to develop it, and less anxiety on the minds of the authorities as to the financial position. It is very wearing to those who run a big institution to have to make perpetually "a penny do the work of tuppence."

I want my QUIVER readers to send the extra and much needed penny.

### **Citizens in the Making**

These words, culled from a letter from the Headmaster, will give a glimpse into the work achieved by Reedham more graphically than anything I can convey:

"You spoke to me some time ago, asking if I could give you any record of interesting cases. That is not so easy as it seems. These boys and girls are just citizens in the making; primarily, we look upon Reedham as a workshop designed to that purpose. The majority just end at that: good wholesome-minded citizens with a sense of civic responsibility. Some fail. That is natural. The world evolution has its inevitable percentage of debris. . . . Some get on in the world. One has a judgeship in India. Others are in the City as managers and directors of big undertakings. One—a well-known manufacturer of sports' apparatus—sent us a hundred guineas on his 50th birthday, and another hundred on the 50th anniversary of his admission to Reedham. One is a member of the Reedham Board of Management."

### **Six Foot of Machine-Gun Lieutenant**

And here is an illuminating sidelight on Reedham's work. A wealthy Frenchman came to Reedham with the desire to adopt a boy. He was led there by the film of Reedham Drill which he had seen on the cinema in Paris in 1912.

"The youth of Paris of to-day," he said to Mr. Clarke, "leaves me without hope; but what I saw on the film and the admiration I have for England made me feel that here there was a discipline lacking with us."

He did not take a boy from Reedham because he wanted a boy with fully developed character, and no man could guarantee that of any boy of 15—the age at which the boys leave the Orphanage. But, said Mr. Clarke:

"As I remember my most recent glimpse of the boy we had in our mind, after two years on the French front, a robust six foot of machine-gun lieutenant, I do not think he would have been disappointed in the lad."

It is impossible in the limits of magazine articles to do justice to the work of a place like Reedham. It is so far-reaching. Hundreds of boys and girls, handicapped by the loss of a parent, are yearly equipped sanely and soundly for the battle of life. Many of the Reedham boys fought and fell in the war. The doors of Reedham are open to all denominations—it breathes throughout a spirit of good-fellowship and wholesomeness. I hope that from THE QUIVER readers a quantity of contributions, large and small, may be forthcoming to enable the splendid work to be carried on without financial worry at the "House on the Hill" at Purley.

### **A Pleasant Incident**

I am always so glad to hear of the small links in the chain of the Army of Helpers that strengthen it into a solid little organisation for well-doing. I have been interested for some time in the case of Miss Shirley, who has undergone great suffering most patiently. Recently a QUIVER reader in Scotland asked me to put her in touch with someone to whom she could write and in whom she could take an interest. I did so, and the result has been great comfort and interest to Miss Shirley, in addition to a visit from a friend of her correspondent. This friend went to see Miss Shirley in hospital and brought her chocolates and a gift of money, and, above all, gave her a most cheering hour. She appreciated heartily this kindness, and I had a very happy letter from her.

### **"The Quiver" Bed in the Sailors' Hostel**

I am sure all my helpers were glad to hear that the Silver Thimble Fund was reopened, and that we are to have a QUIVER bed in

## **"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS**

the Sailors' Hostel for the Port of London. Miss Hope-Clarke tells me that £10,000 is required towards the endowment of this Hostel, and it can all be raised in a short time if everyone will send some oddment in gold or silver, an old thimble, a bracelet, a brooch, a chain, any unwanted trinkets, artificial teeth, coins, or any object of value which a helper is willing to sacrifice in this good cause.

The need of this Hostel is pressing. Over 8,000 seamen arrive every week in the Port of London. There are 60 licensed houses, which contain only 1,279 beds. Many are licensed for only one or two lodgers and are mere make-shifts. There are hundreds of so-called common lodging houses and still more houses which the L.C.C. will not license.

The Port covers 30 miles of river, and has eight large docks.

Crimps and land-sharks infest these quarters and rob the men.

"A sailor drew £78 at the Board of Trade Office at 11 o'clock. At 5 o'clock all he had were his trousers and a pair of old shoes."

"The road from the Board of Trade, where the men are paid off, to vile dens is but a short one, and large sums change hands within a few hours in this area."

### **The Hostel will give our Sailors a "Real Home"**

It is to save our sailors from robbery and degrading influences that this Hostel will be built. It will give them a real home in the Port of London. The building will be erected as near as possible to the Board of Trade Offices where the men are paid off.

There will be a large number of beds, as well as a smoke room, billiard rooms, rest room, restaurant, lecture hall, etc., and everything that is possible for the well-being and comfort of the men and boys will be provided.

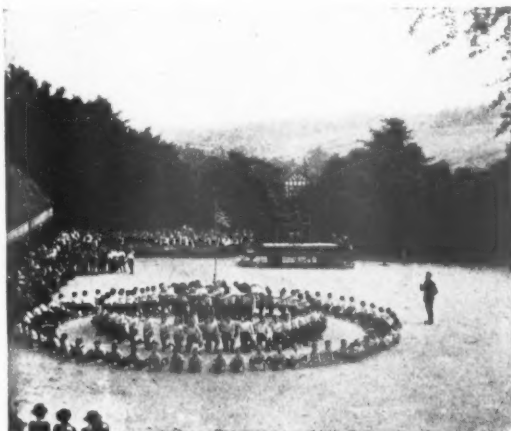
There will be five sections: English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish and Overseas, in order that our men may feel they have "a home from home" wherever they may have come from.

The sum of £50 will endow a cot; £250 will build a small room. I am hoping that the gold and silver gifts from my readers will endow a cot in a very little while, and that

we may even aspire to endow a small room.

### **A Memorial to the Men of the Merchant Service**

The Germans murdered at sea 15,000 non-combatant British seamen, and yet not one



One of the Evolutions of the "Reedham Drill"

torpedoed seaman has been known to refuse to sign on again. If the full significance of this heroism and of this sacrifice of life is fully borne in upon us, there is not one who would not gladly part with some cherished possession to set up this memorial to the gallant dead—a home for the seamen who carry on their traditions and help to preserve the greatness of the Empire.

I hope to receive a steady stream of gifts from my Army of Helpers who have already given so generously to the Silver Thimble Fund. All gifts are carefully sorted by experts, who select all saleable articles and value them for sale. The broken and useless oddments are melted down. About £30,000 in bullion has been sent to the Bank of England. The Fund therefore does a doubly patriotic duty.

### **Wool Still Needed**

Miss Thompson wrote to me:

"Very many thanks to THE QUIVER readers for the lovely parcel of wool you so kindly sent. We will be able to make many warm things on behalf

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of the poor old people, and I may say they are very grateful."

Miss Canham, who works on behalf of the Incurables, will be glad of wool. She writes:

"I am settled down for the winter now and am working for our sale for the Incurables in June. I hold a stall for those who are too ill to do anything towards it, and would otherwise only get ros. towards buying clothes or any little comfort they require. My friend Mrs. Casher and I have held the stall for years, and hope to continue to do so. I am sure you will remember your kind promise to send me anything either in wool or pieces. My stall is principally woollen things and children's clothes, but I have fancy things on it as well."

All colours, all lengths and all thicknesses of wool are equally welcome.

### Pieces. Ribbons. Laces and Embroidery Silks Wanted

There is a continuous demand for pieces, ribbons and laces.

Miss Violet Methley wrote on September 4th:

"Thanks so much for the parcel of pieces just received. There were some socks with them which will be most useful for a sailor who has just been ordered to Murmansk and needed warm things. The hospital at Southmead is still open and will be, I think, for at least another six months."

Mr. George Dalton is particularly anxious for baby ribbon and embroidery silks in all colours. I am glad to say that a great deal of interest has been aroused in this case, but am most anxious that it should not flag. For the benefit of new readers I may point out that Mr. Dalton suffers severely from tuberculosis, and is in a Home at Torquay. He has an income of only a few pounds a year, and he ekes this out by the sale of needlebooks (1s. 3d. post free) which he makes himself. They are very well made, and he can also supply stamp cases and Dorothy bags. I can put any readers in touch with him.

"R. H. V." wrote:

"Will you kindly forward George Dalton enclosed 5s.? This will help to buy him a little tobacco and stamps. I happen to know him from quite a youngster; his is a very sad case. I feel extremely sorry for him."

A very kind letter and gift came from Norfolk, U.S.A., and Mr. Dalton asks me to express his thanks to all who have responded to my appeal. He is most anxious for further orders. He adds:

"I am much about the same, but one thing I must say, that my life has been made brighter and easier through the kindly influence of the Army of Helpers, and I can never thank them sufficiently for all their kindness and sympathy."

I do hope my readers will do all they can to bring a little pleasure into a life of suffering bravely borne.

### Visitors for Alfred Martin

I wonder if anyone living at Haywards Heath or in the neighbourhood would go and have a chat occasionally with Alfred Martin? Poor boy—he meets his fate pluckily, and he is very comfortable and happy at the Home, but it is a terrible fate at 18 to have to face a cripple's existence. Many old readers know Alfred's story, but for the benefit of new ones let me explain that Alfred was in the merchant service on a cold-storage boat. During a storm his spine was fractured and he has been lying on his back ever since, paralysed from his waist downwards. He is a boy of rare pluck and spirit, and he would have done well in the world had he not met with this accident. I should be glad of any diversion that readers could put in his way. I will give his address to any would-be helpers in this matter.

### Sir Arthur Pearson's Book

I was delighted to receive from Sir Arthur Pearson a copy of his book "Victory over Blindness." It is a wonderfully well-written and interesting record of the work carried on at St. Dunstan's, and it is especially interesting in revealing the brave attitude towards his own blindness which has made Sir Arthur an inspiration to all other blind people. It should be read by everyone.

### Many Welcome Gifts and Letters

Welcome gifts, letters, etc., were received from:

Miss Clara Harrison, Mrs. Rosenthal, Miss K. Irving, Miss M. Johnstone, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Brauen, Mrs. Allenby, Miss Helen L. Capell, Miss M. J. Heskell, Miss Ada E. Macklin, Miss Gladys Widgery, Mrs. Gamble, Miss E. F. Corelli, Miss M. L. Scott (Lytham), M. M., Mrs. Liddiard, M. A. Tammies, Miss Amy L. Hall, Mrs. Old, Miss F. R. Whisk, Miss Ursula Cust, M. J., Mrs. W. J. Adams, Miss E. Jackson, Miss A. S. Howard, Mrs. Thos. Harpham, Miss Ethel D. Edwards, J. H., Mrs. M. L. Scott (St. Boswells), Miss Young, Miss J. E. Wilson, Miss J. Davies, A Reader of THE QUIVER (Bromley).

Many names are held over.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF  
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

## THE QUIVER

### Colonial & Continental Church Society

Humbly, earnestly, and faithfully, the Society is discharging the plain duty of alleviating the spiritual destitution and promoting the spiritual welfare of our countrymen scattered over the great portion of the earth's surface in the Colonies, or settled on the Continent of Europe, by propagating the power of the Gospel of Christ, and seeking by wielding this two-edged sword of the spirit to bring souls to His obedience: and thus to hasten the day when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

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### *Special Art Competition—Children's Story—Debate—Results of the October Competitions*

AS my readers may remember, this is the month in which I promised to announce the first of our *special art competitions*. You have all read the story of "Peter Pan," of course, and some of you have seen the play, no doubt. Either way, I want you to bring the incidents of the story from the play or the book specially to mind this month (if you feel a little hazy you may like to re-read the book), as I have decided to make this the subject of your Art Competition. Choose an incident which you feel you can illustrate best, and carry it out in colour or in black-and-white.

The closing date for receiving entries is April 23 next, so that you will have ample time for doing some of your very best work. Overseas readers are, of course, also invited to enter for this competition. The prize for the seniors (over 18) is to be Two Guineas, and for the juniors (18 and under) One Guinea. Except for the date of entry the rules given below must be observed by every competitor.

#### **The January Competitions**

For the January Literary Competition I should like you to write me a children's story of about a thousand words, for which you may choose your own subject. Needless to say the story *must be original*. The closing date for receiving entries will be January 23. The prize for seniors will be Ten Shillings, and for the juniors a book.

#### **A Debate**

I thought we'd have a little discussion as a competition again this month; here is the subject: "Is Fashion changing for the Better or Worse?" I refer to feminine fashion, of course, and I want the subject to be treated quite broadly. I shall reserve four Five-Shilling prizes to be awarded between juniors and seniors. Closing date of entry, January 23.

#### **Rules for Competitors**

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by January 23, 1920. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

#### **Results of the October Competitions**

##### **Literary**

**"Could I become a Cabinet Minister,  
the Office I would Choose"**

It seems that to the majority of the readers the task of adorning the cloak of Ministerial office, even within the limits of

## THE QUIVER

mere imagination, was somewhat overpowering. Had they, however, treated the question from the point of view of the Minister himself rather than their own private person, I am inclined to think they would have arrived at more ready and natural conclusions.

In the senior division I am awarding the prize to Miss MARGARET ROSS, whose direct, well-thought-out reply reads as follows :

The thought of a humble person like oneself being elected—even in imagination—to the Cabinet, with choice of one's particular office, is rather overwhelming for the ordinary mind. The honour dazzles, but the weighty responsibility attached to each office demands a careful choice: were one, however, elected to any such position, that fact itself usually implies the endowment of qualities equal to the duties involved.

To the person well versed in the intricacies of each office they have all, possibly, their attraction and charm, but, had I my choice, such posts as Chancellor of the Exchequer or, say, Secretary for Ireland, would be given a wide berth! "Keeping the Purse" is a thankless job and a difficult one: touch a man's pocket and you touch a vital spot, while trying to appease Ireland is like dancing over a bog in the dark, trying to catch a will-o'-the-wisp! And such offices as President of various Boards, or Chief Lord of this or that Department, I would leave to those whose tastes and talents make them worthy of the high (and to me, dry) calling.

No, my aspiring choice would lead me to adorn (?) the ambitious post of Foreign Secretary!

Shall we ever forget how at the beginning of the Great War we hung upon the words and arguments of our Foreign Minister, and the deep impression he made upon the country! His name will ever stand for "Honour *über alles*!" No wonder we humble units would like to have the opportunity of creating a reputation like his!—granted always the ability to emerge victorious from such acid tests of fate.

But one of the chief attractions of being Foreign Secretary would be the experience of and intimate acquaintance one would have acquired some time or other with foreign countries, foreign minds and policies, and the infinite variety provided by the same. This post is no mere well-paid sinecure where a man is apt to rust mentally and bodily: rather it calls for brilliant talents, skill and tact. Ever on the alert, the Foreign Minister has to be *en rapport* with every changing phase of foreign lands and policies, anticipating their intentions and plans before they reach fruition, see that fair play is dealt all round, and, above all, aim at keeping the peace in all quarters as far as is compatible with honour and justice—truly a man's job!

And the personal influence he wields! Foreign governments are like schoolboys whose actions and behaviour are carefully regulated according to their type of schoolmaster who, in respect of his moral strength and purpose, or lack of the same, reaps his pound of flesh in due proportion. Great is the responsibility then of the Foreign Minister! The fate of nations is often held within his hands, and it is up to him to see that his ambassadors are scarcely less worthy than himself. There must be no weak link in the chain: that might spell fatality. Not only must his emissaries know the aims of all other governments, they must probe and anticipate the very secrets of the foreign mind.

Surely then, to be the presiding genius of all this delicate and intricate diplomacy is no mean ambition for a humble citizen, to whom appeal more the striving after great stakes and the chance of rising

to a supreme occasion, as did our honoured Foreign Minister in 1914, than the more mundane though necessary work of legislation and taxation!

MARGARET ROSS.

I was particularly pleased with the efforts made in the junior division, the prize for which goes to MURIEL C. SMITH, aged 18, for the following:—

If I had the opportunity of becoming a member of the Cabinet, I should have no hesitation in choosing the post of Health Minister. Why? Because of the very real and urgent need for the help a man in such a position can dispense.

One has only to dwell for one sorrowful moment on the unnecessary suffering that, alas! is always with us, to realise that it would be a grand national work, and a labour of love, to devote one's best years to bettering the conditions and health of the country.

Among the many duties of Health Minister which would call for much thought, time and perseverance, would be: the improvement of the many wretched, overcrowded "homes" of numberless city children who are to become future citizens, and possibly mothers and fathers; attention to the very serious need for larger and more numerous hospitals; increased Baby Welfare centres—to embrace every town and village; and the housing problem.

The working of these schemes would afford me much interesting work; and the accomplishment of even one or two of them, would give the nation, and myself, infinite pleasure.

If I were Health Minister I should appeal for suitable country houses with grounds to be presented to the State for open-air homes; and money to fit out and endow them. I should work unceasingly to bring about not a high birth-rate, but a selective one. Quantity without quality is not what England wants. The virility of a family should count for more than mere numbers. To further this plan I should arrange for the State to settle, say, £20 on each child when it had passed the critical period of its life—say, on the sixth birthday. This should also stop mothers with small children being obliged to go out to work in order to keep them.

Milk is a subject I should attend to without delay. The best thing would be to open small dairy-farms outside large cities—the milk to be given entirely free or at a reduced rate, as individual cases demanded.

The ultra-important problem of housing is one which would interest me immensely. Until there are enough decent houses to go round, how is the birth-rate of the nation to improve, or the children to be healthy and well grown?

The life in connection with the rôle of Health Minister would be an arduous one, but the thought of the suffering one was helping to bear would cheer many a weary hour, and instil one with fresh vigour for renewed activities.

I should like the post because of the scope it gives for helping others, and the visible return, possibly, for one's labour.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties,  
By daring to attempt."

Nicholas Rowe, "Ambitious Step-mother."

"From labour health, from health contentment  
springs."

Dr. James Beattie "Minstrel."

MURIEL C. SMITH.

As much as one reader will taboo a certain Ministership, another will allow his position to be the special object of her choice. I think ELSIE CLARE stands alone in having



**Hurry! Here's the Mackintosh's!!**

One for me; and one for Billy; one for Betty; and one for me: now, have we all got some? Are these your kiddies—those happy youngsters who know just when the Mackintosh's Family Tin is coming each week (and, for five days perhaps, look forward to the next)?

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"All the medicine I had proved utterly useless, and I was almost hopeless of recovery when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. But soon there was a change then. I began to eat better, and the terrible pain grew less and less till it was quite gone. Rapidly my health and strength came back, and now I feel like a new being, I am so well and active."

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## COMPETITION PAGES

decided upon the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, among her projected aims being to "relieve the already over-laden taxpayer of some of his burden." Her paper was quite well thought out, and she certainly deserves some share of praise for having aimed at occupying such a trying office.

KATHLEEN PAGE, in common with VERA KATHLEEN MITCHELL, elects to become Minister of Education, certainly a very interesting appointment. Some quite good matter was included in each of the replies, especially in the case of the latter.

MARGARET ISOBEL LEACH votes for the Ministry of Health as being the office of her ambition, and considers that this particular office might be held better by a woman than a man, apparently from the point of view of clearing the slums: her sympathy goes out to the mothers of the children who have to live in these squalid neighbourhoods. For a girl of thirteen Margaret's reply was well constructed.

### Art

#### "Illustration to Fairy Tale"

There was a remarkably good entry for the Art Competition, and once again I am of the opinion that the juniors have outdone the seniors. There was certainly a larger entry, and on the whole the work was of a higher standard.

The prize for the senior division is awarded to K. S. JENKINS, whose painting was quite good, but might have been improved had rather more variation of colour been introduced into the background: the green was a little excessive.

The following readers are commended for the work they sent in:

Marjorie Curtis, Iris E. E. Hall, K. M. Fryer, K. McLean, Beryl M. Puzey, Eva Bickley, Jessamine Page.

In the junior division the prize goes to CHRISTIAN E. CAMERON, aged 17, for a quite original drawing carried out in sepia line and framed in green.

Following the prize-winner very closely

was a painting by LORNA RUTTER-LEATHAM, and had the included figure been slightly less stiff the painting would have presented a pretty picture; the colours were well chosen.

ALICE GUTHRIE struck a fairly original note in her choice of illustration, into which she introduced some very dainty colouring. The faces of both her figures, however, called for greater care in execution.

Quite a pleasing little painting was carried out by MARGARET BRYAN: her colouring was particularly soft, and her figure work and light and shade effects very commendable. Rather more detail might have been introduced into the illustration.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—Lorna Rutter-Leatham, A. Alice Guthrie, D. Margaret Bryan, Olivia Spencer-Bower, Mona Spencer, Norah Alison McGuinness, Joan McDoull, Margaret R. Sergeant, Ivy Forfar, Margaret C. Bradley, Helen Thomson.

COMMENDED.—Marion Symons Burton, Margaret Smail, Kathleen Sconce, Marie Manley, Dolly Scouloudi, Flora M. MacLeod, Helen Margaret Spencer, Mary Irene Nash, Irene Scouloudi.

### Voting Competition

#### "Six Present-day Writers whose Names will Live the Longest"

Very good was the result of the above Voting Competition, though it was surprising to notice the number of writers whose names were introduced into the contest—nearly sixty, I believe. Bearing this fact in mind, it is no matter of surprise to find that the author who heads the list came off with no more than 22 votes.

The "elected six," according to vote, are as follows:

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rudyard Kipling.  | 4. H. G. Wells.    |
| 2. A. Conan Doyle.   | 5. Baroness Orczy. |
| 3. H. Rider Haggard. | 6. Ethel M. Dell.  |

No competitor succeeded in sending in the above six names, but both ISABEL OGIER and ANDREW W. TAYLOR included five of them in their lists, and I have therefore decided to award a prize to each of these readers.





# "The Quiver" Parliament

## "Marriage in the Future"

SIR,—It seems to me that the emancipation of woman is mainly responsible for the declining birth-rate.

Woman is learning her own real value, and henceforth will possess her own body and soul. No amount of talking or writing will change her again into the beast of burden which she was in the past. The honest marriage of to-day is, and that of the future will be, a contract between the man and the woman to love each other and live for each other. It is not and will not be a contract between the married couple and the State. Their promises are made to each other, and concern themselves only; they are not made to the State. If they were, then the State ought to make sundry promises in return—and keep them, which at present is very far from being the case. Now, as never before, is the British woman equal to the man in the give-and-take of married life. She is considered and cherished more than she used to be, and never again will she sit in subjection to man, satisfied merely to sew on buttons and raise a family, as is the German woman.

The German woman certainly provides the State with more children than the British woman does, but is the quality equal to ours? I do not think so. There is bulk, but bulk does not tend towards efficiency, or the Germans would have beaten us many times over. And they did not. Besides, I cannot imagine that the German women are really happy. I do not think they like being regarded merely as the Universal Providers for the German Army. I ask you to read "The Pastor's Wife," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and see what she says about the blessedness of bearing German children. Their heavy productivity is probably the result of excessively plain and heavy food, combined with a lack of mentality which brings them very close to the level of the animal of which they eat so much. It is not due, I am sure, to a greater love of children than the British have. British parents will bear comparison with those of any other nation. The Englishman of this generation loves children, often passionately, but agrees with his wife to limit their family to a number they can comfortably rear. The responsibility for this deliberate limitation is generally the woman's, and it would not be fair to blame our men for it.

This applies especially to the woman of the lower-middle and working classes. She is awake now, and notices that the estimable people who get into panics about the birth-rate are invariably either men or spinsters. . . .

And here is a word for the men.

There is one other little thing—a very human thing—that a woman likes, and that is to be loved and valued for herself, not just for the number and quality of her young, as if she were a prize dumb beast. For, mark you, there is a good deal of Pleasant Riderhood in nearly all of us, and we "do not wish to regard ourselves, nor yet to be regarded, in such a light." Mrs. J. WHITTAKER.

## From Japan

DEAR SIR,—You have invited subscribers to write letters to you upon any subject appearing in your magazine. I accept the invitation with pleasure.

## "Marriage in the Future" Readers' Opinions on "The Quiver" Articles

THE QUIVER is one of my favourite magazines, and the one I remember all my life. At present, with its interesting articles on after-the-war problems, it is more than welcome to us so far from the centre of things. The trouble is that we get it so irregularly. Your short stories are very good just now, but the articles are the best.

The unending and always interesting gossip about the servant problem is also of great importance. The article by the Hon. Emily Kinnaird was excellent. Let us hope her ideas and suggestions will truly materialise and remain. The words "Domestic Service" should become obsolete, and those of "Household Orderly" become, as honoured and respected as "Hospital Nurse."

It is time ideas of housekeeping took a decided change. Since I have had to teach it to Japanese and do a good deal myself, I consider housekeeping as important a science as electricity and magnetism, or any other "ism." Why should it be thought that a woman is naturally a housekeeper? If one looks around among one's friends, one sees that some women can never keep house properly, even after thirty or forty years' practice; whereas with a little instruction and knowledge a girl can soon run a home comfortably and smoothly.

I do like your confidential conversations "Between Ourselves." About servants: the same thing happened to us at the end of July. Cook and amah went off, the latter without giving any notice at all, and it is much worse in Japan without servants, because life is altogether different from ordinary English life. The kitchen and servants' quarters are a good way from the house. The heat is tropical during summer months, and foreigners generally go off to the hills, but we are not so fortunate. As a rule, during these hot months we do little except try to keep cool, so you may guess what it was for me to go to the kitchen and cook meals, however light. It was hard.

The same remark was made as yours: "What a relief it is to be without those servants!" The atmosphere seemed so much cleaner. One never knows what one has in the house when servants are in charge. Now I do.

The first result was that I found we had been getting too much of all fresh goods like milk, eggs, bread, butter, etc. We are robbed wholesale, and cannot avoid it. We are at the mercy of our servants in many ways. They cannot speak the truth, and they are so deceptive and dirty. Although I find it hard and tiring, I love it, and would like never to have another servant, but it is almost impossible in this awful country.

The house is so clean and orderly, everything in its place, the food so much daintier and cleaner, and the bills one-third less at least.

I hope by the time we come to England again "Household Orderlies" will be the "order of the day."

I should like to write about country life, seeing we live in the country, but this letter is too long already. Several other comments I should like to make, but will only mention the "Needlework Pages," which are a great help.

The pages in "Cookery," a few years ago, were a boon to me, and I tried many of the recipes, to find them excellent. I had them pasted in a book which my last cook took away with her among numerous other things. ELIZABETH FARBRIDGE.



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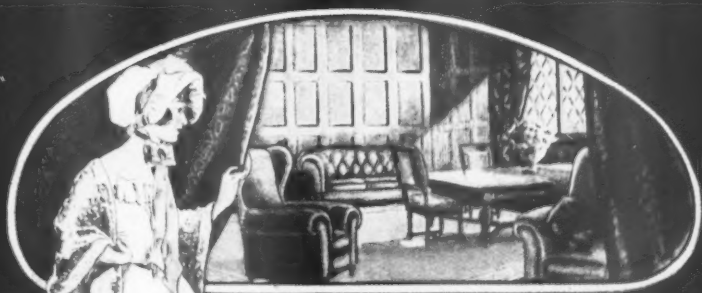
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